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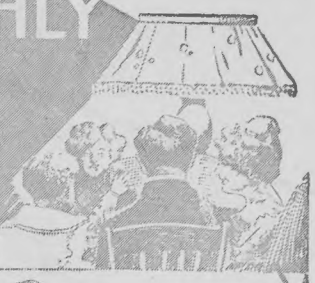

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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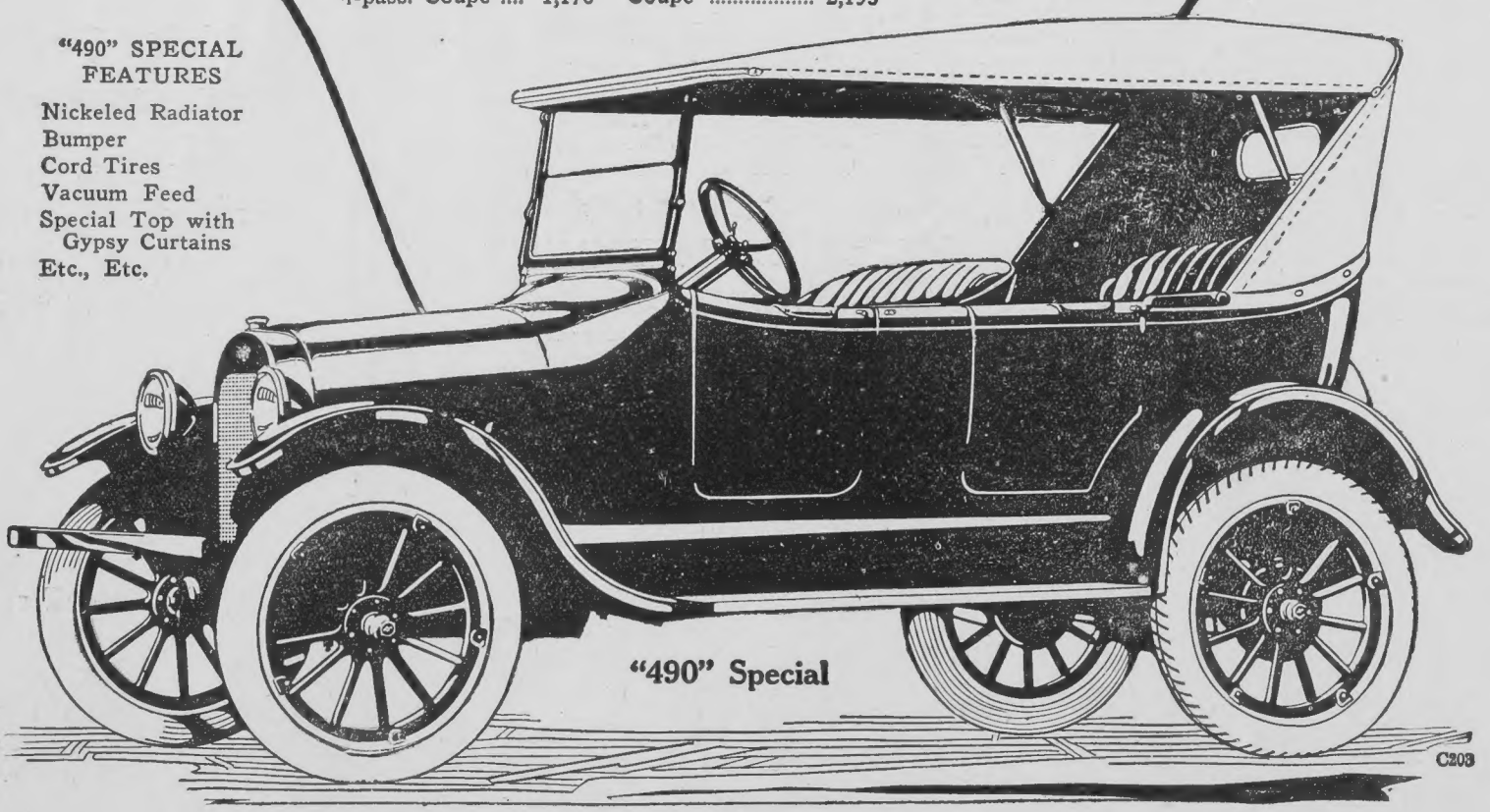

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Medical Education

ONE of the most notable advances in recent years has been the improvement in medical practice. It is only necessary to refer to the gains in surgery, in sanitation, in the conquest of germ diseases to understand how great the triumph of the scientist has been.

Because of the great advance in knowledge and skill, it is very natural that physicians as a class should take themselves quite seriously, and it is necessary at times to remind them that even yet they are far from omniscient and indeed in very many cases quite helpless when called upon to combat disease or to restore vitality to weakened organisms.

Between the claims of medical science on the one hand and the practice of the ordinary physician there seems at times to be a great gulf fixed. When a man on the fighting line in Flanders had half his face shot sway we are told how in the hospital he had a new jaw built up, but when in our own locality, some one suffers a simple fracture of a bone in the arm, or dislocates a shoulder, there is a bungling that is tragic in its consequences. So too when one hears of the power of radium to cure cancer and then learns that the disease is on the increase, and when he knows from experience that the most experienced local physicians are unable to detect the disease even in advanced stages he loses confidence in the wisdom of the great profession. In other words there seems to be quite as great a difference between the professions of the medical journal and the practice of the ordinary physician, as there is between the wise articles in a mothers' magazine and the actual conduct of mothers in the average home.

This discrepancy between profession and practice is acknowledged by the leaders in the medical schools and they are now pressing for a six-year course of training for all practitioners. One would like to be certain of two things in this connection, first that the plea for extended training has behind it in reality the desire to get a profession better qualified for its duties, and second that the addition of a year will give the better preparation that is so desireable.

On the whole the medical profession has a membership of which it may well be proud. There are not a few like Dr. McClure and Dr. Luke of the Labrador, but it may as well be recognized that all are not of this order. There are as great profiteers here as in other callings, and it is not beyond possibility that behind the pressure to make compulsory a six-year course of training is the desire on the part of medical men to restrict the membership, so that there will be more money available for the fewer who can afford to take training. There are several things that give color to this supposition.

Now is it certain that another year of training of the kind usually given is going to add much to medical efficiency? In the first place it will shut out all but the children of the wealthy, and it is certain that many with natural inclination and ability have come and must continue to come from the homes of the poor. One would infinitely prefer to have wait upon him a doctor possessing natural instinct and limited training than one without such instinct and unlimited professional instruction. There are some things that even the best school cannot do for a doctor.

The semi-artificiality of even the best schools with their strong traditions manifests itself in a rigid antipathy to all who give medical advice, but who have not been trained in the usual way. Nothing could be run better than the attacks of the majority upon homeopathists, osteopaths and the like. Yet occasionally there appears an unrecognized layman with uncanny second sight or greater penetration who voluntarily takes upon himself the duty of treating discards or hopeless cases. The marked success of some of these has certainly not popularized the doctors trained in the schools. There is a growing feeling that even in medicine there are truths which may be hidden from the wise and prudent and yet revealed unto babes.

Apart altogether from this it is clear that a compulsory six-year course for all doctors is more than the traffic will bear. Already there is a cry for more doctors in rural communities. It would be better to have short three-year courses for rural doctors than no doctors at all. The day is coming when something of this kind will be demanded. Instead of a few great medical schools with a monopoly there will be as feeders to them a number of smaller schools which can issue licenses to practice. The larger and most completely equipped institutions can then give themselves to specialization.

The one thing to keep in mind in this matter is that the aim of medical education is not to build a first class medical college so much as it is to get a first class medical service.

Manliness

THE adolescent boys have a good practice these days of estimating their growth by reference to certain standards. These standards are known as physical, intellectual, social and spiritual, and are carefully set forth in the C. S. E. T. programme.

It would not be a bad idea for men to fix their lives in the same way. Most of them are one-sided in their attainments and a little self-examination might result in cultivation of humility if it did nothing more.

A man should be sound physically, free from taint, victim of no bad habits. The physical examinations given during war times showed that an alarming percentage of men both here and elsewhere were unworthy the respect of womankind. To the victims of vice might be added many who were addicted to filthy habits. The first duty of a man surely is to keep himself clean inwardly and outwardly.

Next, a man should be sound morally. This means much more than care of the body. There are social wrongs which are more to be deplored than personal weaknesses. Business dishonesty, political crookedness, domestic cruelty or selfishness, religious arrogance, all stand in the way of genuine development. Honesty, industry, fair-dealing are the essence of manliness. Let anyone who is lacking in these virtues mark himself down as unworthy.

In the third place a man should possess social qualities or virtues that will add to his popularity and usefulness. The grouch is out of place in this world, so is the recluse, so is the busybody. The founder of Christianity gave four words that indicate the social duties of mankind—they should be merciful, peaceable, pure in heart, ready to suffer. Let no man pride himself on his manhood who is lacking in these qualities.

In the last place man should possess spiritual qualifications. He should be in Communion with the Higher Power, so that his thoughts and deeds will have enduring quality. One without reverence for truth, beauty and goodness cannot lay claim to manliness. Whatever other qualities he may possess, he must mark himself down if he neglects to develop his spiritual nature.

Now it means everything to domestic and natural happiness for men to be right in body and mind. There is no other way to greatness than the cultivation by individuals of the personal and social virtues. The nation will not endure which is great merely in material wealth. It must be richer still in wisdom and virtue. Canada today is shaping the Canada of tomorrow.

The Trained Nurse

By Nellie L. McClung

She works quietly; she wears low and rubber-heeled boots; she talks softly. Her motions are easy, graceful and rapid, yet without apparent haste. She is clean, white, wholesome, comforting and good.

You see how it is; she has had to be. Always she has had to think of others; she has had to become a glorified shock-absorber; she could not indulge in blues, headaches, nerves or gloomy forebodings. It has been her business to drive these away, and in doing this she has kept her own heart free. She could never be the centre of the stage or indulge in that egotism which makes people unhappy unless they have a seat at the guest table. She's an optimist because her life work brings her into daily contact with pessimists who are so sure life is a bore, she has had to show them that it isn't!

She knows the seamy side of life too; she sees humanity with the veneer off—She sees it in kimona and curl-papers—without its hair—teeth—complexion—or company manners! But she is not cast down, cynical or afraid.

Her soul runs on all of its six cylinders. Having to use faith, hope and charity every day, these flowers of the soul grow brighter, sweeter and bigger, just like pansies that are kept picked every day. Every pebble that comes into her life to annoy her she covers with pearl, like the oyster.

Nursing is a science, an art and a philosophy, and the greatest of these is the philosophy, as shown in the white linen, low voiced person who scatters gloom, doubt and fear, and robs the night of its terrors

Recreation

I WENT down town yesterday to call in a business way on a number of men. Without exception I found that they were out of town on vacations. This has become a habit with all who can afford it. They break away from regular work for a few weeks each year, and attempt, by doing something extraordinary to fit themselves for the ordinary. And in this they succeed.

It is a peculiarity of life that runs it in cycles. Every day has a period of activity followed by a period of rest. Every week has its days of toil followed by its rest day. History emphasizes the necessity of observing the seventh day. No man can endure the steady strain of uninterrupted effort. Similarly, nature demands a change of activity during the course of every year. The farmer finds this change in the necessary variety of occupation, and men in cities find relief in the seasonal changes. Yet those who are engaged in commerce and manufacture and study, need to break away for a time and give themselves to occupation altogether different. Hence the camp, the lakeside, the summer outing.

For children, who live in crowded quarters, a few weeks in the fresh air is particularly necessary. That is the justification for the long vacation at mid-summer. It is safe to say that the prolongation of life, and the continuation of work at full speed, depends upon the observance of the annual holiday.

There is one person on the farm who should somehow or other manage to get a yearly change. It is the mother. There is much change in her routine with the change of seasons, but even at best there is grinding monotony that is wearing on nerve and muscle. Nor is it so impossible as it might seem to make provision for the mother. If she cannot leave home for a week, her routine may be altered by the joint effort of other members of the family.

The great mass of workers in cities do not leave home for summer vacations, but the hours of labor are usually not over fourty-four a week. This is not the drain of incessant worry of the man who has responsibility for conducting a business. Often his hours of effort last into the midnight hours. Yet for both employer and worker change is necessary. Work and play, activity and rest, each day, each week, each year. This is the safe rule of life.

Why Be A Worm?

She was small, but very energetic.
The soapbox creaked its protest as she talked.
"Stop!" she cried, "my sister sufferers!
Rally, and take your stand against oppression!
For centuries we have been the slaves of man.
We have obeyed his man-made laws,
Even as our mothers bowed beneath the yoke of their jungle masters.
But the worm has turned!
Justice be our watchword!
One law, one code of morals for man and woman!"
There was more, much more,
But I moved on and pondered thus:
I do not feel like a worm.
My mother never cringed before her jungle mate,
Nor did my father descend from a tree, tail uppermost.
Why should I feel like a worm?
I vote. I manage my household. And my children. And my husband,
Though, of course, he does not know it.
I let him go forth every morning, and work hard all day,
And pay the rent, and the taxes; everything, in fact.
I tactfully direct his taste in ties,
And help him choose a sample for his suit.
We have one code of morals,
But two hats, and I always choose my own.
When we fare forth sometimes of an evening,
He helps me down the steep, steep curb,
And pilots me safely through the dizzy maze of traffic,
And I cling with just the right show of timid dependence,
Though I have negotiated that same crossing a dozen times that day,
Alone, and with far better speed.
Every morning I ask "What would you like for dinner tonight?"
And "What are you going to have?" he always answers.
So everything is satisfactory.
I may smoke, if I like; or chew.
Or stay out late nights, alone;
Or climb upon a soapbox and exhort the passing worm to turn.
But I do not enjoy these things any more than I like this free verse.
But that does not make me feel like a worm.
Then why turn?

THE IRONS OF JUSTICE

H. Mortimer Batten

A Story of a Wanton of the Wild

HOW Furich came to find herself dependent upon the family of Mark Nathan at Windydoors does not concern this story. She came from a good home to surplant Brindle, the smooth-coated old Tom who for years past had acted at Windydoors in the capacity of household exterminator of rats and mice—came in an egg basket, over miles of rutty road in Mark Nathan's rickety dog cart, and arriving she was dumped in the centre of the kitchen floor amidst the wholly hostile throng of Mark Nathan's children—hostile, that was, so far as the kitten's experience of children went.

But, had the kitten known it, that was a red letter night in the dawning of this new era of her life. She was fed on new milk, feasted by one child then another, hauled about and cuddled and squabbled over with an excess of affection which was almost as trying as the entire lack of it which characterized her subsequent career. When bedtime came she was given a cosy corner in the doll's cradle close by the kitchen fire, accompanied by a litter of wax and wooden dolls which appeared to be suffering from some rampant skin disease.

But when breakfast time came with the chill of morning, some of the novelty had worn off. The children had a four mile walk to school, and the thoughts of the coming day left little room for kitten worship. Soon they were gone, and a blessed quietude reigned upon the house. The men departed to the moor, and Furich, left alone with Mrs. Nathan and the infant, fell to exploring her new abode.

Furich missed her mother sorely, but being well fed and warm her sorrow was not unrelenting, and as the morning wore on the hostile strangeness of the place began to wear off. It was then, also, that a pardonable misjudgment occurred, which, trifling though it was, tossed the dice which was to decide, for good or ill, the whole of Furich's career.

The baby was seated in her wicker chair by the kitchen door when the movement of her little pink sleeve attracted the kitten's notice. It was not the baby at which Furich sprung, but the moving sleeve. She did not know, or did not realize, that inside that sleeve was a plump pink arm, and so she leapt and seized the plaything in her cruel little claws. A scream from the baby brought the mother to the spot, and there she saw Furich clinging to the infant's arm, switching her tail and biting with all the seeming ferocity of a tiny tiger.

That was enough. Furich was driven out and forced to seek refuge under the manger. The baby's arm was scratched in three places—not badly scratched, to be sure, but the sight of the blood outraged the mother. When the hubbub had subsided a little the woman went back into the wash-house, armed with a broom, and but for her own ability and smallness of person Furich's history might have ended there.

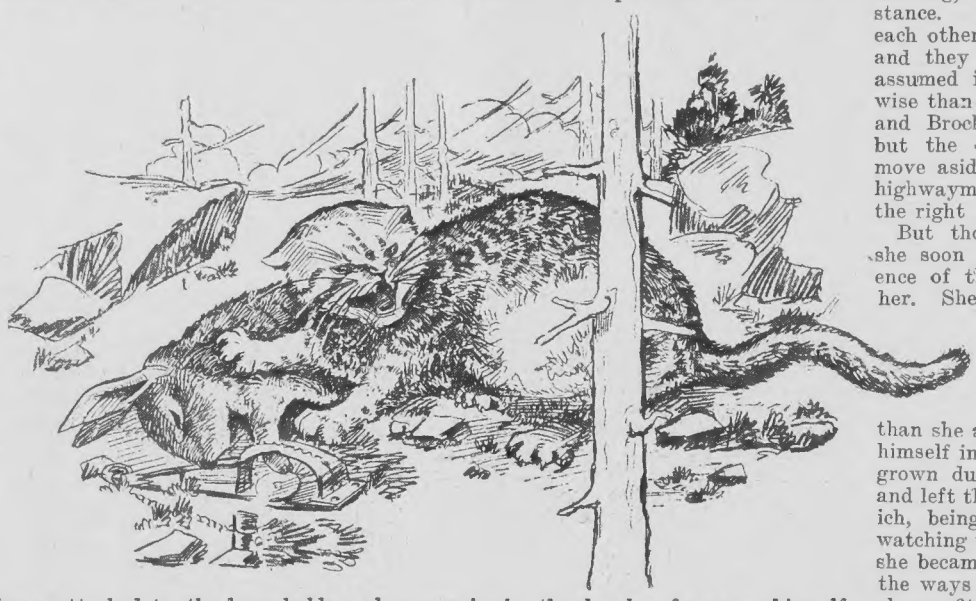
But Furich's fate was surely sealed. She was too newly established to have won the lasting affection of the household, and she had earned for herself a bad name at the outset by scratching the sacred baby of the house! Thus, by an incident even less than the movement of a scrap of cloth, may the destinies of living things be sealed!

Well Furich knew that she was in disgrace, and when evening brought the return of the household, together with a driving drizzle, she sought sanctuary under the furniture, peering out panther-like and distrustful. To one then another the baby's wounds were exhibited, and one then another buffetted Furich from this corner to the next, till she was dazed with fear and bewilderment. The boys, glad for some excuse whereby the hunting of what they considered their natural prey was justified, discovered an excellent indoor amusement in an organized hut, and armed with catapults and clubs a room to room chivvy ensued—quite a normal form of amusement in that slackly disciplined household. Old Brindle, the Tom, had loved the baby and watched by her, and Furich was forthwith regarded as an unjustified usurper.

Thus, when the kitten eventually escaped by a back window, and fell twelve feet into the dripping heather, her career as a house cat ceased. Henceforth she was to be a stable cat, and there are two kinds of stable cats—those which know gentleness and love, and those which are the common sport of all. Which of the two a stable kitten becomes depends not upon itself, but upon the humans whose threshold it inhabits.

So Furich's career hung in the balance. Her character was still in the mould, and had there been no small face watching him green-eyed round a corner of the pig-sty, he could never resist uttering a hiss between his lips, which was a signal to his dog that the latter gentleman was quite ready to obey. Thus Furich became the sport not only of the children, but of the dogs which shared the very outbuildings which were now her lot in life.

Only one member of the household was indifferent to her—Mark Nathan himself, and Mark had his own theories about stable cats—one of which was that if you feed a stable cat, it doesn't pay its way by killing vermin, and to this creed he conveniently hung. As a theory it was all right, but in practice a stable cat lives by its wits, no more dependent upon those creatures which man is pleased to dub vermin than it is upon man himself, or the things he would preserve. Every cat is a thief and a poacher, some perhaps more so than others, but the extent to which a cat practices these arts is



boys attached to the household, a place of gentleness and love might yet have been hers. True that the horror of that night of disgrace would have lingered ever in her memory, an indelible impression of her infant mind; true that ever after, encountering a stranger, she would have crouched panther-like waiting for the stranger to show his hand. A friendly sign, a gentle word, would perhaps have won her confidence and trust, but never would she have given that unquestioningly and unwaveringly, as do those few of her tribe who have no haunting memories.

So, for the next few days, little Furich dallied on the outskirts of the family, waiting—watching for the invitation that never came. How easily they could have won her now—a friendly sign, a sympathetic caress, and all her panther-like distrust would have vanished in her readiness to make friends. She was not a wild cat by nature; she sprang from a long line of fireside ancestors, and from them she inherited a certain love for man's friendship, and for the manifold comforts that it means.

But the die was already cast. The small boys, sighting her, uttered that awful war-cry of theirs, and fled in her pursuit. She had no difficulty in evading them, here among the farm buildings, and so she came to understand the appearance of one of the sons of the house as the signal to creep under a certain hay-rick — a blessed place of harbourage throughout the greater part of her career at Windydoors. The eldest son of the house, who helped his father on the moor, was old enough to regard the kitten with a certain superior indifference, but—Furich was not a pretty kitten! Even her own mother, blinded by mother love, could not have thought her the beauty of the litter, and when the eldest son of the house beheld her little panther again in the hands of man himself, governed by circumstances which he alone controls.

In due course the baby incident was forgotten, and now, indeed, Furich might have won her way back into the household. Too late! She had learnt to live without man. She had drunk of the cup of the wilderness, which is blood red and brimming. Man she had come to regard merely as a creature to be avoided, and with sullen independence she slunk from him, returning hatred and distrust for indifference.

It was the spring of the year—the Moon of Plenty, a wild, wet spring, even in the sheltered valleys, but here on the hills it was inexorable. At night time, when, had the fates been gentle, Furich would have stretched herself luxuriously by the kitchen fire, fawning against the legs of human friends, she now wandered afield, a veritable little tigress of destruction. At dusk she would sally forth, stealing furtively through the secret alleyways of the night, where bloody and horrible things are done. There, at the burn edge you might have seen her, and while the wind sighed through the alders and shook a million jewels from their boughs, Furich silent, watchful, quick to shrink or to strike, hunted the water voles, or watched with wicked, fiery eyes while the restless sandpipes, knowing she was there though they could not see her, fled from rock to rock piping their alarm.

True that there were mice enough in the outbuildings, but they were fewer and less easy to catch than the millions in the grass. Furich came to depend upon them less and less, and to depend more and more on her own hunting afield. Other creatures of the wild she came to know—Lutra, the otter, whom often she saw poised in sculptured grace on the boulders of the burn; Brock, the Badger, after whom she was named in the Gaelic tongue, and whom she saw once or twice coming down from the pine wood to feed on the wild hyacinth roots by the stream. Then there were certain other creatures, which hunted by night, and the scent of which caused a shudder of fear to possess her as she stole away from that dreaded scent. They were the weasels! Furich learnt that the blue hares each had its private runway, by which it came at dawn and dusk, each to the minute, almost to the second; and she learnt that on certain nights a lank lean mountain fox followed the burn to a certain bend, where sometimes wild duck were to be seen. None of these folk did she regard as friends, for it is the law of the wild that no hunter crosses the trail of another. Their paths may converge, each may know that the other is there, but there is no recognition—no actual meeting, except by unfortunate circumstance. Normally, seeing or hearing each other, each makes a slight detour, and they go their respective ways in assumed ignorance that they are otherwise than alone. So it was with Lutra and Brock and Reynard, and Furich, but the other folk, the true killers, move aside for no one. They are the highwaymen of the night, and as such the right of road is undisputedly theirs.

But though Furich had no friends, she soon learnt to profit by the presence of those who were indifferent to her. She learnt that Lutra the otter, having killed a trout, was prone to swim with it to the flat boulder of rock at the head of the alder pool, and that often Lutra left more than she ate. Once also Reynard, finding himself in the midst of a family of half-grown ducklings, killed to whole brood and left them littered broadcast. So Furich, being a cat, acquired the art of watching without being seen. By degrees she became more and more familiar with the ways of these other folk, and often she profited by their hunting when one less versed in woodlore would have gone hungry.

So, living in the wild, a tame cat only in so far as she made her home under a man-built roof, Furich became square-limbed and heavy-coated, and her eyes took on a savage lustre which belongs not to the creatures of man's hearth. As she had become a wild cat by nature, thus did she surely become a wild cat in looks, and in point of bearing, which no artless paint and powder could have denied. So from her tiny kittenhood, when she would have accepted man's trust and love as her natural heritage, Furich was moulded now, as many another wanton is moulded, by the irons of man's heedless justice, dealing their blows impartially, each an indelible scar, till out of virgin beauty rises wolfishness and vice, which man himself has sculptured, yet shudders as he looks upon it, little thinking that it is the work of his own hands.

Furich's short lived kittenhood was gone. She had been an ugly kitten, but she had grown up an uglier cat, bearing the unmistakable imprint of the thief and the outlaw. For weeks past now she had lived by murdering, and naturally such a life had influenced her in every way. She had fed chiefly on young rabbits and the young of moorland birds. The keeper knew her, and was awaiting his chance, but again the fates stepped in and diverted the stream of Furich's career.

Joe, one of the younger boys, had just reached that period which, I suppose, is inevitable in any healthy outdoor youngster of the sturdier sex. He was keen on trapping—trapping anything which deserved to be trapped, and his list was a fairly elastic one. He began by trapping mice in the kitchen cupboard, and bloated with success he turned his at-

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A BY-WAY TO FORTUNE

By W. R. Gilbert

THE news fell like a thunderbolt on our country-side; the Squire's house broken into, his old butler wounded, and chief of all, the famous diamonds stolen. Simple folk could scarcely realize a parallel audacity; as for our village constable, he was fathoms out of his depth even in the shallows of such a mystery. Special men came down from London for the case, and after a month's silence, a development was arrived at.

Many years have passed—more indeed than I care to reckon since that eventful afternoon, yet the memory of it still lingers with me vividly, for I was but a stripling at the time and unused to the harsh realities of the world.

Picture to yourself an autumn day, quiet on the ear, but raw and damp to one's flesh, with little drops of water hanging from every brown leaf, and clouds of steam rising from the horses' backs, and behind them, myself, plowing alone in a far outlying field. There could be few more solitary tasks, for the place being remote and wild, you might work there a year and a day without hearing the sound of a man's voice. At the bottom of the field ran a strip of wood about three hundred yards wide, and extending a mile or so up the valley. As I plodded slowly in the furrow I whistled to myself for company's sake, and had thus got well into the swing of my labor, when turning on one headland, I caught sight of three figures creeping down the field under the shelter of the opposite hedge. As they reached the spot to which my plowing led me they halted, and watched my steady progress across the field towards them. They were fine, strong men, I noted, respectably clad in sober-colored clothes. Inexperienced as I was, in their stalwart upright bearing, the squareness of their shoulders and their heavy clean shaved jaws and fixed expression, I recognised through the civilian attire, that most curious and at times terrible product—the disciplined man. As I drew my horses up, one who appeared the leader, and carried, I remember, a smart little cane, which he bent before him in both hands, spoke to me.

"Farmer Hazlitt's son, I believe?" he said.

I replied that was so.

"Well, Mr. Hazlitt, your father," he continued, "down at the farm, told me you would give me some information."

I was at his disposal, I said.

He kept under the hedge, and spoke in a low tone, yet the words were distinct, and his manner to the point.

"First, then, is that Cromley Wood?" he asked, pointing to the lower side of the field where the land sloped into the valley.

"Yes," I answered.

"Do you know it well?"

"As well as any person in the parish, for very few go there save the gipsies for firewood."

"How many paths are there in it?" was his next question.

"Only one."

"Could a man push through it elsewhere?'

"It is possible, of course," I said, "but you would hear him a mile off." He appeared pleased at my answers, and nodded a sharp "Good."

"Now where does this single path run?" starting again.

"About six yards in the wood from the bottom of this field.'

"Then if I stand down there I cannot miss seeing or hearing anyone who passes through the wood?"

"No," I replied.

"And if anyone comes from that direction—" he pointed across the valley—"it will also be impossible?"

"Yes; but in that case," I added, "I should myself catch a glimpse of them from here, as the path rises almost out of the wood for a few yards at one place."

"Good," he said once more; "it is a pleasure to question you, Mr. Hazlitt."

"One thing more let me beg of you, and that is, oblige me by going on with your plow as if you had not seen us. A look, a word from you at a critical point might spoil one of the prettiest bits of work ever put up.'

I said he might rely on me.

"If you see anything, don't see anything, but keep your horses moving," were his last rather enigmatical words.

They went falling naturally in step and in line, down the hedge, whilst I pulled my team around for another turn, and so had my back to them until I had crossed the field. When I again faced in their direction, I saw that they were concealed at various distances along the top of the wood, and that two comrades of the same substantial build had joined them, making in all five. Journeying from headland to headland in the usual stolid fashion of men that follow the plow, I could not help fancying that I was in a manner playing the part of decoy to some unsuspecting wretch; but, reflecting it was none of my business, I persevered on my way to and fro. Thus about two hours passed. What happened then?—nothing but the crowing of a cock pheasant, answered almost immediately by a rival from another part of the wood. Had not my eye chanced to rest at that moment on the only one of the five watchers distinctly visible to me (the man whose questions I had answered) the thing would have passed me unnoticed. He (the watcher) had made himself fairly comfortable even among the dripping branches, with the smart cane stuck in the ground before him, and a short pipe in his mouth. On the first pheasant call he put the pipe smartly in his pocket and changed his position stealthily to one of extreme readiness. So long as I faced towards the wood I could, of course, be keenly on the alert without betraying it; but in the return furrow this was impossible save by breaking my promise in looking round. I resisted the temptation till half-way across, when an uncontrollable impulse led me to drop one of the lines and thus obtain an opportunity of glancing behind me. It was the affair of a moment, it is true, but I saw the figure of a woman flitting hurriedly along the wood-path; she carried a small basket under her arm. "Martha Foster—Ned the poacher's wife," rose instinctively to my lips. Another yard and she was hidden by a thicket. I was so surprised that I made no attempt to continue plowing, but stood staring at the opening through which I had seen her. A deep, and to me, solemn silence reigned; then a startled magpie fled chattering from the branches, followed almost at once by the shrill scream of a woman, and a yell, half rage, half defiance, so intense, so savage, that I scarcely thought it came from a man, but rather from some wild animal at bay. Scream after scream thrilled me as, leaving my team, I rushed down to the wood. At a broadening of the path three figures were struggling with a prostrate man; two others held a woman back, who clawed and shrieked like a fury; on the ground lay her basket, while the food it contained scattered and trodden in the drifts of damp, sodden leaves. There was a sharp metallic click, and the three stalwart men rose, leaving their prisoner handcuffed on his face.

"Come, missus, be reasonable," said the leader; "you'll only do him harm now."

Even she cowered before their calm, machinelike impassibility and her cries subsided to a low moaning. They lifted Ned Foster to his feet, put their clothes, disordered and muddy from the encounter, to rights, lit their pipes, and exchanged a few words, such as "Smart bit of business." "Very pretty indeed." "Glad to hear that pheasant call," and so forth. "Now then, my lads, fall in and let's be marching," said the leader, picking up his cane.

Since his capture Ned Foster had preserved a sullen silence, but now he growled out: "What's this along of, mates?"

"Squire Venne's diamonds and wounding his butler," was the brief reply. "Come, best foot forward, or we shan't reach in till dark."

Before they left the fields to enter the closed-in lanes, Ned Foster turned for one last look at a white cottage standing alone in the fields across the valley, whence the woman had come bringing the food that led to his capture—the home which should know him no more. But his wife, following last and unguarded, for they had no fear of her attempting to escape—let her eyes wander neither to the right nor left, nor indeed ever lifted them from the prisoner, who, with hands crossed before him, strode doggedly beside his captors.

THUS the curtain falls on the first scene in this history. Before telling the second and final, I must pause to give a few words of explanation.

Squire Venne was a gentleman of ancient family, moderate estates, and emphatic pretensions to social position. There were two things for which the Vennes had, during many years, been distinguished, both to their country friends and to our village folks—first, their chronic impecuniosity, and the straits they were often put to as a result, secondly the famous family diamonds, which Mrs. Venne wore on every possible occasion to the great comment of other country ladies. Many a time had financial storms arisen, which threatened to swamp Squire Venne and his house forever, unless the famous jewels were sacrificed to still the troubled waters. Yet when all had seemed lost through this unaccountable obstinacy, at that very moment, by some mysterious negotiations other expedients were always found; and though report often had it that at last the diamonds had been sold, with the next hunt ball Mrs. Venne was again the envy of her neighbors.

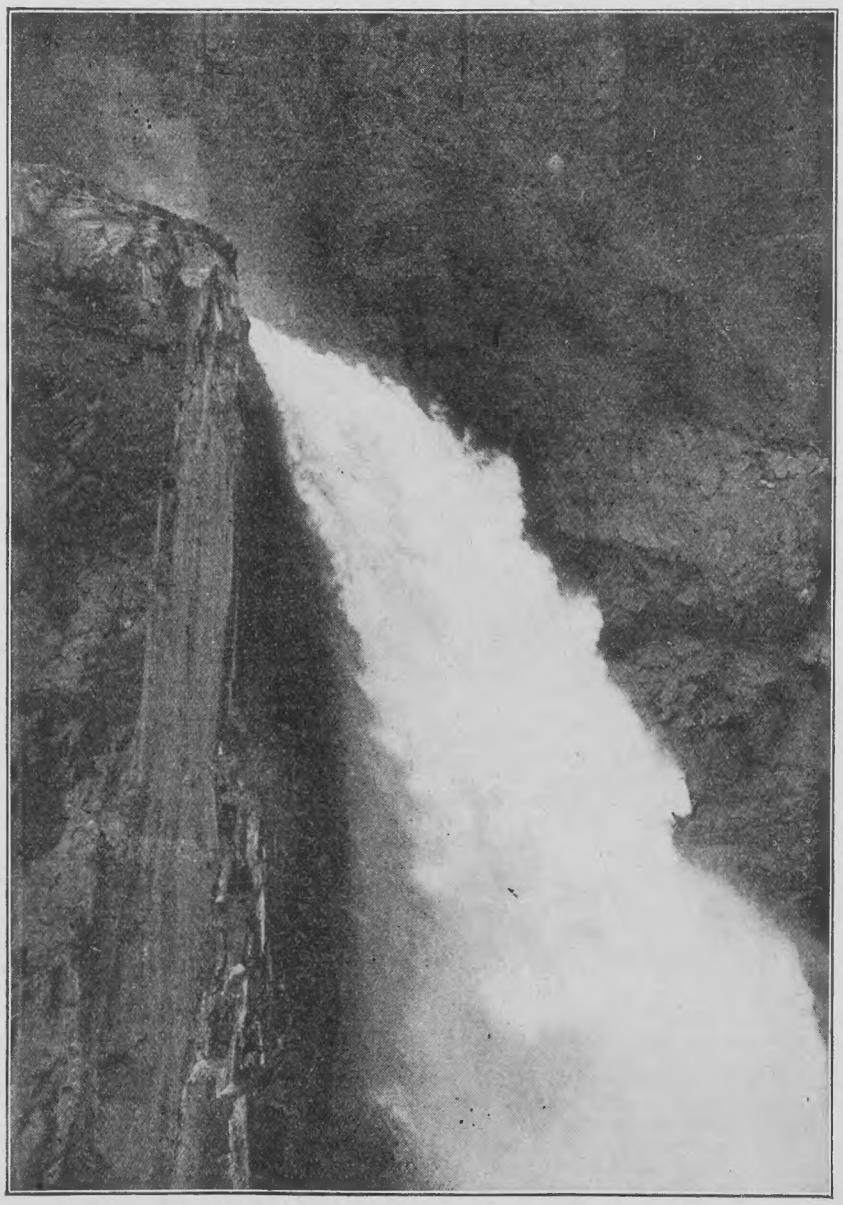
The surprise in the village at the capture of the poacher was very great, for it was not thought even that he was in the district, as he had set out (it was now remembered against him) with great ostentation up country in search of work a week before the robbery, and had not been seen since. Having always been a morose, sullen man, not much pity was felt for him by his neighbors, though a distinct note of elation might be generally observed that, after all, the affair was the result of local talent.

Ned Foster was in due time tried, convicted, and sentenced to be transported; the evidence of his guilt was absolutely conclusive. Martha Foster, against whom lay nothing beyond taking food to her husband, was discharged, when she returned to live alone in the old white cottage.

So far success had attended the efforts of the police, but one important feature of the case remained unsolved—the jewels had not been traced. Fragments of their mountings were found on the person of the prisoner, but threat or promise was alike powerless to induce him to disclose his knowledge or produce any effect save a savage snarl at their impotence. The prevailing impression was that he had a confederate in some accomplished rogue, who was doubtless the designer of the whole plot, and who had undertaken the disposal of the gems. Precautions were therefore taken by the officials to keep a watch on all known channels through which such goods might be expected to pass— as I have said, without result.

In spite of this fact, Squire Venne used every influence he possessed to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. It was, he said, a painful thing to him to feel a fellow-creature doomed to the horrors of transportation for those wretched jewels. This also was in vain; and so Ned Foster was buried under the shadow of the convict prison in the prime of his life, whilst the famous diamonds remained securely concealed from the world's eyes.

Continued on page 8



THIS BEAUTIFUL CANADIAN FALLS NOW ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION

The photo gives a striking view of Campbell River falls on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, a sheer drop of 120 feet. The canyon is such as to require great risk to get a striking photo. Due to the recent building of motor roads, this Canadian beauty spot, until lately little known, is now becoming a popular spot to visit. It is one of the highest in Canada. F. D

OUR MIDNIGHT GUARDIANS

A Night Watch at the Cape Sable Light, Nova Scotia

By Bonnycastle Dale

ALL day long the Assistant Lightkeeper during his watch had been cleaning the lens, polishing the brasswork, brightening the huge windows, putting up dark curtains to keep the sun from heating the lens and destroying the filmy mantle. The three floors and the three and a half flights of stairs had to be swept and the reserve stores all straightened—paint and glass and wicks and mantles and globes and brooms, and all the various stores needed for "the Light." Then he went on the railed platform and polished the glass outside.

In the long low red Engine and Fog Horn building beside the tall octagonal Lighthouse, (it is fifty-three feet to the base of the lens), the Lightkeeper was busy taking down one engine and cleaning it—they use oil burning engines, fed by a fairly clean brand of kerosene. He showed me the modern construction of the Fog Horn—compressed air rushing into a perforated cylinder that vibrates with a loud raucous roar—engines, fog horn, oil-tanks, all shining bright with elbow grease or fresh paint.

Our caravan, the ox-"team", (they called an ox "a team" near the Cape Sable Light.)

At last the red declining sun set in the west and we climbed the many steps and I watched him as he reached into the great cut glass lens, a circle of wonderfully cut flanges, about four feet across and five feet high, every glittering groove focusing the light on the centre of the lens and magnifying the light many times. He took off the delicate mantle, poured wood alcohol into the base just below the mantle and ignited it. In a few seconds the flame crept up and heated all the tubes and the lightkeeper rapidly wound up the long cable connected with the huge weight far below in a long square weight-box. This great lantern shines and glitters like a monstrous jewel, reflecting on all its wide cut flanges all the colours of the rainbow from the declining sun. It is set in a bath of mercury. Here the circular iron base floats, exquisitely balanced, and the cogs on the weighted cable turn it so that it flashes out a warning every five seconds—the flash is really always there but it only focuses correctly every circuit of the great iron base that upholds the lens.

Far off to the Southwest or almost West, "Seal Island Light" flashed out at three seconds duration—to the due South the "Groaner"—an acetylene automatic buoy burned a red light. To the Nor'-west "Bon Voyage Light" sent its twinkling beams every ten seconds—Due East Bacaro Light took up the warning work and flashed out every two and a half seconds. Beyond that, Negro and Cape Negro Lights warned all passing vessels away from this reef strung coast.

"It will rain before morning—see how Seal Light looms," said the Lightkeeper. We had noticed how at times this twenty mile distant Light seemed to burn upwards like a candle flame. This fortells East wind and rain.

Now the great lens before us revolved steadily and the mantle glowed incandescent, so we went down to the Lightkeeper's house, separate from this tall octagonal white Light building, erected some sixty years ago and built of solid timber frames, squared logs a foot square in thickness, well boarded and shingled and with ancient hand-sized floor boards. There was an olden time smell of paint and paint oil, kerosene and chemicals, blending with the sweet ozone of the sea. We went into the big comfortable Lightkeeper's house, a great white barrack-like building divided into two homes, one for the Assistant and his wife and one for the Lightkeeper, his wife and two children.

"The reason they built this Light (it is a third power Diopteric-flash every five seconds and visible twenty miles—fifty-three feet above high tide line and the Fog Horn is forty—at times it can be heard at Seal Island;—Latitude 43° 23′ 19″, Longitude 65° 37′ 15″ W.)—I've kept that Fog Horn blowing for almost three weeks without let-up when the woolly fogs come in off the sea—You'll get some of it before morning," the keeper told me.

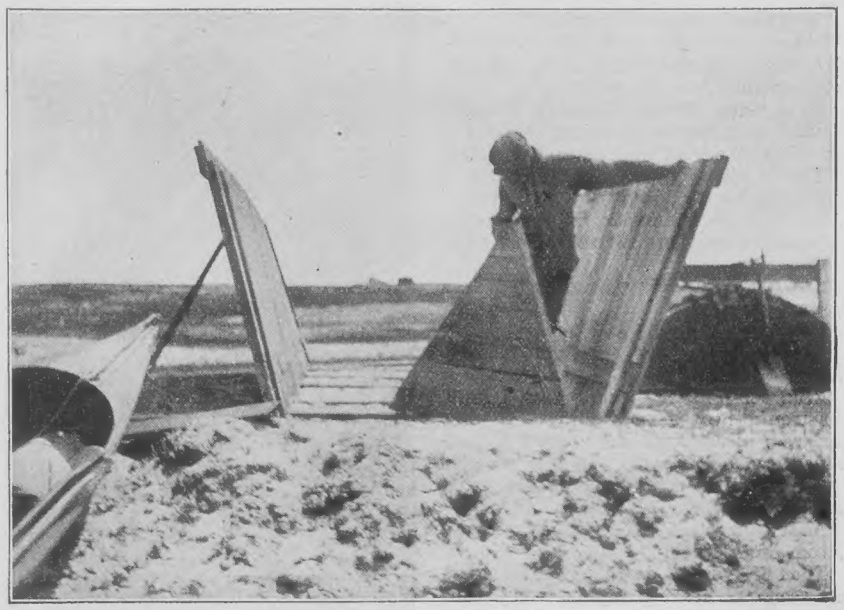
"The reason they built it was because of the number of wrecks of British ships and steam packets out there on the Ledges. The great Hungarian ran on So'western Ledge some sixty years ago laden with emigrants and regular passengers. She was a packet ship with two pole masts. During the night an old lady living on 'The Cape' saw a light at sea and called her husband. They stared at it for hours as it seemed to stop, then run a mile or so and stop again. When the faint daylight broke on that dull winter's morning there lay a great steamer hard on. The very few inhabitants then living here gathered on the shore and watched the awful scene. At low tide she loomed up high on the skyline but at high tide the great seas swept right over her and the lightly rigged masts were soon filled with black figures. There was nothing on the shore that could dare the angry elements, only lapstreak built fishermen boats—so they had to stand there helpless. By afternoon one of the masts crashed down with its living burden into the sea and when the gloom was gathering again, the other mast slowly angled out and fell into the mighty breakers. Only very few bodies were washed ashore next day and the remains of the wreck lay under water on the reef for years, until the plates were hauled up by wrecking boats.

THEN the government sent surveyors and officials, and a lighthouse was built on this—the furthest-out point of Nova Scotia. At first they burned seal oil in the small lantern, then they got a steam plant and kerosene and now we have the most modern oil burning engines, all automatically fed; no shovelling tons of coal day and night to keep that beautiful crystal lens revolving and that great fog horn blaring.

"The oddest thing that occurred along this coast was a wreck in early days on Mud Island. My wife's grandfather lived there then. The tide brought the bodies of a colored man and a girl ashore and the few inhabitants buried them in separate graves, the body of the girl right near the mouth of a tiny stream which ran into the sea. Some years after the body became exposed by a very high tide and to the astonishment of those lonely island dwellers it was petrified;—turned to stone, as hard as the rocks which formed the reef. They carefully buried it again. But word spread and boats came from all the neighbouring islands and from the better settled mainland, and they often dug up the body to satisfy their curiosity. Finally one excavator happened to strike it with his shovel and broke an arm off so the Governor of the little island called all his neighbors and they decided to allow two men to bury it in some unused place in the woods and keep the location secret. So well did they do it that the place of burial is completely lost at this date."

Soon two hours had elapsed and we climbed the stairs of "the Light" to wind up the great weight again. This is arranged at two hour intervals so as to make sure that the Lightkeeper stays awake all the night long. Already Seal Island had disappeared in the murk, even if the stars directly overhead were still burning. We could see Bon Portage five miles off, so there was no need to start the Fog Horn yet. Down the long stairs we went and ran across the windswept ground to the house. (Our tiny cabin is just beside it and I could see my Assistant through the window beside the lamp, still studying.

Twice more we wound the light before the wind got around to the East and the fog crept in. At last we lost Bon Portage and the engine C 12244 was started—there are two, in case of one breaking down. The first blast almost deafened me, but we got so used to it that we sleep all the night undisturbed while it roars forth, so heavily that it makes the walls of our cabin thrill and thrum, and we awake or listen only when it ceases.



A canoe house made in sections.

Last Sunday, before daylight, I saw a steamer going along—her green light was burning and her head-light three miles out. At that time I had no idea who she was and did not know that they were even then pumping for dear life. She was the Scotsburn, lumber-laden—Halifax to Lynn, Mass.—holds filled and big deck load on. She had strained a bit and opened a leak. Why they did not head in towards shore I do not know. They sent her right out into Fundy and struck a big rolling windchop of a sea and wallowed and thrashed in it and opened up her sides worse and lost part of her deckload. No engine or handpumps could keep ahead of that clean green seawater pouring into her devoted hull and the crew of nine made ready to launch the boat. Not much chance even there as the monster seas would fill her before she got away from the side—so they hung on, while all the time she got deeper in the water. At last just when they saw they must risk their lives in the boat they saw a beam trawler, a steam fishing boat called the "Coot" pounding along towards them over the great whitecapped seas. It took extreme care to launch a boat, and wonderfully clever jockeying to get her near enough to pick up a man as he leaped. Finally they got the whole nine off, then they set fire to the poor old Scotsburn in many places, and left her roaring with flames and sending out a regular smokescreen of a black pall. The leaping seas soon covered her decks and put every fire out and she floated off almost submerged—another dangerous derelict to be watched out for by every craft afloat.

WE were pitying the poor migrating birds which we knew full well had started from the New England coast to cross to Nova Scotia during the calm sunset hours of last night. All that were not strong enough to live before the gale and be swept ashore on New Brunswick or Maine had perished by now.

We had picked up the lights of several tramps and fishing vessels and a few passenger steamers outside the Ledges, before the fog came; and now no doubt although we could not see their lights and they could not get a glimpse of our big lens, still they could hear this loud explosive sounding blast of the foghorn. One schooner was so near that we feared she was daring to try the "Hospital" course inside Seal Island. "They want to look out for 'Blond Rock,' the buoy was swept away the other day," said the keeper in a howl as he bent over the engine to adjust a belt. "'The Impoco' hit that big rock a few months ago, gasoline laden, and the wrecking boats did manage to get her off, but she seeped out gasoline all the way to Halifax. You ought to be here when a steamer strikes a reef.

Continued on page 25

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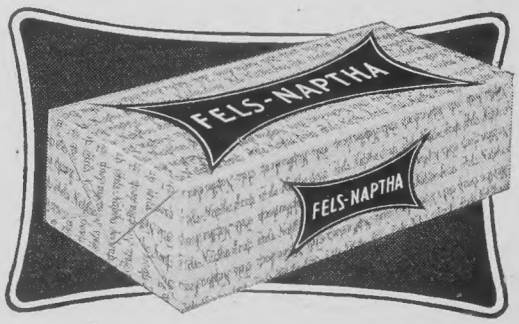

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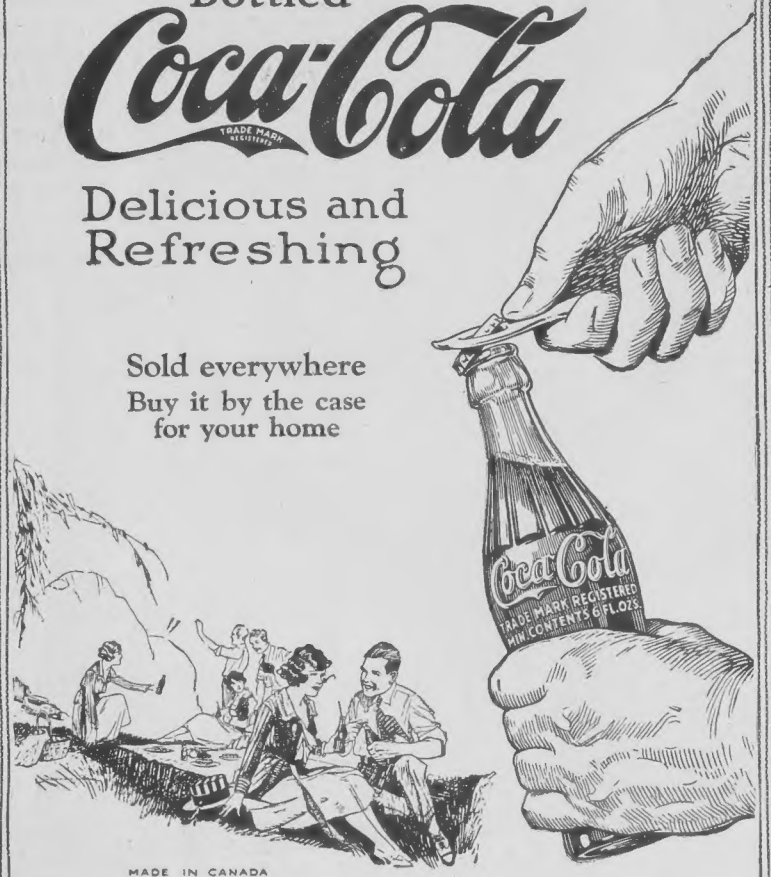

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A BY-WAY TO FORTUNE

Continued from page 5

Chapter II

IT is a long entr'act to my second scene—fifteen years. In such a space changes come to even a country village. Time did not spare ours. Martha Foster had died; the close of her life was passed in solitude, half forced on her, half sought, but utter and complete. The white cottage had fallen into ruins; doors, window-frames, and later even rafters were burnt by wandering gipsies on their camp-fires; cattle sought shelter in it from rain and sun; over the hearth a stout elderberry tree shot up, showing its branches above the four bare walls that alone remained partly intact; in the garden before the house rabbits from Cromley Wood sported at dusk—they had little to fear now from Ned Foster, the poacher. Yet, if in some places age, decay, death had sown their desolation, in others the signs of new work and progress appeared; a school, a public-house, a railway, marked their different aspects. It was from the nearest station on this line that I found myself trudging one dark night. The season was a rainy one, I remember; the day, like many of its fellows, showery, and though it was fine when I left the little platform, the clouds now threatened an outburst at any moment. I am not a timid man, yet many times in that walk, through the wet, muddy lanes, I glanced over my shoulders uneasily into the darkness. I fancied continually that I caught the sound of footsteps at a measured distance behind me; pausing to listen, there was nothing but a tremulous rustling of leaves before the rain. About a mile from home I reached a field-path in crossing which a considerable saving in time and labor could be effected by those who knew it well enough to travel by night. After a moment's hesitation—for the nervous feeling still had a grip of my mind—a few large spots of rain urged me to immediate decision so, leaving the road, I pushed on at a swinging stride along the lonely footpath. Down came the rain in heavy thunder-drops. Recalling thankfully that my way led by the ruined poacher's cottage, I quickened pace and neared the four bare walls at a run. Had I gone inside there would have been more shelter, but the darkness of the interior looked so blank and eerie that I merely crouched under the outside masonry, comforting myself, with the thought that the shower would probably be as short as it was fierce. I might have stood there five minutes, when a noise, the clink of a nailed boot on stone, startled me. Peering in through an opening where two of the walls had gaped apart, I saw, to my astonishment, a faint light shining. This speck, growing larger and brighter, resolved itself into a candle flickering from a nook of the dilapidated fireplace; beside it, as if waiting for the feeble wick to gather force, stood two men. A tangled mass of creepers drooped across the gap in the sides of the cottage, and enabled me to watch intently their movements without much risk of being observed; for which, when the light fell more strongly on them, I felt very grateful, as their appearance did not invite confidence. Beyond this one mutual trait, they were types of men as unlike as possible. The nearest to me was of small build, unmistakably Jewish in countenance, and dressed in shabby smart clothes, from which he now scraped recent mud-splashes carefully; the other had a powerful frame, a hard worn face, wild eyes and unkept grizzly hair. He looked like some ragged outcast, and carried I noticed with alarm, a short iron bar. This man stood shading his eyes with one hand, whilst he gazed round the deserted home.

"To come to this," he said in a hoarse voice.

There was a long silence, broken at length by the other. "Hold up, my friend; you learnt what to expect," he said, flicking himself with a red silk handkerchief.

"They told me that she was dead; they told me the old house was fallen; but could a' man a' believed this? Trees growing from the hearth, beasts of the field treading through it as they will." His voice rose in pitch at each word.

"Hush, somebody might hear us, my friend; you know we have got better work on hand tonight than crying over spilt milk." He spoke with a cunning power in his voice.

"Ay, you're right my lad," cried the elder man, his voice changing at once; "that's all gone and done with. I've paid the price—fifteen years of hell, and this—he waved his hand round the ruins; but it's my turn at last. Such sparklers, my lad, such sparklers."

"Now, you are talking like a man should," approved the other, nodding his head, "so let's get to business; that fool in front of us on the road has delayed it more than enough already."

This was the home-coming of Ned Foster, and thus I chanced to be a spectator of the sequel to the great diamond robbery.

At the Jew's last request, Ned Foster now took a step forward, then stared round the four tumble-down walls in a vacant bewildered fashion.

"Well, what's the matter now," asked the Jew in a querulous tone.

"It is all so broken down, there's no trace even of the stairs. I can't fix the spot."

His companion bit his lips in vexation, but replied in the same cool, even manner; "Come, pull yourself together, friend this is no way of doing business. You buried them under a flag at the bottom of the stairs, you say?"

The returned convict nodded.

"Can you remember where those stairs stood?"

"Between the two rooms about here, I think." He walked two-thirds down the cottage and hesitated.

"Well, then, one room must have been much larger than the other," said the little man, closing his eyes shrewdly.

"No, they were both about the same size; leastways this was a bit the biggest," replied Ned Foster, pointing helplessly to the smaller third of the interior which he had marked as cut off by the stairs. From his dazed expression it was plain to me that his memory had almost entirely given way. The Jew jumped up in a sudden paroxysm of rage. "You fool," he shrieked, "if the stairs are where you have placed them, how can that be the largest room?"

There was a long pause while Ned Foster rubbed his forehead despondently, and the other paced up and down to regain composure.

"Come, this is no way of doing business, friend," again said the Jew. He scanned the convict's face long and thoughtfully, after which he started the most extraordinary cross-examination I have ever heard, putting one question after another, and perceiving the coming answer so rapidly that the man before him had not time to form his words, ere he anticipated them and passed to another query. They ran something after this: "Now, friend," in a sharp voice, "which room did you live in? which room did you see the light in of nights when you came home from work? This, you say," as they walked to the end of the cottage indicated. "Now, where did you have your table? In the middle of the room?—right, friend. When, you sat at your supper, were you near the fire? About a yard and a half off was it? Very well, then, we may put one side of the table here." He marked the distance off from the old hearth by a stone. "How broad was this table? A little over a yard you think, friend." He again places a stone to mark it. "Now was there anything between this side of the table and the wall? A dresser where your wife kept her crockery? Good. Could you pass easily between this dresser and the table? Yes. Well, we will give it this much, and adding a yard for the width, it will bring the wall here," placing another stone.

So, after similar measurements in all directions and innumerable questions, a complete ground-plan of the cottage was obtained, and finally a certain spot located under which the Jew confidently asserted was the particular flagstone they required.

The consternation of the convict had now left him; a feverish eagerness prevailed in its stead, and he fell to the excavation of earth and fallen masonry, which had accumulated to some depth over the stone floor of the cottage. It was heavy work, and the single tool they had was of little assistance to them; so, unwilling as he seemed to be, the worker was soon compelled to relinquish the task to his companion, who continued it in a much more leisurely style. Ned Foster now squatted down, holding the candle, and presently, when his breath had returned, spoke again, "When I remember all I have gone through for these diamonds, and how little you have done, it makes me wonder how I ever came to share 'em with you," he said, musing gloomily.

Continued on page 43

Rose of the Sunset Trail

By Ada Van Sickle Smith

THE Ozarks lay bathed in the sheen of the golden light. Lazy white clouds drifted slowly by, as if loath to leave the slumberous beauty of the mountains. Here and there a pine tree lifted its slim, sentinel-like height, as though on guard. Rare, shy birds flitted airily from bough to bough —the flash of a red-bird's wing, or the flaming top-knot of a wood-pecker loitered but a moment, and then jauntily flew on about their birdly business —for they were in their native element on these mountain tops, far above the heads of the people that went to make up the busy world.

A girl, rare and sweet as the flowers that sprang about her, turned shining eyes on her companion. Deep, earnest eyes they were, and matching the tint of her rich, dark hair, that curled in ringlets on her snowy neck. Though she was clad in rough riding clothes, yet every line of her bespoke the woman of refinement. Her khaki skirt and flannel blouse could not conceal the fact that she was of gentle birth. She radiated beauty from the crown of her dark head to the tips of her riding boots, which bore the exclusive mark of a New York bootier.

Not far from her, a bronze-haired man sat on a huge rock. He was plaiting the tassel of his riding whip; but his mind was elsewhere, as could be seen, by the lines of his thin lips, which were tightly compressed. The usual healthy tan of his face seemed to have disappeared, leaving it strangely white; and his eyes were troubled, as he turned them on the girl and spoke:

"And so you leave to-morrow, Rose?" And then added softly: "My Rose of the Sunset Trail."

She flushed, and turned to him haughtily, as she answered: "I am not your Rose; and neither do I aspire to be." The tears were near the surface, as she continued: "You have no right to thus address me, Mr. Vincent."

The man's face went dead white; and at length he replied huskily:

"Forgive me, Miss Martin. I am not myself today. Because you are leaving so soon my whole plans are upset. More than that, it will rob me of life, itself. I knew it would come —knew that your visit to your aunt's would soon be over, and that you would tire of these mountains and the dull life here, and would soon return to your own set in the city. But Heaven help me, I did not think it would come this soon! I just blindly closed my eyes and drifted; and would not permit myself to think there would come an awakening—that you would go away, and never give me one thought."

"You are wrong, Mr. Vincent. I shall always remember you as the best pal of my life. I have travelled far and wide, and never have I found anyone who was such a splendid comrade."

"Thanks," he said, gravely, and he extended a muscular brown hand and soberly closed it over the girl's soft palm.

"Come," she said, springing to her feet. "See, the sun is nearly down. We must hasten back."

"Just a minute," he pleaded. "Perhaps it will be the last time you will ever see the sun set from this point where we have spent so many happy hours. Do you know that those moments, when we together have watched the sun set so peacefully behind clouds of glory, have been the most wonderful times of my whole life? Our Sunset Trail will be so lonesome when you are gone!" He caught his breath with a sharp sob.

Silently they watched the sun disappear behind clouds that turned to crimson and gold; and later dissolved into soft violet shadows.

"Come," he said huskily; and holding out his hands to her, they sprang from rock to rock like two children, racing down to where their ponies were impatiently waiting for them.

"Banish your sad face, Mr. Vincent; and let us enjoy another good gallop, together!" cried the girl.

He patted his pony lovingly; and as he sprang into the saddle the old time boyish eagerness lighted up his features.

"We must not gallop on the mountain road, Miss Martin. It is too treacherous. A loosened rock might cause the ponies to stumble; but when we reach the lower road I will race with you."

Continued on page 48

Lake of the Hanging Glacier, Lake Windermere, B.C.

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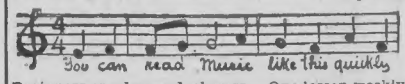

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FAIRY SOAP

PURE FLOATING WHITE

Worth Two in the Bush

By Frank Lyman

WHEN innocent youth marches out to wrest a living from the cruel world it is a question which suffers more. This Potford joined our survey party straight from graduation, and we were deep into the Northern Ontario brush before we guessed how pernicious he was going to be. Talk about a thorn in the flesh, why, he was the entire rosebush! His trouble sounds mild enough. It was simply an incurable itch to dose us with information, to disgorge upon us all the half-digested facts which his professors had succeeded in cramming into him. What we suffered is hard to explain. One such pest makes a whole party go wrong. Tempers grow short, grudges long and the job languishes.

Even the Chief, though he had a separate tent, did not escape. Besides our regular work we used to keep an eye out for signs of minerals, hoping some day to find a gold-mine or something. Rocks were like a book to the Chief—he'd grown gray on them—yet Potford chose to differ with every one of his opinions. He did this once too often and the Chief went for him. He had a voice like a moose, and for ten happy minutes we listened to him making marmalade of the lad's self-conceit. But nothing came of it, for Potford confided to us sadly, "You'd think he'd have been glad to get a few good tips on geology, wouldn't you? But some people are so cock-sure you can't tell 'em anything."

I suppose Potford had a pretty thin time, too, for we got back at him every way we could, one of the best being to clutter him up with a prize assortment of mis-information about dangerous wild animals, for on this subject he was as ignorant and curious as a child. He would drink in the most impossible yarns and evidently they made him uncomfortable. He soon seemed to feel himself ringed round by mysterious, hostile beasts, whom he heard occasionally but never saw, waiting day and night to strike him down.

"Listen," cried Joe, our grizzled lumberjack, when a partridge began drumming one evening, "Listen to the bear pounding his chest!"

"What for?" asked Potford, looking up quickly from the fire he was struggling with—it was his turn to get supper.

"What for! Don't you know that when a bear wants to make himself mad he sits up and hammers his chest with his paws? Probably he's got a whiff of that smoke you're making and is going to rush the camp."

At this instant a wood-pecker somewhere in the same direction began to tap on a dry branch.

"Run boys! Here he comes. Hear him grind his teeth. Come back, Potford. You're cook. It's your job to stay and save the grub."

"But how can I?" he wailed.

"If you're afraid to have it out with him on the ground, climb that tree and make a big noise. Yell your hardest. Take an axe, and when he climbs up after you chop him between the eyes. If you let him get the stores, good-night to every man of us.' '

We all galloped off, but turned at the edge of the bushes to watch Potford's frantic attempts to get himself and the axe up the tree. First with his free hand he grasped the lowest branch, which he could just reach, and made a sort of windmill of his legs trying to get one over. He had no luck and was getting stiffer with fright each second. Then he hooked the axe over the branch and had just hoisted himself up beside it when off it fell. He groaned and was dashing the sweat out of his eyes when he lost his balance and, clawing wildly to save himself, came crashing down like a shot porcupine. He bounced up and went at it again, finally hoisting himself proudly aloft with the axe handle poked down the back of his neck and the sharp blade threatening to lop off an ear. There, after one or two squeaky attempts to shout he began to recite, growing louder as he went, "The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," and so on, while four strong, bearded men laughed themselves helpless.

At last Joe called out to ask if he had seen the bear yet. He said that the underbrush had been moving but was still now. We congratulated him on his stout defence, swearing never to forget that he had probably saved our lives. The absolute seriousness with which he received this almost did for us again. Needless to say, the Chief was not in on this horseplay, though he sat chuckling in his tent.

After that evening Potford seemed so nervous about being alone that old Joe hatched a new plot.

"Say, Joe," inquired MacDonald, innocently, "Do you suppose there are any snipe in that big swamp at the head of the lake?"

"Shouldn't wonder if they're as thick as blackbirds. Never saw such a likely place. Feel like going after a bunch some night?"

"Sure thing!" MacDonald answered. "How about tomorrow night, hey?"

THE talk then drifted off on to the best ways of cooking these juicy birds and how to keep them if, as seemed likely, we should catch several bags full. We could see that Potford was benefiting, though he tried to look indifferent, knowing from experience that he would not be invited. All Sunday he watched our preparations and listened to heated discussions as to which of the two islands lying near the marsh it would be best to occupy. But just after supper Joe began to groan and complain of "cramps or something." When he was safely packed away in his blankets with a red-hot stone for company—he swore quietly that that was carrying a joke too far—MacDonald asked Potford if he felt like coming in Joe's place.

"Oh, I suppose so," he grumbled, trying to hide his delight. "I'll come, just to help you out."

"Hmp," grunted MacDonald morosely. "You know what to do?"

"I guess so," Potford bluffed. "Still, give me a line on just what you want."

"Well, son, you see snipe are attracted to a light, just like fish, or deer, or the sea-birds that whack their brains out against a light-house at night. So what we do is make a good fire on the beach and then stir the snipe out of the marsh where they are sleeping. They fly right to the fire, like moths, and you knock them down with a stick by hundreds. Shorty and you can do the collecting while George there and I shove the canoe through the reeds."

Twilight was about ended as we nosed in to a rocky point on one of the islands and set Potford and Shorty and the outfit ashore. But just as we pushed off again Shorty stepped neatly into the canoe.

"Here, where are you going, Shorty?" Potford exclaimed.

"Oh, I guess you can manage that end of it by yourself."

"But you're not going to leave me here alone, are you? I - - I don't know how to knock them down."

"That needn't bother you any. Watch out for bears, though. They usually nest on islands and go for anybody who comes butting in."

For a moment our chuckles and the swift dip of the paddles were the only sounds. Then he shouted despairingly "Come back, I've got no matches!"

We had not intended leaving him fireless as well as alone, but we couldn't help that now, and probably it was only a bluff. So on we went, with his shouts and threats growing faint across the misty water. It had been a good day's work and we slept soundly.

Before breakfast Joe and I paddled over to fetch him.

"I guess this'll have tamed our rah-rah boy," said Joe. "He'll be meek as a sick rabbit—for a while."

As we slipped up to the island we saw him scratching up the soft mold with his hands, but at our call he jumped and ran to us. Not till we were turned about and steaming for camp did anyone chirp. The fun had, in fact, fallen rather flat.

"Well, Pot," began Joe cautiously, "How does it feel?"

"Um-m."

"Have a good sleep?"

"No!"

"Were the bears rampageous?"

"No."

Continued on page 25

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THE PICCIOLA

By V. M. Cummings

T was afternoon in the little town of Ajax. The sky and the rugged mountains were tight together, and the sun was edging between them like a copper in a slot. A stream of human beings, begrimed from head to foot except for each shining dinner-pail, poured over the railroad tracks and spread fan-like in all directions. The miners were coming off shift. Nothing very remarkable in that, save for the fact that it was April, Nineteen-Twenty-Two. With all the world of labor on strike, who were the people of Ajax that they should pursue their coal-digging, quite as usual?

Some such sentiment was voiced by the stranger who sat beside Dr. Cartwright in the latter's car. Mrs. Cartwright with two small children occupied the rear.

"Do you see that burly Italian that just raised his hat to us?" It was the Doctor who spoke.

"The one with the snow-white hair? Yes?"

"That's Dominic Citra, President of the Local Union. He is the key to the whole situation."

"He must be a wizard if he can keep men working these days."

"Wizard is the correct term! Some say he hypnotizes them. And at that he used to be the worst man in the Pass to stir up trouble. A regular demon."

"But that was only after he lost his son in the Big Explosion," gently interpolated the Doctor's wife.

"Yes, that was enough to make anybody rabid. The boy was only fifteen and it was his very first day in the mines. However, father and I almost went broke trying to run a contract hospital, with the men off work half the time. When the big strike in Winnipeg was called by the One Big Union, Ajax was the first place to declare a sympathy strike. Every worker even to the employees of the Water, Light and Power had to walk out. But Dominic at least, got enough of it that time. He is still adamant for the rights of his men, and usually gets a better bargain than most unions, for the operators know he is both firm and reasonable. But as for strikes—he says there will never be another while he can prevent it!

"But what brought about such a change of heart."

The Doctor and his wife exchanged long reminiscent smiles.

"Shall I tell him?"

"Go ahead if you want to. I don't care," said the latter. But her face grew pink as she sank back among the cushions.

So the facts the Doctor related were, briefly, what follows.

ONE evening in the spring of Nineteen-nineteen, the telephone rang so sharply in the Nurses' Home that Ruth Kennedy gave a start and hurried to the receiver.

"Yes?

"Oh yes, Doctor," Ruth flushed, and her voice broke a little.

"The Surgical nurse? I'll see."

That young lady was just climbing, with slightly accelerated movement, into a run-about.

"Oh Isabel! Dr. Jim wants you at the hospital."

"No doubt of that," laughed Isabel complacently, "But he'll not see me to-night."

"But Isabel I think it's emergency, and the old Doctor is out on a case."

"Some fat dago that you couldn't kill with an axe! He'll do just as well in the morning." Again that knowing soft laugh, and the arch look at her compainon. That young man, convinced that the Doctor often resorted to these subterfuges, let his chest out and his gears in with such energy that the car was far down the road by the time Ruth got back to the 'phone.

"I'm sorry Doctor but the Surgical Nurse is out this evening."

She could hear him sputter with vexation before he asked if she could help him.

"Of course," she said brightly, visioning "a fat dago that you couldn't kill with an axe."

Now was her opportunity! Her secret ambition was to work in the Surgery, but Dr. Jim thought there was nobody like Isabel. Isabel's assurance was so amazing that it communicated itself to everybody. If she made a mistake people got the subtle impression that, even at that, it was better than anyone else could have done. Ruth, on the other hand, was apt to be desolated with the thought of how far she was at all times from her ideal. But she would prove herself to-night! She must be very cold and efficient and above all betray no emotion!

By this time she had reached the hospital.

"I'm sorry Isabel couldn't come," she said demurely.

"So am I," returned the Doctor grimly. "But it's about what I expected. Confound it! There's something in the air these days. Everybody trying to see how much work he can get out of! Look at this strike that's being pulled off in Winnipeg. I'm afraid it means more than people think. Dominic Citra is down there now, plucking a brand from the conflagration with which to inflame this town. I wish he knew his baby was dying of appendicitis."

Ruth glanced at the operating table and paled a little; for on it lay a frail wisp of a child. Her face possessed the perfect Madonna-like beauty which sometimes startles one in the little street-children of the Italians. Only her eyes seemed too large, and the mop of dark curls too heavy for the delicate oval of her face.

Lilacs in bloom, in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

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When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simply, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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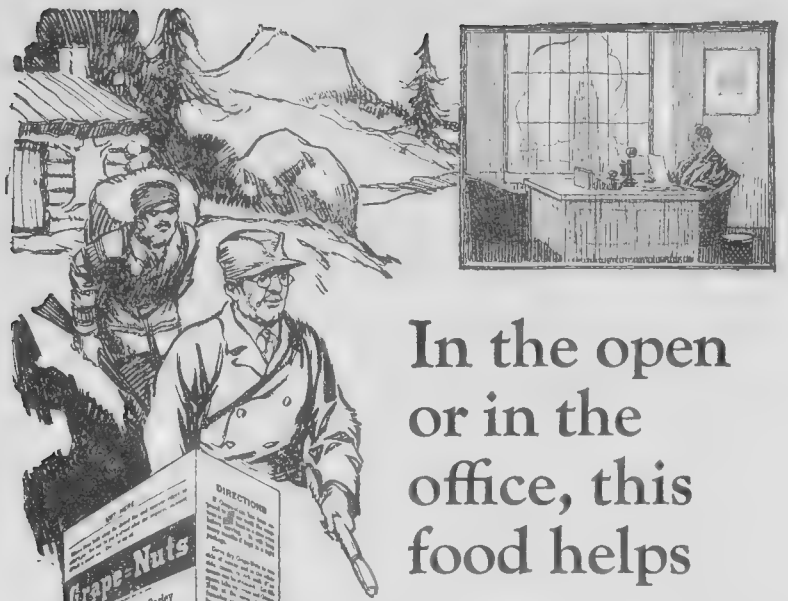

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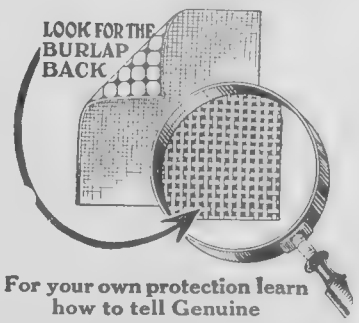

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"Dominic's child? I thought his only son was killed in the Explosion?"

"Yes, and after that the mother just lived on her knees in front of the Virgin and the Cross. Night and day she knelt there—I've seen her many a time—looking up into the face of the beautiful Sistine Madonna and praying. When this child was born to them they thought it was the answer to that prayer. Her father idolizes her."

And the Doctor fell to scrubbing his hands still more viciously.

Ruth put the instruments in the sterilizer. Then she filled the empty ether cans with hot water and went to pack them in the bed that was to receive the little patient. In the hall the child's mother was wandering about, twisting the fringe of her head-shawl. Ruth led her gently into the ward.

"You sit here, dear," she said, giving her a chair. "Presently we will bring the Picciola—your little one—in here and you can sit with her."

"Confound it!" exclaimed Dr. Cartwright, pawing at his rubber gloves "I'm not a believer in premonitions, but I never hated so to go at an operation! Suppose it's because I'm handicapped," he added with thoughtless cruelty.

"You couldn't leave it till morning?" suggested Ruth all too eagerly.

"Impossible! I'ts a matter of minutes. The abscess is heading into the peritoneum. The Lord help her if it breaks before we can reach it."

Ruth picked up her pan of sterile forceps. Just then the shrill whistle of the Westbound train rent the air. The pan suddenly left her hands and the forceps fell to the ground in a tangled mass. They looked to Ruth like a swarm of big black spiders scuttling over the floor. She was sure some of them crawled away to the farthest corner of the room. She scooped up what she could of them and gave the rest a kick. Dr. Jim favored her with just one look but she felt it all through her like knives.

The last shreds of that whistle were still on the air and the wheels of the train had not crunched to a standstill, when from the lowest step dropped a burly figure with bushy hair and blazing eyes. It was Dominic, newly arrived from Winnipeg.

He walked straight over to the Power House. The men crowded round him. His voice, usually like a young steam-rivetter, tonight was low and tense. Now and then the men would start back exclaiming at one another, only to close in the more closely on the speaker again. He showed them some oblong cards about five by eight inches in size. He told how one of these cards would shortly be displayed by every going concern in Winnipeg. If in Winnipeg why not in Ajax?

The men laughed low and exultantly. They grasped him by the hand and slapped him on the back.

"Dominic, you're a wonder!" they said.

Dominic strode across the room and laid his hand on the wall.

THE ether had been given and the Doctor had just made the long clean incision. A wicked gangrenous-yellow mass was already visible. In the Doctor's hand was a small electrical device, the end of which glowed white hot. In a moment this point would touch first one end, then the other of the appendix, severing and sterilizing in one. Then the whole deadly mass would be lifted out, and simultaneously Death would step from the path of the little picciola.

The Doctir's big frame bent over the wound. Suddenly—flick went the lights. The white point in his hand glowed red. He looked above his head at the ring of bluish bulbs. They were fading. All he could see were curly red filaments ranged in a big circle. Then those melted into utter blackness. He looked down at his hand. The glowing point had disappeared.

The two stood there tense, scarcely breathing, waiting for the lights to come on. Second after second they waited. At last something of the truth dawned on Dr. Jim and he swore!

"Quick! The lamps!" he cried.

Ruth snatched open the door, stumbling over a soft black object in the hall. It was the little Italian mother, crouched close in to the crack of the door. She had followed the nurse as far as she could and knelt there counting her beads.

She picked herself up.

"I go to find Dominic," she whimpered, and groped her way out into the night.

Ruth ran on till she came to the closet where the lamps were kept. There they were in a neat row, far back on the top shelf—clean, polished, and devoid of any drop of paraffin!

As she turned she stumbled into Dr. Jim who was close behind. When he caught her up she was trembling.

"Dear God, don't let her slip away! Heavenly Father, help us to be in time!" The girl was not aware that the words were falling audibly from her lips.

"Are there candles?" asked the Doctor.

"I—perhaps—I don't know." Then in an altered voice she added, "We must find them."

Suddenly she became calm. She moved as one in a trance, unaware of her surroundings. She never knew what spirit guided her, but she walked straight to where the candles were. In three minutes she had assembled every one in the house. And of all the drawers that contained no candles, she never opened one.

Back in the Surgery she worked like one possessed, laying out dressings, making the candles sit up in their tomato-cans and pop-bottles, sterilizing the old-fashioned instruments. For the clean white-hot point was out of the question now.

At last the little form was tucked into its warm bed, and still as marble it lay there, with its waxen hands. The Doctor and nurse watched on either side. They watched a long time. The single candle sputtered below the rim of its can, and long shadows sprang on the wall.

Ruth moved for something.

"Well little girl," Dr. Jim broke the silence; there was a queer look in his eyes, and he reached toward her with his hand. "You've probably kept this little thing weighted to the earth. But at that you'll never be much good in the Surgery, will you?"

Cut to the quick, the girl turned away, fumbled at the bureau, and was thankful for the dark.

Suddenly the outer door burst open and a mad scrambling of feet was heard in the hall. Dr. Jim stepped out to encounter a frantic and dishevelled Dominic.

"Is she die? Do she live? Mia picciola! My little one! Where is she?" He glanced wildly about the place.

The Doctor with his hands in his pockets just stood and looked at him.

"It's no thanks to you that she isn't in Heaven," he said at last, but not ungently.

Dominic crumpled down on the lowest step of the stairs, and his head lolled against the wall. His iron-gray hair, perhaps because it was ruffled, seemed almost white.

Dr. Jim paced the floor, his face knit with exasperation. Now and then he would come and stand over Dominic, opening and closing his lips as if to say something, then turning impatiently away.

The door opened again, almost extinguishing the fluttering taper on the newel post, and in stepped two men well known to Dr. Cartwright. They were the remaining members of the Strike Committee.

"Good evening Doc." The spokesman, a fair-haired Welshman, was in great good humor. "You will have found by this time what it means to do without some of the modern conveniences, such as the working man produces with his toil. Now we don't wish to inconvenience you long, so we propose to restore your supply of juice at once."

"You are most kind," murmured the Doctor with a glint in his eye.

"But first as a mere formality, and to save you further trouble, we would

Continued on page 29

Parables of Canadian Life

The Avalanche

By F. W. Patterson

THERE are few things more dreaded by the experienced mountaineer than the avalanche. Alpine mountain climbers who have written of their experience write frequently of the care that must be taken to avoid the danger of falling masses of snow and rock and earth. Sometimes a whole village is destroyed in a few minutes by a mountain slide. A few years ago, all of North America was startled when the press announced that at Frank, in the Crow's Nest Pass, a great rock slide had buried half a village. Nearly one-half the mountain peak had broken away from the rest of the mountain and hurled itself across the valley. The catastrophe was almost without warning; a strange rumbling, increasing rapidly in volume until it was a deafening roar, and all was over. Catastrophes such as this are rare, but the fall of large masses of snow and earth and ice is frequent. Great masses are constantly breaking away, hurling themselves into the ravines. A great majority of these are off the line of travel, yet an experienced traveller will detect the marks of many such slides along any line of railway through the mountains. Where the railway passes at the base of high mountains one can see sheds built over the tracks to protect the trains from the avalanche and to guide the debris into the ravines below. The traveller looking from the window of any mountain train can see the evidences of frequent slides on distant mountain sides. Their course is as clearly marked as that of the roadway. Trees are either broken off at the ground or up-rooted. Large boulders have been caught and carried in the falling mass. In some instances great gullies have been cut into the mountain-side, and, in the distance, the course of the avalanche seems to have been swept as clean as a newly swept floor.

Of course the path of the avalanche cannot always be determined. New paths are being made constantly. When this is done, and the slide falls across the line of railway, traffic is held up for hours and sometimes for days. It is a trying experience waiting, even in the well-equipped trains of today while the line is being cleared of great masses of snow and rock. The marvel to the traveller, however, is not that one is occasionally held up, but that the interruptions are as few as they are.

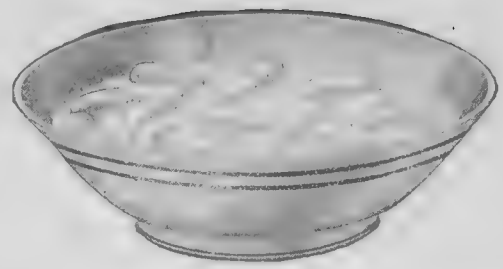
It is characteristic of the avalanche, that it gives very little warning of its coming. When one is in the valley and the avalanche is high on the mountain, an increasing roar can be heard for a few minutes, but the mass gains momentum with almost inconceivable rapidity, and woe to man or beast who happens to be in its path. It is not surprising that the experienced climber looks upon the avalanche as an enemy lying in ambush and striking without warning. The avalanche is a worthy symbol of the sudden and cataclysmic.

Motor road built through Sinclair Canyon

Yet the avalanche only seems to be sudden. What we can see comes unexpectedly, but the avalanche itself is the consummation of a long process. In the great mountain slide at Frank it was only the swift denouement that made it appear sudden; a long and silent process must have preceded it. The foundations had been slowly giving way. No man can know how long the forces holding the great mass of the mountain had been weakening

The glacier bides
For ages, white and still, and seems a part
Of the Eternal Alps, but, at its heart

Continued on page 16



August Morning

Bubble Grain Delights

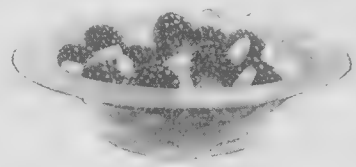
Let puffed Rice add enticement to every August breakfast. You will never find a cereal dainty half so fine as this.

These are toasted rice grains puffed to bubbles. Flimsy, flavory globules—dainty food confections. Yet they form the utmost in a rice food, for every food cell is broken.

In millions of homes this morning they added joy to breakfast. Did your folks enjoy them?

Use them like puffed nuts

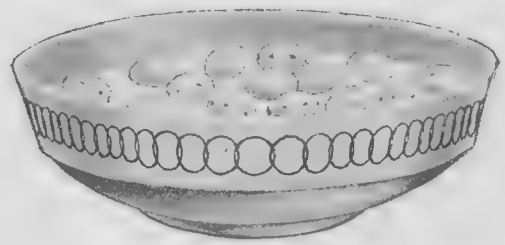
Puffed Rice tastes like nut-meats puffed. Mix them with your berries to add a nut-like blend. Scatter like nut-meats on ice cream. Use in candy making. Crisp and douse with melted butter for children to eat like peanuts.



Mix with berries

But count them foods --scientific foods. That's what they are—just whole rice grains made easy to digest. Be glad that children find them tid-bits. Puffed Rice is good for them.

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat**



August Evening

Float in Bowls of Milk

Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat, puffed to eight times normal size. It is made by Prof. Anderson's process—shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions occur in every kernel—one for each food cell. Thus digestion is made easy and complete.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. Here those elements are all fitted to feed. So you get whole-wheat nutrition, and that's the ideal food.

Nothing else compares

Remember how children need whole wheat. Remember how they love it in this form. Then let them get it in abundance, as they wish.

Milk gains multiplied delights when these flaky, nut-like grains are floated in it.

Wafers for soups

See now if you have plenty on hand.

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Peterborough, Canada *Sole Makers* Saskatoon, Canada

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HAVE you enjoyed a dish of those wonderful golden-brown flakes of toasted corn, Post Toasties?

Test their crispness and flavor. Note how the crispness is retained until the last flake is eaten from the dish (no mushing down after cream or milk is added).

Serve right from the package, fill the bowl, pour on cream or good milk,—and there's a feast of enjoyment.

Order from your grocer today—and be sure to specify the name and get the Yellow and Red package.

Always in Good Taste

Post Toasties

Superior Corn Flakes

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario

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THE IRONS OF JUSTICE

Continued from page 4

tention to rats in the stable yard. Again triumphant, he accompanied the keeper on the round of his vermin sets, and obtained numerous wrinkles which still further fired him with ambition. He set traps on his way to school, and (secretly), on his way to church. He was seldom seen otherwise than carrying one of those villainous and badly designed abortions known as an English rabbit trap. He could discuss the various merits of settings at length, and the farmyard rooster developed a limp for which none but Joe could account.

One evening, on observing Furich peering at them round the door while his father was milking, Joe remarked casually—"Bloodthirsty varmint that cat, isn't she dad?"

Joe's father absently agreed, and equally absently he added that he'd "be glad to get rid of her."

That was enough. Joe dissolved and was seen no more till fall of dusk. He had promoted himself yet another step in the capacity of vermin exterminator of the range!

Next morning Joe ran to his father who was in the act of milking an extremely obstreperous cow. "Dad—dad!" he cried. "The cat's fast in one of my traps!"

Mark Nathan rose—chiefly because he had no alternative but to rise or be knocked over for the fourth time. He hammered the cow in the ribs with the milking stool, then turned and cuffed his son. "Then go and let her out, you young whelp!" he cried, and proceeded solemnly with his milking.

Mark Nathan was not a well balanced man, and his children knew that if he chastised them it was because he himself was angry, not because they had done wrong. Tomorrow, indeed, he might caress them for the same offence that today brought down his chastisement. So Joe, retreating to the mistle door, blubbered and called his father names, till his father's angry responses and threats merged into coaxings, finally entreaties, and Joe eventually went his way to school with the cause of the combat totally forgotten.

It was just after midnight when Furich encountered Joe's devilish device, cunningly set by the way she came and went under the hayrick, and perhaps the less said about the hours that followed the better. Furich did not fight to free herself as a dog or a weasel would have done. Instead she endured all with that silent, unending patience of her kind. At intervals she mewed a little, but she did not struggle. She was caught by her right forepaw, and well she knew that unaided she was powerless. Her agonies for the most part were purely mental—the waiting, waiting, for what seemed to her inevitable doom, doom in some hideous form which as yet she knew not; but above all the awful, animal dread of being held—of being trapped! There are men who can speak from experience of that overwhelming, indescribable horror, the awakening of animal instincts—a horror which endless ages of immunity from his native foes has failed to destroy even in man himself, and which is the greatest of all horrors where dumb creatures are concerned.

So the dawn came, and the day began to linger by, while Furich, crouching on the thing of iron, her imprisoned paw long since dead to all pain, slowly became dazed, overwhelmed by the magnitude of her own misfortune.

Mark Nathan was a kind-hearted man in his own slip-shod, unbalanced way, and when he had finished his milking he bethought himself of the cat, and wondered if Joe had remembered to release her. So he began to amble round the buildings, and Furich heard his heavy footfall. She mewed plaintively, for though she dreaded man more than all other living things, her animal instincts told her that now, in the hour of her direst need, man alone could help her.

So old Mark hauled out the trap, placed one huge boot on the spring, and freed the captive, and even as she limped away Furich turned and hurled a hissing snarl at her redeemer.

Till nightfall Furich rested in the loft and nursed her throbbing, aching leg, then as darkness brought forth the whispers of the mice millions, she rose and stole out by familiar ways. At the brow of the bluff she looked back towards Windydoors, and there was hatred and malice in that look. Then she limped on into the purple gloom, never more to return to the home of such evil memories—hating it all, and longing only to leave Windydoors, with all its associations, far behind.

So it came about that the last remaining link between Furich and the world of men and women was torn asunder. Henceforth she was to live her life as a wild cat—truly wild, an Ishmael and an outlaw, bound by no rules, fettered by no obligations, asking nothing and taking what was hers by strength of claw, giving no quarter and expecting none. And, all things considered, no one can blame her for her choice. She was one of a vast multitude of Ishmael felines who have little for which to thank man, taking as the price of their freedom a life of hourly peril, knowing full well that what they kill is sacred to man's possession, and accepting in return the curse of steel and fire. Indeed, the woods are full of such cats, an unlovely and unloving breed, but we need not penetrate the woods to find their counterparts, victimising society because they are society victims.

Out through the deep heather, on towards the heights, following here a watercourse, there a sheep track—coming once upon a party of mountain hares, drifting hither and thither like ghosts of the moonlight as they frolicked at some strange game of their own. Furich went her way. Whither she was going she did not know, save that she was seeking a new home. By daybreak she had crossed the entire height of land, and peering down from the lofty crags she saw a great wide valley far below her, brimming with lochs, radiant with emerald fields and sweeping beech woods. She paused and sniffed the scented air of God's great spaces, and then she heard the sound of harsh screaming from somewhere below her. Instantly she flattened, for instinctively she knew that it was the screaming of young birds, and she was hungry. Down the face of the cliff she slid, from shelf to shelf, from crevice to crevice, and then she saw them—three black-eyed, pot-bellied balls of fluff crouching on a huge nest of burnt heather just below.

Furich trickled in their direction, and then it was that she learnt her first real lesson of the truly wild. Never before had she realised the fact that here in the wilderness she must fight for her existence, on a level footing with the rest. Overhead was a zip of speeding wings, swift as a thunderbolt, and a scream of rage rent the morning quietude. The scream began a hundred yards away, a frenzied "Kree!" but it flashed on like the scream of a rocket, and the thunderbolt was upon her. Furich, looking up, reared to meet the falcon, but almost before she could unsheath her claws she was hurled backwards into giddy space.

The fall would have killed any creature but a cat, yet five minutes later Furich was seated in the pale slanting sunbeams at the top of the pine wood, grooming her coat and at intervals bristling at the memory of what had happened. But this incident helped her to realize what few wild cats of the tame variety realize—that other creatures have their rights as well as themselves.

That was a wonderful wood, full of laughing brooks and unexpected dells, where ferns glistened in the mottled sunlight and shadow and rare wild flowers, found in no other part of all the range, beautified the hollows. Man could not have made a garden so beautiful as that wood, for this was a thousand gardens in one. There were scented pine groves, green-carpeted and cool; there were dingy fir thickets and open leaf-strewn beech slopes; there were dense entanglements of briar, while here and there Dame Nature,

with a kindly thought for her hunted children, piled high the slopes with mighty boulders, boulder upon boulder, draping each edge and pathway with tapestries of creeper and fern. At the foot of the wood was the silver river, above the endless heather, while on either side the valley slopes were rich in pasture lands and wooded glens. It was here, where nature had scattered with a lavish hand all the jewels that she had to spare, here in the wood which man named long ago, in a language he has now forgotten, "The Place of Fairy Spirits," that Furich made her home.

A place of Fairy Spirits it may have been, but from that hour on there was a devil in their midst. Each night there were sounds of murder in glade or glen, and once the barn owl, looking down, saw two dark shapes rolling interlocked down the loose shale slope of the boundary bluff. One was mother hare, fighting for her young, the other —a cat, a barred and bristling cat, marked like a badger, to match the moonlight and the shadow. They finished the slope with the cat below, clinging horribly to its opponent, and using its hind legs with rending, treadmill effect. The hare freed herself and got away, but next morning old Ned Whillet, the local rabbit catcher, going the round of his snares, found a dead hare in its form, while its little ones, doubtless wondering why their mother was so still and cold, huddled against her. Ned took the leverets away, but close to their dead mother he set two strong-springed rabbit traps.

Next night Furich went to search for the hare, and found it, but she did not fall to the traps. Being a cat, she would never learn what Reynard knew in the art of avoiding these devices, yet her experience at Windydoors many times that autumn stood her in good stead. All animals possess an instinctive fear of traps—or rather of something terrible and beyond their understanding, signified by newly turned earth and the scent of man—but few live to learn what the trap actually is, and to carry the fruits of their learning into their after lives. Furich was one of the few, and ever suspicious, ever watchful, she many times escaped old Ned's devices when but for her previous experience, she would have blundered into them. So, as the Jesuits believe, out of evil truly good may arise.

So in due course Furich learnt of the coming and going of old Ned, watching him when he little thought he was being watched, and from this it was but one step to following him on his rounds and systematically robbing his traps and snares. Thus Furich, accepting the price of the life she led, brought upon herself the curse of the one man who, above all others, was best able to expediate her downfall.

Truly Furich was living a double life these days. She spent the hours of sunlight under a crag in the heart of the wood, and actually shared this compartment with several adult rabbits. There seemed to be a tacit understanding that there, at home, they were on a common footing, and true to an old adage, Furich had more sense than to misconduct herself at the threshold of her own home. Yet as dusk fell, and the rabbits swarmed forth from their breaks and racks in the ancient boundary wall, Furich would steal forth with them, one in a long queue of rabbits, rabbits behind and in front of her and along a rabbit runway. She might, indeed, have been one of those peaceful citizens on whose society she had thrust herself, yet thirty minutes later she was to be seen carrying a young rabbit in her jaws, or wickedly mauling to death a member of the community she had adopted, caught in one of Ned Whillet's snares.

Yet even a truly wild creature, inheriting all the knowledge of the wild, cannot hope to hold out long against man's intentness of purpose, and no creature that has sprung from man's threshold can become so efficient in the ways of the wild as a creature which rightly belongs thereto. Furich feared and hated man as much as any living thing that ranged her habitat. Had she been caught or cornered she would have fought fang and claw, yet she lacked the art of slyly effacing herself, and of seeing all and doing much without being seen, whereby the truly wild folk live to breed their kind. The wild folk spring from ancestors who have lived because they knew this art, and so it comes to them as inherited knowledge, while Furich, like most renegade cats, had only her own inadequate experience to work upon. So, as she had learnt old Ned's coming and going, for his movements were clumsy and by light of day, so now Ned became acquainted with her movements, watching after sunset when she betrayed herself.

So one bitter drizzling dusk—the leaves were turning russet now and how bleak and grim the far hills looked!—Furich had hardly left the wood when there was a deafening report, and she was aware of a terrific blow which fairly hurled her from her feet. Dazed, terrified, not knowing what had befallen her, she leapt into the air with a spluttering howl of pain and fear, then, like a flash, she turned and bounded back the way she had come.

It is said that a cat has nine lives, and truly no creature but a cat would have lived so badly wounded as Furich was. Spattered with shot from end to end, one ear gone, lame in all four legs, she dragged herself to the nearest thicket, where she lay down and slept.

O merciful sleep! To the wild folk you come, blotting out sickness and pain, deep and oblivious, sleep that takes count of nothing till life fades away, or perchance one wakens refreshed and strengthened, ready to renew those wake-a-day wanderings, which are life itself. Man pities the wild folk in their dumb sufferings, but only he himself it to be pitied—he whose sensitive imagination makes sleep impossible when sleep alone might save him!

All that night and all next day Furich slept. At sundown she awoke, groomed herself from end to end, and slept again till daybreak. She was hungry now, hungry with a cold, gripping hunger that struck chill through every fibre of her body. She dragged herself forth, but was too weak and stiff to hunt. Soon she dragged back, to sleep again, but with her hunger her weakness grew, till she knew that she was starving. Not by shot and powder was she to die, but by the inexorable nursling of Nature herself—starvation!

So five days dragged by, and the end was very near. Furich, hardly able to crawl, lay in the warm sunshine and listened—listened to a tap-tap-tap ringing sleepily through the woods. It came from a point above, where the white highway passed through the timber. She had heard the sound for days past, but had heeded it not, knowing it to be the old, one-eyed stone-breaker at his work.

Furich was a regenade, a usurper, call her what you will, but from man's threshold she had sprung, and as sure as the wild return to the wild, she someday, if she lived, must return to the strata from which she sprang. Once, in an hour of dire need, she had looked to man to help her, and he had not failed: so now, her resources at an end, goaded by hunger, knowing that death awaited her here, she clutched to redeem that which she had abandoned—the help of the Supreme Ruler of all Things, who to her was Man.

As the hunted hare flings itself at the feet of the cowboy, as the deer, harried by wolves, turns at last to man's abode for shelter, as the Harlots of Persia once turned to their King, as Solomon himself sought his God, so now Furich dragged herself to the feet of the old stone-breaker, and pleaded his mercy.

There is not much more to tell. The old man took her home and fed her. He gave her a place by his lonely hearth, and all he had to share was hers.

The old man lived alone in the tiniest of white-walled cottages at the far end of the wood, and there, in a single low-ceilinged room, where the sun at midday cast its rays through the lattice window, the sum of his wordly possessions was amassed. He went

Continued on page 43

Beauty!

All beauty is measured by the state of the complexion. Would you like to have a pure, healthy skin, like the bloom of a peach?

Listen to the words of Gertrude Olmsted the Goldwyn Star whose business it is to be fair. Hear her speak on the matchless quality of

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Winnipeg.

PARABLES OF CANADIAN LIFE

Continued from page 13

Some atom, noiseless, jars and slides
Until the avalanche doth fall with thundering weight:
God only knoweth the beginning date.

Cataclysm! yes, but not a cataclysm alone. The cataclysm is the crown and denouement of an age-long process.

A further illustration is found in the story of the making of the mountains. It is worth while to try to imagine the great upheaval that cast the mountain ranges heavenward. With what suddenness must the upheaval have come! Yet, those who know the story of the earth's crust know the upheaval was not an isolated event and that it would not have taken place at all if it had not been for the process that preceded it. The earth's surface which was molten, gradually cooled. The crust of the earth contracted. Throughout what ages the contraction continued we can only guess, but in the process of contraction pressure developed, a pressure that the earth's crust could no longer resist. The cataclysmic upheaval was only the crown of the process.

There is nothing sudden in nature. The century plant may bloom in a night but the bloom is the culmination of a century's preparation. A dam may give way beneath the weight of water, but all the while the water has been gathering strength and weight, until the point is reached where the strength of the dam can no longer restrain the torrent. An earthquake or a volcanic eruption comes unexpectedly, but the forces of earth had been long preparing themselves for just these results.

I have come to think of this as a parable of life. The longer I live the more I am convinced that there is nothing really sudden. The great crises in the history of nations and in the experience of individuals may be unexpected, but they are not sudden; they are always prepared for and are the fruits of long periods of preparation.

I think of several events that have come to my attention during the last few years. They were startling in their unexpectedness. Were they as sudden as they were unexpected? Let us see.

There is no Sudden Death

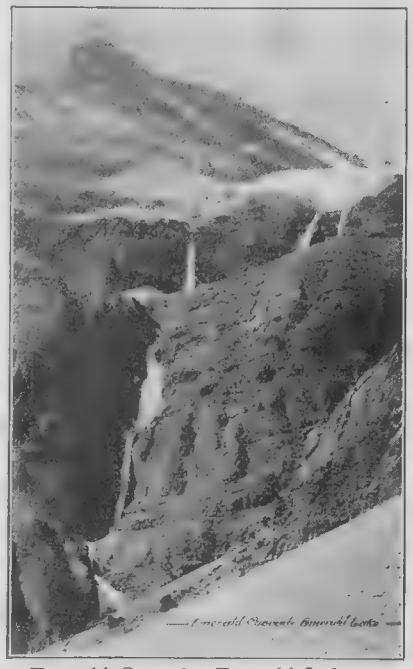
A FEW weeks ago the daily papers announced that one of the most respected and influential citizens in a Western city had died suddenly. To those who knew him, he seemed in better than average health. He was known as a hard worker. His hours were long, and his pace hard. He gave little attention to the need of his body for rest and recreation. His vacations were short, infrequent, irregular and never wholly free from business. He had never learned how to play. He always insisted that the demands of modern business competition could be met only by unceasing effort. Yet, he seemed to require little rest. His toil, prodigious as it was, left few visible marks upon him. His reserves appeared to be inexhaustible. There was nothing to indicate to the untrained observer that his course was nearing its end. His death was unexpected. Yet it was not a case of sudden death. His death, instead of being the event of a moment, was a process extending through years. It was only the end that came unexpectedly. He had been dying for years. Back of the total collapse were the years during which the laws of health had been disregarded, and the foundations of health undermined. The physical reserve that had been accumulated during his early years on the farm had not given out in an instant. He had been squandering his capital long before he became bankrupt. His powers of resistance had been worn down gradually. His blood vessels had been losing their resiliency until, under the strain, they gave way. Death was unexpected, but it was not sudden. The end may have come like the drop over a precipice; it began with a slightly inclined plane.

It is always so. With the exception of deaths caused by accident, there are no sudden deaths. It is of course possible to give so much time to play that play becomes dissipation, but if one is at heart a worker, time spent in wise recreation is never time wasted. There are few lessons the modern business men need to learn more than this. The man who is living on his physical capital is a dying man. The experience of death may be prolonged for many years, or it may reach its end quickly; but when one begins to draw upon his capital, death has already begun.

National Crises are Not Sudden

IN AUGUST 1914, the world was startled by the unexpected announcement that Austria-Hungary had declared war against Serbia. In a few hours came the tidings that Russia and Germany were involved. In a short time nearly all of Europe was involved. So unexpected was the cataclysm that the world was stunned for the moment. It was as though a volcano, considered by many to be extinct, had, without warning, become active on an undreamed-of scale. It was as though a glacier that seemed as stable as the mountains, had been hurled without warning into the valley, destroying farms and villages and cities, and leaving only ruin in its wake. If ever a great social cataclysm caught the world asleep it was at this time.

Yet, here also the suddenness was more apparent than real. We know today with what care Germany had planned this war and through what period of years the preparation had extended. The final crash was inevitable. The preparations that had been made could have no other issue. Nor, was it Germany alone that was responsible. I do not minimize her responsibility. I do not relieve her of any load she should bear. The war itself was her war. Hers was the lust of conflict and of blood. Hers was the planning deliberate and diabolical, with the war immediately in view. Hers was the staging of the events that precipitated it. No pen can picture her crimes darker than they are. Yet, it must be recognized that in the setting of the stage for its final scene, all of Europe had its share. Not always were the participators conscious of what they were doing. Not always did they know what the outcome would be; but the methods of diplomacy and of secret alliances that had been in vogue, the



Emerald Cascade, Emerald Lake.
In the lower right-hand corner of this picture may be seen the path of frequent slides.

international jealousies that had been fomenting and the armaments that had been built up, could have had no other issue. The greater portion of Europe was a huge pile of combustibles waiting for the match. Sooner or later some nation, unscrupulous in its lust of conquest and dastardly in its brutality, would apply the match and precipitate the conflagration. The nation that precipitated the conflict was none the less criminal, but the nations as a whole have had their share in building up the system under which it was possible.

The Great Crises of History

have never been isolated events, they have been the inevitable outcome of what had gone before. Back of the fall of the Roman empire was a long period of luxurious and licentious living, during which the morale of the nation decayed. Her battles were fought by barbarians who, when the attack came from without, joined the attacking forces. The foundations of Rome were already rotten when the barbarians

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Canada Can Speak for Herself

By Raymond Thompson

DURING several years of corresponding for Sporting and Outdoor Publications I have received hundreds of inquires from various parts of the United States, as well as eastern Canada, regarding the opportunities for homesteading and farming in the more northern parts of Alberta. To one and all I tried to be as fair as possible in my answers, for I did not desire to paint the country with any false colors, either for or against it. At the same time I realize that there is considerable responsibility in connection with the answering of these queries, as one may be held to account for any statements which may prove untrue, even though the author of them is innocent of any harmful intent. Following are some of the things I have tried to tell interested parties; and if I am wrong in any of my statements I will thank anyone to set me right.

In the first place it is well to realize that Alberta is not all sunshine and prairie, nor is it all snow, ice and swamps. It is like every other country under the sun, having its bad points along with the good. To anyone looking for a place where he will be free from work and worry I will say, "Try some other place." Central Alberta, that is the country within a hundred miles or so, north or south, of Edmonton, has much in common with the better agricultural districts of Western Canada, being open in some places and covered with light brush in others. It is well adapted to mixed farming, and I have noticed that the owners of the more prosperous appearing places have invariably a few choice dairy cows. The chief drawbacks in this district are hail and frost, but as the country becomes more settled, frost, at least, will gradually cease to trouble the farmers. I have noticed in any part of this western region that, as the land is cleared the "earmarks" of frost are less noticeable. This tory may have been trapped out by men who are wise to the game. Yet as I said, there is generally always a reasonable amount of game about, and every little bit helps. In the more open parts of this district some of the farmers have hounds for the purpose of running the brush wolf or coyote, and not only do they rid themselves of this pest but reap a small sum from the sale of the hides, which in this country have splendid fur, being vastly different from the scraggly, hairy pelts of the coyotes further south.

Land values in Central Alberta are not nearly as high, in proportion, as those of Eastern Canada and the States, and a practice has been followed in late years, of selling out at a high figure in the lattermentioned places, and starting anew up here. This practice may speak for itself as it is not my purpose to discuss such a question here. I will say frankly, however, that many partly improved homesteads are for sale at a figure far below the actual cost of bringing the land to that particular state, and in comparing the costs of homesteading with the outlay required to buy a place one should consider that it takes both time and labor to get new land into shape for the plow. I do not wish to discourage the idea of homesteading but I do know that better opportunities are to be had by the man with a limited amount of capital.

HOWEVER, in case one figures on homesteading, the first thing to be done is to get the land cleared as quickly as possible, by axe, fire, stump puller and whatever else comes in handy. The quicker the sun can get a chance at the soil the better for the homesteader, as most of this new land is more or less "sour" and nothing but cultivation will overcome this defect.

During the last few years Northern Alberta, and more particularly the Grande

A few Goats will keep the Homestead clear of Brush and "tin cans"

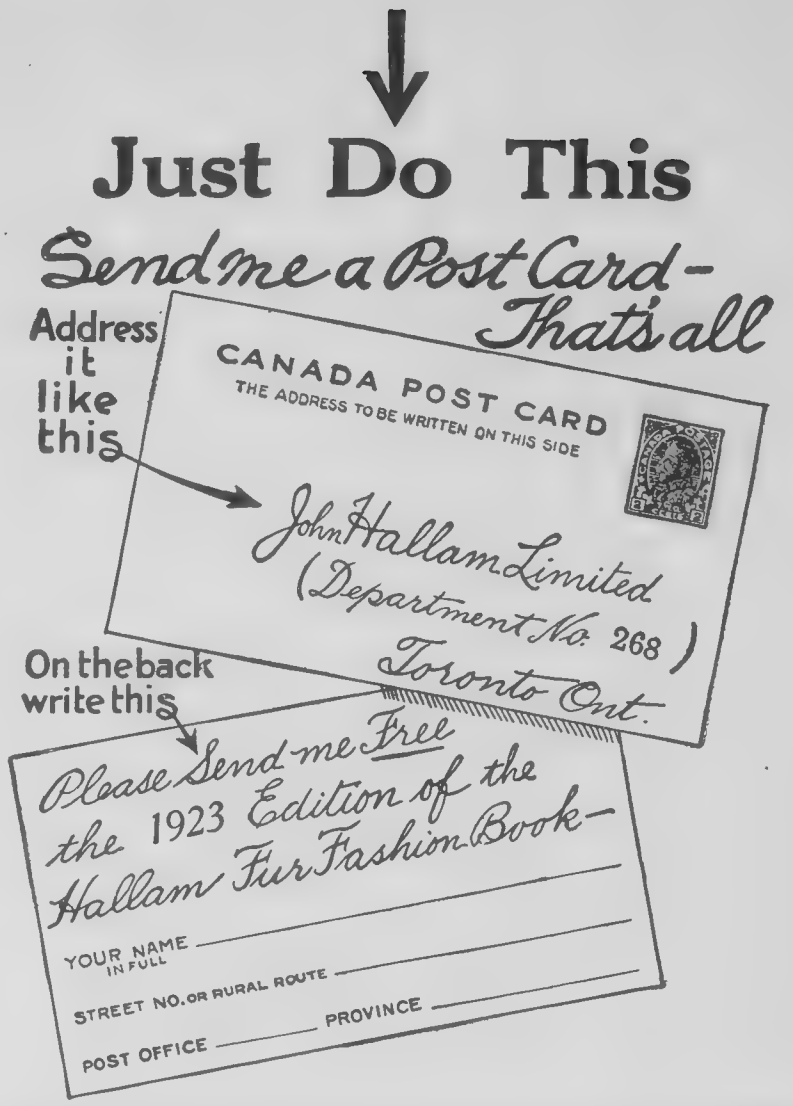
fact is undoubtedly the great "white hope" for this part of the world, and if the time ever comes when we are reasonably free from this worry we will go forward with leaps and bounds.

In regard to homesteading in the abovementioned district I will say that nearly all the better class quarter sections are taken, but if one cares to get away from civilization there are yet some splendid places. I have received so many inquiries from men who desire to combine trapping with homesteading, that I feel justified in touching the subject here. I know of many men who have kept body and soul together through the winter months by trapping a little around their homesteads, but I do not wish to lead anyone to believe that there is more than a bare existence in this manner of making a living. I have been a professional trapper for several years, in this Athabasca Country, and know the game—take my advice and don't depend too strongly on this form of making a living, even during the winter months.

Canada is full of trappers who do nothing else but follow this line of business, and one should consider in taking a homestead in the outer districts that this territory Prairie and Peace River Districts, have been swarming with settlers of every nationality under the sun. Some have found in these districts the land of their dreams, others have turned away disappointed. Before the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railroad was completed these places were reached over wagon roads, enough in themselves to drive one mad. During the latter part of the rush to the Grande Prairie country I was located on the G. P. Trail, which ran from Edson to Prairie City. Many and varied were the outfits of homeseekers that passed by, some in prairie schooners, some in carts, some horseback and not a few went afoot.

So many of these settlers were disappointed that, for a time, the country was given a black eye, but it is gradually developing along sane lines, and is now ranked among the better class agricultural districts. As yet the transportation facilities are not of the best, but these obstacles will be coped with in time. The Grande Prairie Trail, which I mentioned above, was deserted when the railroad came in from the other route, and has gradually got practically impassable, but

Continued on page 19



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THE CROP RUMOR SEASON

This is the time of the year when the air is full of rumors relating to the welfare of the crops. We have already had some experience in this connection through the columns of an eastern financial journal which published in a prominent position an article stating that thousands of acres of wheat in Southern Alberta will not be worth harvesting. Almost every newspaper you pick up you will find to contain some scare headlines such as "30,000 acres of wheat destroyed by hail" or "Blanktown district crops a failure" or "Grasshoppers secure strong hold in Our town." It is safe to assume in the first instance that these newspaper reports are exaggerated to some extent. It is also wise to remember that Western Canada is a big place and crop failures in isolated sections are to be expected every year. It would be truly wonderful if the Western Prairies, one of the largest unbroken stretches of agricultural land in the world, had a 100% crop. There are 20,000,000 acres sown to wheat in the Prairie Provinces this year; 11,000,000 acres in oats; over 2,000,000 in barley; 1,000,000 acres of rye and nearly 600,000 acres of flax. Keep these figures in mind when your daily newspaper gives you the blues by headlining some comparatively small crop failure in a small section of the prairies.

A $100,000 SUBSIDY FOR NEGLIGENCE

Do you know that every man, woman and child in Canada, on an average, contributed $11.25 last year to pay for fire losses and fire protection? This means that the Fire Demon cost every average family of five, $56.25 during 1921. Figures issued by the Department of Insurance at Ottawa show that Canadians paid for last year's fire waste and fire protection the following sums:

Value of property destroyed by fire	$45,015,930
Insurance premiums in excess of losses paid	24,544,200
Waterworks costs for fire protection	8,756,340
Fire departments in cities, towns, etc.	12,137,500
Private fire protection	7,958,000
Fire prevention-Government expenditure	13,500
Total	$98,435,470

When it is realized that 75% of our fires are the result of somebody's negligence it is plain that we can well afford to pay a little more attention to this very damaging form of public carelessness.

WHEN WILL IT END?

The national debt of Canada was $75,728,641 in 1867. In 1890 it had increased to $237,533,211 and by 1914 it reached $335,996,850. Then came the war and its heavy expenditures carrying the national debt up to $1,574,531,032 in 1919. It was reasonable to assume that with the war over our debt would not increase very much, but we find that in 1920 it increased $674,337,591; in 1921 it went up $92,010,359 and this year Mr. Fielding reported an increase of $86,417,815, making the total debt $2,427,296,798.

During the past twelve years the interest alone on our public debt has increased tenfold. In 1912 it was $13,098,160 and this year it is $130,912,905.

In recent political contests some candidates have been severely criticised because they said the government was not economical on the one hand and advocated heavy expenditures in certain directions on the other hand. It was urged that it was inconsistent to charge lack of economy and advocate increased expenditures at the same time, but careful study will show that economy in public expenditure does not necessarily involve a cessation of expenditure, but it does involve the wise expenditure of such money as is expended. It is not wise to adopt an attitude of niggardliness in public affairs but it is imperative that every dollar spent in Canada, whether it be by the governments or by individuals, shall be spent wisely and be in the nature of an investment which will produce profits, either tangible or intangible.

GETTING BACK TO PRE-WAR PRICES

Figures published by the United States Department of Commerce show that prices are gradually getting nearer to pre-war levels. Although the deflation in some commodities has not been so rapid in Canada as it has been over the line, these figures are interesting and instructive. We reproduce some of them hereunder. The pre-war price is shown at 100% in each case and the maximum shows the relative jump from 100%, whilst the existing price shows the relation to the pre-war level. For instance, in the first item, showing the price of wheat received by the producer, it is shown that the quantity of wheat which cost $1.00 before the war, cost $3.26 when wheat prices were at the highest in the war period and would now cost $1.48

Price to Produce	1913	Maximum	1922
Wheat	100	326	148
Potatoes	100	706	190
Wool	100	344	150
Cattle,beef	100	183	93
Hogs	100	256	121
Lambs	100	239	167
Market Price			
Flour	100	328	171
Sugar	100	598	112
Beef	100	201	112
Pork	100	254	133
Coal-hard	100	201	200
Coal-soft	100	200	200
Steel	100	331	96
Rubber	100	124	20

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY REPORT

The Hudson's Bay Company Annual report is always interesting. The report covering the Company's business during 1921 is no exception to the rule. It shows very marked changes in the various branches of business which the company carries on. For instance, the revival of the fur trade is shown by the fact that in 1920 the company suffered a loss of over $400,000 in this department, but in 1921 a profit of $1,185,410 was reported. The stores of the company had the opposite experience. In 1920 they earned a profit of over $1,000,000, whereas in 1921 the profits dropped to $389,360.

The land department provides a good index of Canadian conditions. From land, sales made by the company during the past four fiscal periods were as follows:

	Acres	Price per Acre
1919	285,561	$17.44
1920	276,629	17.07
1921	178,301	17.03
1922	33,594	16.24

The big drop during the past fiscal period is very noticeable.

The sales of town lots increased in each of the four years and during the period just ended were more than double those for the preceding period. They are reported as follows:

1919	$ 8,360
1920	40,755
1921	83,255
1922	167,960

On March 31, 1922 the company held land unsold totalling 2,810,591 acres and on the same date there was owing to the company on land sold, $20,000,000. The wealth of the corporation may be imagined when it is stated that the value of the land unsold and the payments to be received on land sold are not included as assets in the balance sheet. The total assets of the company as shown by the balance sheet amount to $35,000,000. The total net dividend for the period now ending was approximately 35%.

Canada can Speak for Herself

Continued from page 17

lately there has been some talk of connecting Edmonton and Jasper with an auto road, by remodeling the abandoned C.N. grade, and if this project is carried out the Grande Prairie people are determined to have the old G. P. Trail fixed up. This old trail passes through some fine country along the Athabasca, Baptiste, Little Smoky and Tony Rivers, and but a very few settlers are on the entire route, except within a comparatively short distance of civilization at either end of the trail.

Homesteading in these districts is a thing of the past except for the outlying regions and along the old trail. Of course, there are lots of homesteads left, but they require WORK, and the man who thinks he can make a living from the land alone right at the start, is doomed to be disappointed. In some places natural hay meadows are available, and they come in mighty handy when it comes to the question of wintering stock. The soil is good as a rule, and produces well, after the first year or so, such crops as oats, timothy, rye and all sorts of vegetables. Large and small game abounds in most parts and a homesteader may generally figure on having all the fresh meat he needs, in season.

But, the best answer to any query regarding this country is, advise the inquirer to, "Come and see," for what pleases one man may be rank poison to another and after all, Canada Can Speak for Herself.

SIMOON "CITY" CANADA'S MOST UNIQUE SPOT

By Francis Dickie

THOUGH Canada's most unique place is now seventeen years old it still remains unknown to all but those dwelling in its immediate vicinity. Yet it is Canada's only floating city, and one of the last places on the North American continent with a really romantic flavor, such a place as Bret Harte would like to write about were he still in the world today.

This "little Venice" is called Simoon "City" to those who know it. In the post office directory "Simoon Sound," but a letter to either address would find it. It lies at the foot of a sharply sheering wall of mountain in the waters of the "Inland Passage" of the Pacific Ocean on the coast of British Columbia. It consists of about ten buildings during most of the year, sometimes the number of its houses is increased when dwellers in outlying districts come to town, for this is a region unusual, and when a man comes to town he brings his house with him. Yes, a real house! Just like those shown in the photograph.

Simoon City — Canada's most unique spot

For an understanding of how Simoon "City" came to be, an explanation of the country in the vicinity and the occupations of the scattered dwellers is necessary. The coast of British Columbia circumambient to it is marked by long inlets, sounds and arms, where the mountain sides sheer very sharply, mostly heavily clothed with fir, cedar and hemlock. In most of these places the shore offers no suitable place to rear a house, and the water is so deep as to deny anchorage. To overcome this the men and women dwelling in the land live on float houses. The floats are stoutly built of huge and very buoyant cedar logs; the houses are made from "shakes" (rough boards cut with a froe about three times as long as a shingle). The majority of the population are hand loggers. These men cut down the logs on the very steep mountain sides where donkey engines could not go. The logs are then shot into the water by log shoots, or even slid by the force of gravitation down the mountain side. When a logger has cut all the timber in the region he moves somewhere else. Naturally a floating house saves time and labor. When a man desires to move, he gets into his row boat and tows his home to the new location. In recent times a large number of the owners of such homes have bought gas-boats. They even move their homes on occasion to go deer hunting. The hunting is so unique in some cases as to be well worth telling about. The deer hunter tows his home to some spot near where deer are known to be plentiful. He then sends his well trained dog ashore and into the timber. The dog presently locates a deer and gives chase, and the deer, true to its nature when pursued by wolves or dogs, heads for the water. A well trained dog endeavors to head the deer into the water near the boathouse. In many cases the man can shoot the animal from his doorstep. It is then easy to take it aboard and clean it, throw the refuse overboard, and go back home. While this method is not general, it is not uncommon, and continues despite the fact that it is against the game laws.

Some seventeen years ago a farsighted man recognizing the possibilities for a store in this region not served by a store opened up one on a float house at Simoon Sound, a splendidly sheltered place. Of course he got all the trade for a score of miles around. Soon a post office was added. Today the place has eight permanent buildings. In slack seasons of logging, the town is added to by many loggers who come in towing their houses and tie up for a period of recreation and excitement in the city. On boat nights, when weekly a steamer from the outside world touches to leave the mail, Simoon City presents a strikingly picturesque appearance, with its population swelled to nearly a hundred: bearded loggers with mackinaw shirts, caulked boots, a rough but great-hearted type of man, an Indian or two, the crew of a forest ranging boat, and perhaps half a dozen passengers off some beautiful pleasure launch of rich Americans or Canadians who now are coming to cruise in considerable numbers this wonderful stretch of waters. Simoon City is not behindhand in many ways. To beautify the streets old Indian dugouts filled with earth present a riot of flowers. In such, and in boxes are also planted tiny vegetable gardens. But the chief glory of Simoon City is the "Bear Trap" restaurant, a long room of rough log floor, which offers meals and soft drinks, with a phonograph orchestra to cheer the dweller from the wilds. Oh, yes, Simoon City is up-to-date. And it is really romantic. The bearded men who tramp its streets have wonderful tales to tell of life in the woods which frown for hundreds of miles around upon the sharply sloping sides of inlets, sounds and great arms of the sea which, extending from ten to seventy miles inland, make British Columbia's coast a wonderful one to journey along, and which to fully see would take years of travel.

PEACE

Ned has taken a policy with the London Life. He has passed the medical examination with flying colors. The doctor has made certain suggestions for the future, that will help him to retain his present vigor for another thirty years, and live to a ripe old age. He is now thirty-one. His participating policy is a twenty-pay life for $5,000.00

PROFIT

The premium for his policy is $169.50, but Ned has been studying London Life records. On a policy similar to his own (taken in 1888 by another fellow) the increasing profits were used to greatly reduce the premium, so that the average amount payable each year over the twenty years was but $119.21 and in addition during the fifteen years since 1907 when the policy became paid up he has received in cash dividends, $843.30. The net cost of his $5,000.00 policy over the whole period was but $1,540.85.

PLEASURE

$5,000 for his darlings—bought and paid for by a third of that sum—why, it was like trebling his money! Ned knew that the practice of estimating profits on a policy was no longer in force. B U T—since the audited accounts of the London Life prove that it paid steadily increasing profits to participating policy-holders, even during the Great War; that sound Canadian Securities (mainly bonds and first mortgages) are its chief assets; that it exceeds the Government requirements for Reserves by nearly $1,000,000—well, Ned felt that a policy-holder was justified in calculating from established facts.

PROTECTION

Thirty-four years of protection and after that a yearly dividend for the rest of his life. (Bar accidents there was no reason why Ned should not live as long as This Other Fellow, who was still going strong). And always—whether he lived six months or sixty years, there would be that $5,000 ready in the hour of their greatest need—for his wife Nellie, for Dollie, for Buster and for Baby Rose.

Ned was so pleased he explained the whole thing to Nellie

See next issue for what Nellie thought of it and how she took it.

The London Life
Insurance Company
"Policies Good as Gold"
HEAD OFFICES - - LONDON, CANADA
Agencies in all principal cities

The Union Bank's Memorial to its Fallen Heroes

Commemorating the heroism of 120 officers of the Bank who gave up their lives in the Great War, the memorial of the Union Bank of Canada has just been unveiled, at McElheran, 50 miles from Winnipeg, on the line of the C.P.R. Sir James Aikins, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba officiated. Coincident with the ceremonial W. R. Allan, President of the Union Bank of Canada, gave over the deed to 18 acres on Lake Winnipeg for the permanent site of the Lakeside Fresh Air Camp for Children as the gift of the Bank, thus "conjoining the memories of the Bank's heroic officers with the highest type of service to humanity."

This memorial is significant as the national recognition by the Union Bank of Canada of its officers participation in the Great War. The Bank directors in determining the memorial to mark the self-sacrifice of its staff inclined to the view that sacrifice of such a nature should be marked by some corresponding service for the good of humanity and in consequence decided to perpetuate the movement initiated by H. B. Shaw, the Bank's Vice-President and General Manager, in starting a fresh air camp for Winnipeg's needy children. Nearly 1,000 kiddies will be given a holiday at the Association's camp this year

Six hundred representative persons witnessed the unveiling and took part in the impressive dedicatory services at which His Grace Archbishop Matheson officiated. Major General Ketchen, C.B., C.M.G., and staff represented the military.

Rearing itself strong and bold, a single shaft of Tyndall stone that was quarried in the Province of Manitoba, the memorial majestically embodies that spirit of physical and moral courage which was the compelling force behind the heroism of Canada's Glorious Dead. The monument has a remarkably picturesque setting. It is centred on an elevation which juts into Lake Winnipeg, and massed in the background is a group of silver birches. Encircling the cenotaph are nine fir trees, representing each of the Provinces of the Dominion. Centred on the facade is an oblong tablet upon which has been carved he names of the 120 who compose the Honor Roll of the Union Bank of Canada.

Purple Heather

The cloudless sky is radiant
In vivid blue today,
But I see purple mountains
'Neath skies of misty gray.

The landscape here is sparkling
With jewel-sprinkled snow,
But I see purple moorlands
With heather all aglow.

I close my eyes, yet ever
This vision comes to me—
A lonely curlew winging
Across a purple sea.

My spirit like the curlew
Would fain return to rest
Among the purple heather
Upon the mountain's breast.

The sky is blue and cloudless,
The landscape white today,
But I see purple mountains
'Neath skies of misty gray.

—E. M. Hannah.

The Verdict must be Nearly Right
That pleases Neither Party—quite.

He who has won the faith of a little child has won the next best thing to God's approval.

The sacrifices that a man will make for a habit would make a fortune.

The Gift of Clever Speech is wider flung
Than that of Wit and Sense to hold the tongue.

If you are to be conspicuous by your absence, your presence must have value.

To worry is to apply to the bearings of life sand instead of oil.

Try the Brook that none esteem;
Do not fish the Famous Stream.

He who is concerned about the shortcomings of others is often conceited about his own.

Where Self-restraint is lacking, Order ceases:
A Hoopless Barrel tumbles all to pieces.

What is Radio?

IN THIS month's issue of Science and Invention, Armstrong Perry explains how a radio receiver makes you hear sounds from afar. He writes:—

"'How far can you hear music with this radio receiver?' is a question frequently asked by a prospective purchaser. The salesman replies with stories of folks who hear the grand opera sung in Chicago, the orchestra concert played in Pittsburgh, the educational lecture delivered at Medford Hillside, the Senator's address spoken in Washington, at distances of from one hundred to three thousand miles. If he were speaking literally, instead of in practical terms, he would be just as much mistaken as though he told the customer that he could see his mother across such spaces. The sound that we hear at the radio receiver travels about half an inch if we wear the phones. With an amplifier a receiver may deliver sounds that can be heard twenty feet or more from the phones. A loud-speaker may project the sound waves considerably farther, but the best radio outfit yet built will not under ordinary conditions throw the sound for a distance of more than three miles.

"Even extremely loud sounds such as thunder, the firing of cannon and the shrieks of powerful whistles seldom are heard at distances greater than twenty to thirty miles. No electrical or mechanical device has as yet been invented that will carry sound farther than that.

"The sound we hear at the radio receiver is not the sound that was produced at the transmitting station. It is all produced right where we are. The little disc of metal inside the telephone receiver, or the loud-speaker, makes it. All the travelling it does is from that disc to our ears and to the point where it grows weak and disappears from human consciousness. This fact brings a sense of disappointment to those of us who have imagined that we were actually hearing the voices of distant celebrities, but there is also a bit of consolation in it. We really would not want the voice of a grand opera star to sound as it sometimes does at the present stage of radio development when her aria is passed out to us by a loud-speaker. We would not pay to hear anything like that from the stage.

"Sound consists of a series of concentric air bubbles. Starting at a common source, for example the head of a drum, the vocal organs of a human being or the diaphragm of a telephone receiver, they expand rapidly, one inside the other. The surface of each is a thin stratum of compressed air. Between the surface of one and the surface of the next is a stratum of air less compressed than it normally is. These bubbles are called sound waves, sound oscillations, or sound vibrations. Hit the head of a bass drum with its padded stick and you drive it inward, compressing the air before it. The stick rebounds, the drum head flies back and compresses the air on the outer side of it. Its elasticity or spring causes it to make many vibrations before coming to rest and at each vibration it blows a new bubble of compressed air. The air itself does not move very much, but the wave of compression goes on and on. As on a river, when the wind blows up stream, the wave may even go contrary to the general movement of the current.

"This wave motion, or succession of bubbles as it may be called to indicate that it is not a wave travelling in one direction, but a sphere of motion expanding in all directions, is common to heat, light and radio also. Sound waves are slower and shorter than the others. They need air to carry them, apparently, while the others travel as well or better through space where there is no atmosphere. We gave these waves different names because we discovered them in different ways and did not recognize at first how similar they were. The sound waves we discovered with our ears, the heat waves with our skins and the light waves with our eyes. It was only when we began to hunt with specially designed apparatus for the waves we could not hear, feel or see that we discovered how much they all resembled each other.

"Just as common folks began to be a little bit familiar with wave-lengths the scientists began to speak of 'frequencies' instead of wave-lengths, and got us all mixed up again. But the principal difference is that in using the new term they refer to the number of times per second that the drum-head wiggles instead of the length of the sound wave it starts. The more wiggles per second the more waves per second, and the more waves per second the shorter the waves. Sound waves, and all the other waves, have rather definite speeds. Instead of sending out the same length waves and making them travel faster, a smaller drum head, which of course vibrates faster, sends out shorter waves and makes them travel at the same rate of speed as the longer ones. One drum might send out 100 waves per second and another 200 waves per second, but at the end of that second both drums would be heard simultaneously at a point about a thousand feet away.

"Now, having in mind that sound waves and radio waves are of the same general nature, it is easy to understand that we can build apparatus to change waves of one length into waves of another length. The radio transmitter changes sound waves, which are short, into radio waves, which are long. The radio receiver changes the radio waves back into sound waves. If we could really sit in Washington and hear what was going on in Chicago we would not have to use radio. But sound waves are slow, awkward and weak compared with radio waves. At the best they will travel only a few miles before breaking up and getting lost, whereas there are good reasons for believing that radio waves roll for millions of miles, coming all the way from the sun to the earth the same as heat and light waves do."

? Inquiry Column ?

If there is anything that you want to know about Radio, do not hesitate to write in and ask us. We will gladly do our best to obtain for you the necessary informaion.

R. T., Carberry, Man.—Question: I have shellacked my set, but now it does not work so well. What causes this? Where is the capacity reactance found in a variometer type regenerative set? Answer—Shellac, etc., must be baked absolutely dry before using set or the damp shellac will absorb energy and cause losses in the circuits. It is the capacity of the grid to the filament and the plate to the filament which gives the capacity reactance against which the inductance reactance is balanced.

W. T. R., Yorkton, Sask.—Questions: (1) What could I use for short distance transmission of about ten miles? (2) What would I need besides the loose coupler described by Solar to receive your broadcasting? Answers—(1) You could install a small spark set. (2) It would be advisable to purchase two stages of amplification and detector with the loose coupler.

T. T., Dauphin, Man.—Questions: (1) Does it make any difference if my aerial is soldered together in the centre? (2) Is it better to have the highest pole of your aerial nearest the broadcasting station? Answers—(1) Not if you solder it properly. (2) This does not make any difference, but take your lead-in from the end nearest the broadcasting station.

K. L., Moosomin, Sask.—We found several mistakes in your hook-up and have therefore referred your letter to our consulting engineer who will advise you direct.

L. E., Brandon, Man.—A variable condenser would not increase your signals with the hook-up you are using.

Buffalo in Wainwright Park

Annie Sheppard Armstrong

Beneath Alberta's sunny skies of blue,
'Midst that great prosp'rous land of towns and farms,
In a large woodsy space, safe from alarms,
Range freely a vast herd of buffalo.

At fair blue lakes they lead their young to drink,
The males fight fiercely for supremacy,
Around them their wild neighbors they can see—
Wolf, gopher, badger, elk, yak, moose and lynx.

Oft times some passing Indians off reserve
Who never ev'n have seen a buffalo,
Will make their camp and stop to say "Hello",
And gaze and gaze. His image they'll preserve
To tell the grand-sire in his tent at home
Of what with him the prairies used to roam.

In Lighter Vein

A Simple Cure

The little country inn was picturesque, but leaky. Late one night a guest rang his bell urgently, and the landlord answered.

"I say, look here!" snorted the indignant traveller, who was still in bed. "This roof's letting in the rain, and I'm drenched!"

"Very good, sir!" remarked the landlord amiably, as he retired. A few minutes later, according to Tit-Bits, he came back with a large washtub.

"This will make things right, sir," he said, still amiably. "I'll just put this on your chest; then, when it's full, ring the bell, or shout out, and I'll have another empty one ready!"

Raising His Spirits

Twice as the omnibus slowly wended its way up the steep hill the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first, says London Notes, those inside paid little heed, but the third time they demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist!" cautioned the driver. "Don't spake so loud. He'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The hoss. Spake low. Sure Oi'm desavin' the crayture. Every time he 'ears the door close he thinks wan of yez is gettin' down ter walk up the hill, and that sort of raises 'is sperits."

They Were Discussing the Matter

The Brooklyn Citizen tells about a farmer who said to his negro servant:

"Jim, have you fed the horses?"
"Yassir."
"What did you feed 'em?"
"Hay."
"Did you feed the cows?"
"Yassir."
"What did you feed 'em?"
"Hay."
"Did you feed the ducks?"
"Yassir."
"What did you feed 'em?"
"Hay."
"Did they eat it?"
"Nawsir; dey didn't zactly eat it, so far as I saw, but dey was talking about it when I lef'."

"I always sleep with my gloves on. That is what makes my hands so soft."

"H'm. I suppose you sleep with your hat on also?"

ELSIE: "My grandfather has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't it wonderful!"

BOBBY: "Wonderful nothin'! Look at the time it has taken him to do it!"

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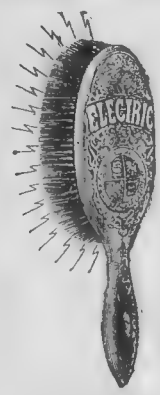

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THE CAMERA'S EYE

An Idyll of Summer

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

JIM DAWSON resolved to have a good lazy time in his two week's holidays out of the Bank, and, in answer to an advertisement, got board in a farmhouse the land of which ran down to the noble St. Lawrence. He wanted all the pleasure possible out of the country and the water, with none of the penalties of society and dressing up in a regular summer resort.

The farmer met him at the village station that evening with an ancient democrat and they bowled along out to the farm. It was a rather stony, hilly stretch of country, where many cattle and sheep were pasturing on the grass, and it somehow suited Dawson's lazy mood better than a hustling grain country would, where Mr. Toil was forever popping up and reminding him of work like it did Daffydowndilly in the old story.

The farm-house was rather large and old-fashioned, as belonging to an older pioneer day, and Jim was not a bit surprised somehow at being given a tallow candle in a candle-stick to go to bed by. The farmer's daughter spoke rather apologetically about it though, as she handed it to him after supper, saying that they had always kept sheep, getting into the habit of making supplies of candles for going down cellar, lighting them to bed and the like.

Jim was too tired and sleepy that first night to take much stock of things. He just ate a bite of late supper with the farmer, climbed upstairs by the light of his candle, undressed and tumbled in.

When he awakened, the sun was streaming in the small-paned window with its green paper shade; the patch-work quilt of gorgeous and intricate pattern intrigued his drowsy attention for a moment, then the cool, quiet peacefulness lulled him off into another doze. Next he was wide awake and aware of the clacking in the yard below of geese, turkeys, ducks and chickens, the grunting of pigs, the bleating of calves and lambs. Jim sprang out of bed, threw up the sash and looked out. There was the blue St. Lawrence in the near distance and some hills on the other side. Oh, Paradise! He stood on the braided mat, splashing and combing and was soon down the old-time closed-in stairs and out in the fresh air, looking around at everything like a boy—he was not much more than one anyway.

The farmer's daughter in a print dress and sun-bonnet was just coming along with a bunch of newly hatched downy chicks in her apron which she proceeded to put into a little pen, the old hen following up and fussing around with outspread wings. Tenderly the girl placed the little fellows down one by one, Jim watching with interest after tipping his hat in good morning.

"You're early, Mr. Dawson," the girl remarked—Jim had heard her called Nellie—Nellie Moore.

"Yes, I think I'll like it so well out here that I sha'n't want to sleep too much."

"I hope you'll be satisfied—it's a pretty part here," starting for the house. "Will you have your breakfast now, Mr. Dawson or wait until the young ladies get down—they're often pretty late."

"What young ladies do you mean?"

"Oh, two young ladies who are boarding here."

Jim had forgotten the possibility of other boarders—what a bore! "Why I'd like my breakfast with you people, whenever that is, if convenient."

"The kitchen is rather hot—it would be cooler in the dining-room."

"Not at all—the mornings are a bit cool—I'll enjoy the fire—and I love a farm kitchen."

As he walked toward the kitchen with her Dawson noted that Nellie was a "nice" girl but not pretty at all. Her hair was dark, her face rather colorless and her eyes a mild paley grey. Her figure was neat and active.

Breakfast was ready when they got in. Jim had not seen Mrs. Moore the night before but he noticed now that she looked a lot older than her husband and not very strong at that. Evidently Nellie was the mainstay indoors and out as there was no other help.

After breakfast Jim took a book and, going out the front door had an opportunity for observing that part of the premises by daylight. A white picket fence kept out marauders of all sorts and there were growing dear old flowers and shrubs which would delight anybody with a heart. Pink moss roses, big dark red roses, tiny brier roses, tea roses; tall hollyhocks; peonies, pink, red and white; purple and white iris; lilacs, clove pinks, pansies, phlox, smelling wistfully sweet; sweet william, sweet mary—flowers, flowers to no end.

Jim was looking around him in rapture, when he heard a step on the grass near him. He turned—it was a strange young lady.

"Good morning," said she "I just came to pay my respects to the flowers too. You're the Mr. Dawson they were expecting of course. My name is Mary Lane."

Jim politely acknowledged the self-introduction. He knew the trimly dressed self-possessed type—a city school-teacher, likely.

"This means endless care," said Jim, indicating the riot of flowers.

"Oh, I don't know—you'll notice that most of them are perennials—but it meant taste in whoever put them here in the first place, and good sense in building this fence, making it safe from all the cackling, bleating things about the farm."

"Very true," answered Jim rather dryly.

"Nellie has given me the privilege of filling the flower vases," said Miss Lane proceeding to go carefully amongst the plants, cutting here and there with a little pair of scissors that she carried. "Of course that means washing the vases every day and filling them with fresh water, but I do love to gather and arrange flowers—I shall dream of these all winter."

"And I too," said Dawson appreciatively.

Miss Lane disappeared with her great sheaf of bloom and Jim threw himself down by a sweet breathing rose brush and read for a bit.

At noon lunch was served the three boarders in the cool dining-room and Jim met the other girl, Miss Gladys Brown, a livelier more juvenile sort—a typist by occupation. They were both intelligent and ladylike and the young man certainly could see nothing objectionable about them, quite the reverse.

After lunch Jim went out to see how the flowers looked by noonday. He was a great camera enthusiast and the light seemed just right for a picture. "I'm going to take a picture of the flowers," he said on going in, "won't you young ladies provide the human interest in it?"

"Certainly," they both said, "and let's hunt up the rest of the family."

Nellie alone consented to come, just in her rather soiled apron, hair a bit mussed.

"Will I not spoil the picture?" she asked.

"No, no."

They got arranged and certainly the plain Nellie in her working clothes did not appear very well in the grouping. The three girls stood with their backs to a great row of hollyhocks, the large plants

Continued on page 31

A LOG GEYSER

The above is not a hot spring, or an explosion of dynamite in the water, but a geyser caused by a huge log striking the water after descending several hundred feet down a log shute at a speed of about a 100 miles an hour. The logs are cut high up on the mountain sides in British Columbia, rolled upon a trough made of other logs which extends down the steep mountan side near or to the water's edge. The force with which the log strikes the water is tremendous and the geyser of water sent up many times the size of the log. The geyser in the photo is caused by a log four feet in diameter.—Francis Dickie.

Canada's Cultured Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King

By Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner

THE Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King will go down in history as the man who established the eighteen hour day for Parliamentarians. This lops five hours off the schedule set by the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen when he held the reins of government. It is only fair, however, to state that Mr. Meighen never asks any one to harrow more than he is willing to plow—but he makes the mistake of thinking that everybody loves grinding toil and long hours as much as he does.

It seems fitting that the present Prime Minister should do something to standardize the hours members of the House of Commons shall be expected to devote to their country's business. Mr. King made

Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King

his reputation politically on his understanding of the relation existing between employer and employee. His experience as deputy-minister of Labor, and Minister of Labor convinces him that almost any normal being can do more intelligent work in fifteen hours when refreshed by the average hours of sleep than can be accomplished by a mentally weary man with a tired body in twenty hours.

The Prime Minister commenced the session by making eleven o'clock at night the hour of adjournment, with Wednesday evenings and Saturdays free. Last year Parliament frequently sat until three and four o'clock in the morning, and met again later in the morning. Dawn was the accepted time for the members to arrive home—and the light on the Hill proved to their wives that they had really been working all the time. This year there was a marked improvement in the evening attendance in the Green Chamber—for members could attend to business and later join some social function in time to get in on the sandwiches and coffee.

That the public business was transacted in an orderly and methodic manner is attested by the fact that the main estimates were all through a fortnight before the session ended. Ample time was allowed for full discussion of every item—this is important in a new Parliament where there are so many new members. Toward the end of the session the members sometimes sat until 1 a.m. and also on a couple of Saturdays—but there is no doubt that working conditions have improved around the Green Chamber during the past few months.

Lest any one should imagine that Mr. King objects to long hours for himself, let us cite our own experience—the only time we ever met him in his own office. The Cabinet Council was in consultation with him over the Civil Service Commission until 7.15 that evening. It was a half hour past our normal dinner time and we were so hungry we felt like a Bolsheviki, but the Prime Minister received us with charming courtesy and invited us to be seated. Then followed a half hour of the most charming conversation with one of the most polished gentlemen we have ever been privileged to meet.

Canada's First Bachelor does not look as old as Colonel Chambers says he is, in that priceless little red book of his. (If we are ever elected to Parliament we are not going to let the Colonel see our birth certificate). Mr. King judged by appearances is about forty years of age. Good health is stamped in every lineament, and now that he may play golf once in awhile he will be able to combat a slight tendency toward embonpoint. He is always faultlessly groomed, and always wears the right clothes at the right time and place.

The chief charm of the Prime Minister's face is his violet blue eyes. When I see eyes of their color and expression vouchsafed to a man, I always think that old Mother Nature was rather lavish or she would have saved them for some girl who could use them to great advantage. Men only need eyes to see with anyhow.

The Right Hon. Mackenzie King is a host par excellence. His easy grace and cordial manner impress the distinguished visitors that Canada is called upon to entertain from time to time. It is well to remember that the whole nation is judged by the man at the helm of the Ship of State. The Prime Minister is a most hospitable gentleman—and the functions he has given during the session have proved that he can do the honors in a manner worthy of a great nation.

The reception Mr. King gave in the old Laurier home which was willed to him by the late Lady Laurier—was the largest and best attended function of the recent social season at the Capital. Hospitality was dispensed with a generous hand and the distinguished host circulated among his hundreds of guests with enviable ease of manner.

Perhaps it is just as well that the Prime Minister is a bachelor—he has more time to devote to the business of the country. The evening when he received me, there were three men waiting in his secretary's office whom he had promised to see before he called it a day. If he were married—think of all the irate telephone messages his wife would send him for keeping the dinner waiting so long. There is not a woman on earth who is not dumb who wouldn't tell her husband, be he Prime Minister or King of England, what she thought of him for letting the dumplings in the Chicken Fricasse fall. A woman who has the right to nag,—and every wife abrogates that right to herself, would impair the efficiency of even a healthy Prime Minister.

Of course Mr. King has his ideal woman—he carries her photo close to his heart in a leather wallet. It is his beautiful white haired mother to whom he owes so much.

Then I Have Failed

If I failed this day to say
One little word of praise
That would within a lonely soul
A spark of hope to raise,
Then I have failed to do the will
Of him who wishes no man ill.

If I this day have failed to sow
One tiny little seed,
Within a mind where it would grow
Into a kindly deed,
Then I have failed God's will to do,
And to myself have proved untrue.

If I have failed this day to sing
A song of joy and cheer,
That will not burst in bud and bloom
To one who chanced to hear,
Then I have failed to do the thing,
That makes me worthy of the KING.

—Alice L. Whitsen.

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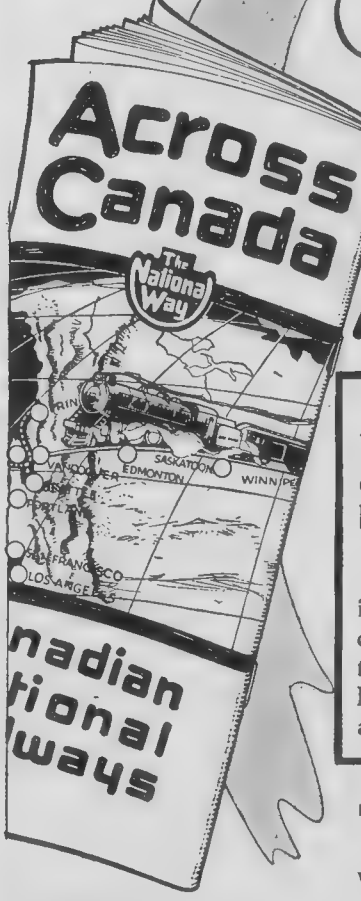

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Thoughts on a Railway Train

TRAVELLING in a crowded railway car not long ago, The Philosopher watched a little boy in the seat ahead whose first experience it was of being on a train. How we revel in each new experience, when we are young. The Philosopher let his mind travel back to his first railway journey, as a very small boy. The world was a wonderland of incredible adventure then, a world of infinite possibilities, a world which had not yet had any of its glamor rubbed off. What a morning of memorable excitement and anticipation it was, the morning when that first railway journey began. The immensity and splendor of the locomotive, puffing clouds of smoke and hissing steam, the thrill of mounting the car-steps and establishing oneself in a seat, and looking out proudly through the window, the glorious sensation when the train began to move, the conductor with his fascinating ticket punch, the news-agent with his armful of magazines and his basket of oranges and apples and peanuts and candy and chewing gum, and above all, the intoxicating panorama that went spinning past the window—trees and telegraph poles and fields and farmhouses and fences, cows and crows, horses and haystacks. And as The Philosopher remembered that first railway journey, he exclaimed to himself, in the privacy of his inner consciousness, "O days of childhood! O magic days of long ago!" Who would not gladly be a child again? Think of the joys which every season brought when we were young! And think of the world of books, when we could roam with Haroun-al-Raschid through the narrow streets of Bagdad, or shiver with Ali Baba in the den of the Forty Thieves, or go a-voyaging with Sinbad the Sailor, and fill our pockets with jewels, in an impossible world that was once utterly our own, and which included, of course, the desert island of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday! As we grow out of our youth, the world becomes more prosaic and practical, and necessarily we must adjust ourselves to its realities; but surely we need not lose all power of seeing something of the light of the morning of our lives still shining upon it.

Election Expenses

THE problems of democracy continue to show themselves to be complicated and thorny. When the system of primaries, instead of party nominating conventions, was established some years ago in the United States for the selection of candidates, that system was heralded as a victory for the people over the political bosses. Party nominations, it was proclaimed, would hereafter be made not by wire-pulling and machine methods, but by the voice of the members of the party expressed freely, without any hole-in-the-corner "fixing." But, the primary has not proved to be all that it was hoped to be. It is now described as "a rich man's game." In the primaries in Pennsylvania for the nomination of a Republican candidate for the United States Senate, Gifford Pinchot expended $93,562, and Mrs. Pinchot, $29,500. This large total of $123,062 was devoted, it was explained, to expenses. An investigation last year showed that Mr. Newberry spent over $200,000 in a Senatorial primary in Michigan (and having secured the Republican party nomination, defeated his opponent, Henry Ford, the Democratic candidate), and that Isaac Stephenson spent more than $100,000 in a similar contest in Wisconsin. In defence of such expenditures, it is pointed out that they are all for legitimate purposes (mainly printing and postage), and that in the States where the voters are so numerous (there are two million voters in Pennsylvania) such expenses are necessarily large. But this defence does not dispose of the fact that the rich man has an enormous advantage over a poor man in such a contest. There are two suggested remedies applicable not only to primary contests, but of course to election contests, as well. One is that such expenses should be met not by a few large contributions, but by many small ones; the other is that election expenses should be paid out of the public treasury. The latter suggestion was actually made in the House at Ottawa in 1920 by Mr. Fielding. But how would the limit be fixed for such expenditures in using the printing press and the mails for purposes of persuasion, and for renting halls for public meetings?

The Changed World

IN HIS Outline of History, H. G. Wells makes an earnest effort to help the reader to visualize "the true proportions of historical to geological time." One method he uses is to use inches and feet. On a scale which represents the four hundred years from Columbus to ourselves by a line three inches in length, the line representing the time since the dinosaurs whose fossilized bones they have been digging up near Red Deer, in Alberta, were living creatures and today would be more than five thousand feet long. Or in other words, if we could walk back three inches and find ourselves in the time of Columbus, we should have to walk back a mile to find ourselves among the dinosaurs—those huge, ugly horned beasts. But the mere duration of time is not the only thing which impresses us when we begin really to think, or to try to think, about what time is. Time can pass quickly, and time can pass slowly—quickly for one person, slowly for another; but the clock that measures time knows no such difference. A person passing through some agonizing experience may be more aged by it in a few hours than by the placid, uneventful passage of many days, or months, or even years. And not only for individuals does time move with varying speed.

The Philosopher

Time does not always move at the same rate of speed for the human race—that is, if we are to measure it by the experiences and the changes that it brings to mankind as a whole. Human life has changed more in the last hundred years than in the thousand years before the last hundred years began. Our grandfathers did not dream of telephones, or electric light, or the wonders of steam, or the marvels of wireless tansmission, or a thousand other things that are familar to us. Today an idea flies faster from London to Winnipeg than it used to go from grandfather on the porch to grandmother in the kitchen. Not so long before our grandfathers nearly every community raised its own food, tanned its own leather, spun its own cloth. It is only by taking thought that we can begin to realize how different the world we live in is from the world of only three or four generations ago.

The Term "Anglo-Saxon"

FROM a valued subscriber of the monthly, who was born in Wales, comes a letter protesting against the use of the term "Anglo-Saxon" as describing the British race. Some time ago the same protest was made by them and whose name stands highest among the names of all the many famous men who were born in Wales, namely, Lloyd George. And The Philosopher remembers distinctly that after the general election of 1903 in Great Britain, when a certain noble lord said something about "a Celtic fringe," Lloyd George pointed out that there is ground for saying that the Celtic element is one of the largest in the racial make-up of the British people. But in regard to the term "Anglo-Saxon," it is to be said, in the first place, that the Angles and the Saxons were two branches of one racial family, and to describe the British people of the past nine centuries as Anglo-Saxon is to ignore the Norman Conquest, for one thing. In addition, there is the fact that the Scottish people were Gaelic Celts in the Highlands, and Cymric Celts (mixed with Angles and Saxons driven thither by the Norman invasion of England) in the Lowlands; and the Irish were Celts. The people of Cornwall and of other parts of England were of Celtic origin, while Wales, as early as the fifth century, was peopled by Celts from Strathclyde and Cumbria, who migrated there under King Arthur, when they were unable to drive the invading Angles and Saxons from the Lowlands of Scotland. So that it would appear there is a very great deal to be said for Lloyd George's contention that "Anglo-Celtic" would be a more correct term than "Anglo- Saxon" to apply to the British people. But the term "Anglo-Saxon" has got itself established so firmly that it may be doubted whether it is possible even for Lloyd George to pry it loose from its place of dominant eminence, and establish another in its place.

A Chant in Praise of "the Hog Supreme"

"A PRIMROSE by the river's brim," wrote Wordsworth, "a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." Wordsworth wrote in pity of the man who was blind to beauty. But the practical-minded man, "with no nonsense about him," to whom the primrose was naturally a primrose and nothing more, might retort that to Wordsworth a rasher of bacon was a rasher of bacon, and nothing more, and a prize hog simply a source of rashers of bacon, and nothing more. He might ask why a poet should not make a poem about such a hog. Well, an Ode to the Hog Supreme has been produced. In a recent issue of the New York World, which a reader of the Monthly has kindly sent to The Philosopher, there is an account of the unveiling of a monument in the town of Lebanon, in Warren county, Ohio, erected in celebration of the triumph of their county in having developed the Poland-China hog, which "ranks first among the four pork and lard producing strains in the United States." A feature of the dedication of the monument was the reading and singing of the Ode to the Hog Supreme, written by Miss Mary Hankinson. It goes to the air of "My country, 'tis of thee"—the national anthem of the United States. The air is one which has a familiar sound in this country. This is the first verse of the Ode:

"This spot will be the shrine
For Poland-China swine,
  Which we esteem;
Tribute to those whose skill
Labored with earnest will
This vision to fulfil—
  The Hog Supreme!"

Miss Hankinson evidently is a poet who believes that while daffodils and daisies and blue forget-me-nots and primroses by the river's brim, and nightingales and that sort of thing are all very well in their way, they should not be allowed to crowd out the substantial side of life.

Hearing the Northern Lights

WHAT was said on this page of recent numbers of the Monthly about the occasional audibility of the Northern Lights has brought several interesting letters to The Philosopher's desk. From Dickinson Brothers, general merchants, of Woodhouse, Alta., comes a letter signed by J. G. Dickinson, and signed also by his brother, Henry Dickinson, which contains a vivid account of an experience the two had in January, 1908, while cutting and drawing wood to Battleford; they slept in a tent at night. "One night," the letter says "a peculiar sound reached my ears, and although it was very cold, I opened the tent door and was surprised to see the Northern Lights so close overhead and to hear them emitting a swishing sound, something like a ship sailing through slush ice. I called my brother, who was greatly interested. We have spoken of this occurrence to many, but have never met anyone who had heard the Aurora Borealis emitting sound, and in some cases we were laughed at. I will watch the Western Home Monthly for other reports that may come to hand." From Mrs. H. C. Hardy, 51 Upper Prince Street, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, comes an appreciative letter about the Monthly, in the course of which Mrs. Hardy writes: "We lived in the West a number of years, and my husband and I both heard that swishing sound from the Northern Lights, and are positive it came from them, and always maintained so. But we only heard them when the Lights were exceptionally bright." And after that testimony coming from down in the Gulf of St. Lawrence may be quoted testimony from far northern British Columbia. Henry Le Duke, whose letter is postmarked "Endako, B.C.," writes: "I am an old subscriber of the Western Home Monthly. In reading over the May number of my Monthly, I was interested in the article about the Northern Lights being audible at times. In my six years of prospecting, hunting and trapping over the great mountain divides of the Yukon country from 1898 to 1903 I have on many occasions heard distinctly those same snapping, swishing sounds, and it was very noticeable that when a great rush of the Lights stretched across the sky the sounds were loudest. In the awful stillness of the winter nights in those great, high snow-clad mountains one had no doubts whatever as to the cause of the sounds." Nor has The Philosopher any doubts that Mr. Le Duke and the others who claim to have heard those sounds actually heard them.

Cooking and Happiness

SOME statistical information which was obtained and set forth by the Kansas Agricultural College would appear to support the idea that domestic science makes against divorce. The figures are not wide enough to be unanswerably conclusive, but the conclusion drawn from them is nevertheless in accord with reason. Of 829 girls graduated from that institution in twenty years, who all took the course in domestic science, 427 have married, and only 4 have been divorced, and 2 of those 4 have remarried their former husbands. Domestic science has proved its value in every community where it has been made part of the education of girls. A woman is not only going to be more successful in running her home if she has been trained to run it in the best way, but she is going to be more interested, too, in running it. We are all interested in those things which in early life we learned to do well. Practical usefulness makes people happy. Education ought not to be based on the needs of a small class; it should meet the fundamental needs of everybody. No matter what the circumstances in which a girl is born, if she is trained so that she can take care of herself and of her whole family, when necessary, she has a feeling of confidence, self-respect and vigor that is productive of mental, physical and spiritual health, and therefore, of happiness, too.

"A Time for All Things"—Including Worry

IT WAS an interesting coincidence that on the same day a couple of weeks ago when the newspapers published in their cable despatches from London containing the statement of Sir George Younger, who has taken such a leading part in organizing parliamentary opposition to Lloyd George, that "he ascribes his health to the fact that he never worries about the British Empire," there was published also the news from London that Lloyd George was worried over some features of the international situation on the continent of Europe. All the world knows well that Lloyd George, whose courage is redoubtable and indestructible, as proved by the past eight years, is not by nature and temperament an over-anxious man. But he knows when there is occasion for worry, that is to say, for realizing and facing disagreeable facts in the present and disagreeable possibilities of the future. The wise man will not let worry ride him, like the Old Man of the Sea who fastened himself on the back of Sinbad the Sailor. But he realizes that the motto "Why Worry?" is not always an expression of wisdom. Somebody must carry the burden of anxiety. One main reason why Sir George Younger is able to take things so easily is that Lloyd George is on the job as head of the Government of Great Britain. There were people in the world who did not see why they should worry themselves when the German armies ran ravaging across Belgium in the beginning of the working out of the great plan of making the world subject to military might and ruthlessness. Such people do not promote human welfare and progress.

Our Night Guardians

Continued from page 6

All floating wreckage belongs to any man who picks it up—at least the law gives him half if he surrenders it. The moment a big wreck is deserted five hundred motor boats leave these shores and rush out and salvage all the stuff they can. They hitch onto the lee side in swarms until as many as three dories have been upset at once and all the crews were struggling in the water. Then they swarm aboard and rig winches and ropes and block and pull and haul until the scene looks like a wrecked ants' nest covered by the busy insects. If no wrecking boats come to try and save the ship why the salvaging keeps right on until the seas get so stormy that even these brave hardy fishermen have to leave. Often a few hours high tide will smash the strongest hull and slide it off the reef into deep water."

At four a.m., when we climbed up to wind the Light, the whole octagonal house shook before the fifty mile wind. The fishermen call this only a "strong gale", 65 is a "whole gale," 75 a "storm" and 90 a "hurricane." The tempest was plunging about the lantern as we stood there and the mighty surf was pounding on the sea wall it has made in centuries as if it would scatter it and drown us all. Six o'clock was the next and last winding and then we could see the sweep of the Eastener. All the reefs were spurting up great plumes of white sweeping spray. All the broad surface of the sea as far as the eye could pierce the trailing fog was white as milk before the fury of the wind. Gannets were even now sweeping along east; six of the great white birds, rising over a roaring crest, sweeping down into calm through hollows. Gulls were out picking up their early morning meal from the surface of the storm-driven ocean. The wind was shifting with the sun—nor'-east to almost North it went. Now the fog-wrack came off the savannahs and the barrens in long wet trailing clouds—then we saw the tall mast of the Marconi wireless—then the little station beneath it—then the sand dunes—and lo! the cold wind off shore carried the wet masses past us as you see cumulus clouds in the autumn before a nor'-wester, and as we crept down the many stairs and stepped out onto the ground, the good old sun came sparkling up from his early bath and even a song sparrow was singing his mating—"Cheer! cheer! cheerily" and I ran in to write you this story.

No sooner did the typewriter cease clacking than my assistant, Laddie, seized an apple and ran off to catch the huge ox, "Star." Gravely the big solemn-eyed creature watched the boy approach. It snuffed the apple, seized it, munched it, and just then a sly hand slid a rope around the huge wrinkled neck, and the foolish beast had again "bitten"—actually—at the ancient lure, and was led over to the ox-cart.

I wonder if I could help any of my readers who intend to build a boat-house or a canoe shed.

We are away off on the end of the lumber—at $40.00 per thousand feet, had to be brought down by motor boat and carried across the winding sandy road on an ox-cart (you need 300 feet for a canoe shed).

We always plan to do our building of any cottage or shanty, cabin or boat-house in sections. If you work in ten foot squares for a house, you will find them handy to build, carry and erect. In making the canoe shed, we worked in five feet high by seventeen feet long, so all we had to do was make three sections of those dimensions—and only two if you make the floor of a few cross pieces. The beauty of this way is that you can work at any odd time and erect your house just when you are ready.

SO BEHOLD my canoe shed all loaded upon the oxcart. The great patient twelve-hundred-pound beast looked calmly at us as we loaded the sections on and placed the canoe on top. In went a wee kiddy who wanted the ride, and off we set step by step over the sands. The ease of direction can be seen in the picture. Laddie smoothed out a bit of sand and levelled it well and laid his cross pieces, up went a side, in went a bit of board to hold it erect, up went the other side, a five inch nail drew them together, the ends and sides were trued, the triangular ends slipped in, the back one firmly nailed, the front one had to have a hole bored in it to let the hanging staple through, a top board to shed the rain and when I called "lunch" two hours later and we sat down on the hot sand, all the firm solid canoe shed was in place. We have yet to drive some stout stakes to ward off any extra high tide, and here it squats on the ancient sands, told of by the wandering Norsemen who perilously journeyed past here in the year of our Lord one thousand and seven, long before the clever Mr. Dan Herald, since deceased, thought of improving the Ojibway's rude birch bark with the craft we now call the "Rice Lake canoe," built at Rice Lake, Ontario, of cedar boards instead of birch bark. One will last a lifetime.

"Suppose I gave you five dogs and then another dog, how many dogs would you have?" asked the school inspector of the small boy.

"Seven," came the confident answer.

"Tut! tut! How would you have seven?"

"Because I've got a dog of my own at home."

Worth Two in the Bush

Continued from page 10

DECIDEDLY it was the morning-after, but there was something unaccountable about Potford himself. He was just too quiet, as though he were holding on to himself, hugging himself. When we landed he rushed straight to the Chief's tent. In a couple of minutes they came out together, snatched a lunch and pushed off in the canoe.

"Crazy as deer in fly-time!" was Joe's verdict as he raised his shapeless hat the better to scratch his head.

But when we got back to camp in the evening Potford was there throwing up his cap and giving three hearty cheers while the Chief stood grinning at us from his tent door.

"Better tell 'em, Pot," he called. "Another minute and they'll all be down with apoplexy."

"Well, well! You poor fish, you philanthropists," he began. "Whoops, my dears! When you wouldn't come back for me I had to climb a tree, because I really didn't have any matches. By daylight I was so stiff and cold that I clambered down for a walk around. And then I stumbled on the biggest silver vein in Northern Ontario. The Chief and I have it all staked, but cheer up, you fellows may have the left-overs—if there are any."

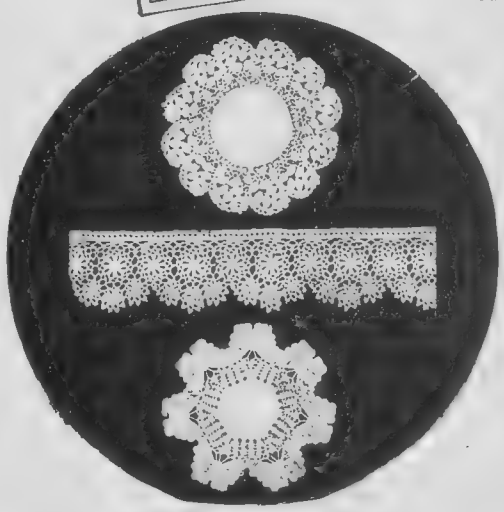
Another Day

ANOTHER day now greets the rising sun,
And with it brings some work to be begun,
Or it may be some life work closed and done.

Another day is left within our hands,
May we fulfil its highest, just demands
In joyous unison with all God's plans.

Another day, and then night comes apace,
Round upon round we tread life's little space,
A bit of time lent by the Father's grace.

S. JEAN WALKER.



A Partial List of the Designs

Insertions
Floral Pattern Insertion
Thistle Insertion
The Picot Insertion
Fairy Insertion

Doilies
Spider Web
Sunflower
The Ailsa
Ring
Square Doily in Filet Crochet
The Starfish
Hexagon Doily in Filet Crochet
The Presto
The Roman
The Anemone Design
The Daisy Design
The Pearl Doily
The Star Fish Doily
The Seaweed Doily
The Lucia Doily
The Rose Spray Doily

Yokes
Evelyn Blouse Yoke
The Olivia Nightdress Yoke
The Kanna Camisole Yoke
The Malvern Yoke
The Fedora Camisole Yoke
The Floral Pattern Chemise Yoke

Crochet Square
Stag Crochet Square
Goose Girl Square
Mistletoe Design

Edgings
Lace Point Pattern
Cypress Edging
Baby Lace
Leaf Edging
Marguerite Lace
Bridge Edging
Florette Edging
Clover Leaf
Rostona
Naples Edgings
The Wheel and Shamrock Edging
The Pilgrim Pattern
The Pumme Lace
Cornflower Edging
Spotted Edging
Thistle Lace

Borders and Corners
Star Border
Snowflake Corner
The Silkeborg
Clyro Border and Corner
The Elma Corner and Border
Dutchess Corner and Border
Goose Girl Lace and Corner
The Strathmore Border and Corner
Clover Lace and Corner
The Everest Border and Corner
The Grapevine Corner and Border
The Water Babies Corner
The Marguerite Lace and Corner
Oak Leaf Lace and Corner

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Red Noses Vanished from Toronto

An unknown variety of fish with a red nose has been caught near Honolulu. Since the Ontario Temperance Act came in, fishes with red noses have practically vanished from this vicinity, and it may be that it is one of these that has turned up at Honolulu.—Toronto Star.

The Answer Is, Yes

Senator David's proposal to restrict the franchise to women over 30 years of age would, perhaps, practically disfranchise the whole sex, for is not a woman only as old as she looks ?—Galt Reporter.

Surrender Saved Them

"We were not beaten in the field," writes General Ludendorf. The only reason the German armies did not receive a beating which even he would acknowledge is that they quitted before it could be administered.—Washington Post.

And How About the Man

An expert declares a man can marry on $100 a month if he gets the right kind of wife. But is there any kind of expert can tell a fellow what kind of wife he is getting ?—Calgary Herald.

No Doubt He Felt Bored

A prisoner charged with murder fell asleep while his trial was in progress in a Los Angeles court. As the first trial rarely disposes of a criminal case in that city he was merely reserving his energy for the next.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

The World is One Trade Unit

As to the economic situation, it is summed up in Lloyd George's phrase : "The world is one trade unit." If the implications of that thought can be got into the heads of Europe's statesmen—and those of the United States—progress will be possible.—Providence Journal.

Diplomacy and Oil

There appears to be some ground for the suspicion that behind international diplomatic manoeuvres there is going on a great struggle for the control of the oil resources of the world.—London Nation.

Wheat and Wheat Prices

Wheat is jumping up all over Western Canada, and now if the price would only start jumping up so as to be ready for the fall marketing the country would be wearing the smile that won't come off.—Brandon Sun.

German Finance

Germany agrees to make another payment on account of reparations if the nations which are to get the reparations will first lend her the money. These performances in international finance are a little too deep for the average mind.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Electioneering with Capsules

An Ohio druggist who is a candidate for a state office inserts his campaign announcements in capsules and presents them to voters. They can be taken either before or after meals and those who do not like his platform are not obliged to swallow it.—Chicago Tribune.

A Strict Disciplinarian

General Feng Yu-Hsiag rules his men with a rod of iron. Despatches state that his troops are not allowed to "smoke, drink, gamble, or use profane language." All of which leads the battle-scarred veterans of many a struggle in the trenches to observe, with deep emotion: "What a war !"—Guelph Herald.

Ludendorff on the Job

Field Marshal von Ludendorff, who was Commander-in-Chief of the German armies when the war ended, has written an article in the Atlantic Monthly in which he repeats the myth that there was a secret understanding between President Wilson and the British Government from the beginning of the war. Nothing can cure the German inability to understand the minds of other peoples.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Regarding Settlers

The mere fact that a man has had experience on the land in the Old Country is not, however, a guarantee that he will succeed in this country. Farming conditions are different here from what they are in England. However, for the man with some money, some brains and plenty of grit, there are good opportunities here. And there will be a welcome for such men.—Toronto Globe.

Smuggling

A wealthy woman, well known as a philanthropist, is caught by customs officials bringing in $135,000 worth of undeclared gems. Isn't it curious how the tradition persists that cheating Uncle Sam is honest enough if you don't get found out ? In no age and in no country has the smuggler ever regarded himself as a crook or a swindler.—Wall Street Journal.

A Possible Explanation

Why men like Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge descend to what is puerility in comparison with their ordinary standards of thinking when they undertake to investigate and discuss "psychic phenomena" is a good deal of a mystery. Perhaps in part, it is the result of certain biological changes that come with advancing years, and in these latter days to the vicissitudes and experiences of the war.—Detroit Free Press.

Intoxicating Liquor

"The longer I live," says Warren S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, "the more bitterly I am opposed to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor." The reasons which imposed total abstinence on railway workers long before the prohibition law apply to all groups in these days of automobiles and machinery. It is an essential of public safety more than ever it was before.—New York Times.

The Same Old Weather

According to a high meteorological authority, the records show that the weather on this continent has not shown any appreciable change in the last 100 years. "Those who believe that the weather is milder nowadays forget that in their youth they lived in houses which were poorly heated, making the cold more noticeable. When they tell you that the snow used to be deeper, they forget that their legs used to be shorter.—Edmonton Journal.

Russia's Paper Money

In connection with the printing of the new 100,000,000 ruble notes by the Russian Soviet the statement is made that in the last five years Russia has issued paper money to the extent of eighteen trillions of rubles. If this were good money it would represent more than all the coinage of all the world since the creation. As it is it has only the backing of a gold reserve said to now amount to less than $15,000,000 of the real stuff. The Soviet money as it stands is not even a good grade of wall paper.—Canadian Finance

The Inventor of the Income Tax

Income-tax, on which so many Budget hopes and fears are centering, was the invention not of the politicians, but of an Oxford don, the Rev. Henry Beeke, Fellow of Oriel, and Professor of Modern History at Oxford from 1801 to 1813. Beeke's real bent was finance, and he was constantly called into consultation by Pitt, to whom he is said to have first suggested a new way of raising money for the war with France by placing a tax on income. He wrote a volume with the significant title "Observations on the Produce of the Income-Tax," in which he declared that the tax was "founded on moral equity and political wisdom." He was rewarded with the Deanery of Bristol.—Westminster Gazette.

Sound and Fury

"Communism is sound," says Lenine. Mostly.—Border Cities (Ont.) Star.

Not the Henry George Kind

France has placed a tax on bachelors. Sort of a single-tax, as it were.—Victoria Colonist.

Faith Misplaced

Many people seem to have lost faith in everybody except the fellow who promises to make them rich quick.—Montreal Gazette.

A Buffalo Sarcasm

Proposed airplane line will make it possible to be robbed in Chicago one morning and shot in New York that afternoon.—Buffalo Courier.

An Old Jib Brought Up to Date

The radio religious service will never be popular, because the women can't see one another's hats.—Kingston Whig.

Hardly

Europe is said to be looking to the United States for a solution of its problems. Of course, this country is smart. But it isn't that smart.—Kansas City Star.

Equal Rights in Mesopotamia

Americans are to have equal rights in Mesopotamia, says John Bull. Well, that's something. We haven't got 'em at home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Question

The Prime Minister declares that Wrangel Island is ours. Does this make Canada an Asiatic power ?—Toronto Telegram.

The Discordant European Concert

One of the troubles seems to be that in the concert of the European powers everybody wants to beat the big drum.—Vancouver Sun.

Lawlessness Supreme

The latest Texas lynching was in a court house square, probably to emphasize the mob's respect for law and order.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Ear-rings Not Made That Way Now

Flappers may have many foolishnesses to which their grandmothers were not addicted, but they do not pierce their ears.—Saskatoon Star.

The War in China

Not having been able to find out what it's all about, the public shows little keenness about the war in China.—Halifax Herald.

The Freedom of the Air

The most remarkable thing about the rapid spread of radiophones is that it has occurred without a law forbidding it.—Omaha World-Herald.

All They Ask

All that Germany and Russia ask of the other Powers is to leave them alone until they are strong enough to force the rest of the world into submission to them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The "Air and Sunshine" Treatment

A Boston man and his wife will live sixty days in the Maine woods clad in nature's own garb. Maine expects every mosquito to do his duty.—Boston Transcript.

An Income Tax Fact

Seventy-five dollars is now worth as much as a hundred dollars was worth last year, we are told. But you cannot make the income-tax collector take that view of it.—New York World.

Their Only Economic Measure

Denouncing the extravagance of the local civic authorities, a paper in an eastern town asserts that the only economic measure they adopted was a daylight saving law.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Financial Item

You can buy a thousand Austrian kronen for 25 cents, and you can buy a million tons of ice at the North Pole for nothing.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Peril of High Command in China

The Chinese Custom of beheading unsuccessful generals assures the junior officers rapid promotion. There is always room on the block.—Stratford Beacon.

A Hamilton Man's Unwisdom

A Hamilton woman says that her husband, after drinking some intoxicating liquor which he had concocted himself, became as wild and destructive as a bear. Another case of home-bruin.—Brantford Exposition.

Not a Cooling Kind of Talk

Now is the time for everyone to tell his neighbour that the weather is hot. With the populace sweltering such a reminder is bound to be appreciated.—Hamilton Spectator.

When Real Estate Values Rise

In every city, after a period of business depression, the revival of real estate values comes as a result of the efforts of the small home builder.—Vancouver Province.

The Sad Case of Conan Doyle

The more Conan Doyle writes about spiritualism, the more we regret that he stopped writing detective stories.—Peterboro Examiner.

Broadcasting Is No New Thing

As for broadcasting, the old backyard fence line has been known to spread news throughout a district pretty quickly.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Undoubtedly So

Up in Cleveland it has been decided that girls may dress much as they please, which decision will be very generally followed.—Indianapolis Star.

An Era of Big Bills

Near Geneva they have killed a bird with a bill 16½ inches long. It sounds unreasonable, but Europe has grown accustomed to astonishing bills.—London Advertiser.

It Might Help Some

If more people were asking, "What's wrong with me ?" instead of "What's wrong with the country ?" we might be getting along a little better.—Duluth Herald.

When World Resources Fail

There are seventeen million five hundred thousand words in the English language, but we can only think of one when by accident we hit our thumb with a hammer.—Ottawa Journal.

Music in the Home

Does Music Tend to Produce Longevity?

The recent death of Saint-Saens, the noted French composer, at the ripe old age of 86, brings us to the question: does music tend to longevity?

This question cannot be answered satisfactorily in the affirmative, for our opponent will come along and say: "What about your great composers—Mozart, Bizet, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Purcell, Bellini and Schubert—all died before they were forty? Did music lengthen their lives?

Our opponent so far is right. But he must not forget that while several died at a comparatively early age, a great many more have exceeded the three score and ten. Insurance authorities gave 40 years of age as the average life span, and if we take a list of our leading musical composers we shall see that for every one that died before 40, at least five exceeded that age.

While we have Schubert stricken down at 31 through under nourishment and over-work, we have Verdi living to be 87 and now Saint-Saens to 86.

Dysentery claimed Bellini at 33, while Mozart succumbed to typhus at 35. Bizet and Purcell both died at 37. After losing father, mother and favorite sister, Mendelssohn at 38 fell into a fatal decline. Chopin at 39, Weber at 40, and Herold at 42 were claimed by consumption. Schumann died in an asylum at 46 and Donizetti from paralysis at 51. Wallace from a general decline, brought about by loss of fortune and eyesight, died at the same age. Glinka at 53 died of heart failure.

Lully's death was indeed strange. He had been conducting a "Te Deum" to celebrate the king's return to health when the baton caught his foot and caused an abscess which developed into fatal blood-poisoning. Tallis, the old English composer, who preceded Lully by a century, lived to 56, while Paganini died at the same age. It was dropsy, brought on by inflammation of the lungs, which claimed the great Beethoven when 57, while Sir Arthur Sullivan only exceeded him by a year. Raff, the composer of the famous "Cavatina," lived to just three score years. Balfe, of "Bohemian Girl" fame, was 62, and Johannes Brahms and Edward Grieg were 64 when they died. Anton Rubinstein and J. Sebastian Bach, 65; Hector Berlioz, Scarlatti and Czerny were each 66, while Dr. Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia," was 68; Meyerbeer, Charles Dibdin, and Sir Henry Bishop, composer of "Home, Sweet Home," lived till they were 69 years of age.

The next twenty odd names are those of celebrated composers who have reached and exceeded the allotted span of "three score years and ten." The list, considering the eminence of these geniuses, makes interesting reading.

Wagner died at 70; Flotow at 71; Massenet, Gluck at 73; Handel at 74; Gounod, Liszt and Spohr at 75; Rossini, 76; Haydn and Franz at 77; Palestrina at 80; Rameau and Sir Julius Benedict at 81; Cherubini, 82; Ambrose Thomas and Byrd each at 85; and, as we have said before, Verdi at 87.

It would seem from this analytical list that music is more or less conducive to longevity and that the more we steep ourselves in sweet sounds the better are our chances of hanging on to this mortal soil.

A New Two Keyboard Piano

A piano with two keyboards, the manuals somewhat resembling those of a pipe organ, except that they are not so widely separated as in the organ, has been invented by Emmanuel Moor, a Swiss. The instrument has one set of strings only. one set of hammers, and the two manuals as mentioned. To facilitate the passing of the fingers from one keyboard to the other, the back end of each white note on the bottom manual is raised to the level of the sharp notes. The upper manual is everywhere an octave higher in pitch than the lower one, and it is claimed that the player, by passing rapidly from one manual to the other, can execute the most difficult arpeggio without moving the hand laterally. The octave coupler is operated by means of a centre pedal. Since two notes are being struck by one finger while the coupler is in operation, there is, of course, an increase in the weight of touch; but as one finger is really doing the work of two, there is no extra labor involved. A further characteristic of the instrument is the harpsichord effect, which the inventor has produced by bringing a row of metal strips into contact with the wires, the ordinary hammers being used for striking the strings as usual. It is pointed out by the inventor that the use of his instrument will result in a great simplification of technic, eliminating huge skips and different extensions of the fingers, while at the same time securing an orchestral sonority of tone hitherto impossible with one pair of hands.

That the invention will prove an important factor in the musical life of the people is believed to be certain, it having received the endorsement of many celebrated musicians and heads of musical organizations and institutions.

Music

I am born of the joy from an old refrain.
Where the thrushes sang near the wandering stream—
Their rapturous chantry dwells near me again—
While evening sleeps in the moonlight agleam.

I am born of the breath from the soul of things—
Apart from the wind and its rude, restless ways—
I am tenderly borne on uncounted strings—
As an old wonder-song from remembered days.

I am born of the strange and wonderful sea—
'Neath the measureless clouds, so frail and so still.
I heard my own voice in a song, brokenly—
A challenge to night-bird, the river and rill.

I am born of a thought in the beauty of rhyme—
In sweet, sustained notes in a soul's melody,
That wandered afar in some forgotten time,
Nor halting nor fearing to dwell close to me.

—Charlotte Carson-Talcottein
Toronto Mail and Empire.

No Sentiment for Jack

Not everyone is imbued with sentiment, as this story teaches : Mr. Fred Jane, the writer on naval subjects, used to tell of an old gentleman, an enthusiastic member of the Navy League, who visited Portsmouth and looked at Nelson's Victory lying in the harbor. A bluejacket passed. The old gentleman seized him and pointed to the Victory.

"D'you know what that ship means, my man ?" he exclaimed.

"Rather," replied the bluejacket. "It's the old tub they hold courts-martial in !"

In the Interests of Science

"Ah !" said the old professor to a friend who had called at the laboratory. "I was hoping you'd come in. I want your help."

"Certainly," was the reply. "I shall be glad to give it. What can I do ?"

"This is what's bothering me," continued the old man as he produced a sheet of paper covered with a quantity of white powder. "My tongue has become so vitiated through continually tasting things that I can't trust it any longer. Just put a little of this on your tongue and tell me what it tastes like."

The friend complied, while the professor gazed intently at him.

"Do you notice any effects ?" he asked.

"No."

"Does it bite the tongue ?"

"No."

"Is it unpleasant ?"

"No," said the other, "but rather bitter."

"I thought so," was the reply.

"But just what is it ?" asked the friend.

"I don't quite know," said the old man kindly. "That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one round here has been poisoning horses with it !"

The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

The Young Man and His Language

THOUSANDS of men are classed below their natural level because they use bad grammar," says a business writer, and one of greater reputation says that language is the privilege that we use the most and appreciate the least. Many men of course, get along very well in life without paying much attention to the quality of their speech, but there are many others who place themselves under a handicap by not using more care in their selection of words.

So many splendid books and articles are published on the subject of better speaking and writing, and so many schools and institutions offer helpful courses in English, that there is little excuse for such numbers remaining ignorant of the qualities of what is said to be the most rapidly spreading language in the world.

Two business men were reported as discussing the promotion of a member of the staff. Two young men were in line for the position, but of one of them the senior partner said: "We cannot promote him. He always says 'I seen.'" The duties of the position involved the meeting of customers, and the firm could not afford to place in the position a man who by slovenly speech gave a wrong impression of the status of the institution.

It is with these thoughts in mind that our page this month is devoted to paragraphs concerning better quality in the use of English.

How Many Words?

HOW many words do you actually know? Alfred West, a well known grammarian, says that some people give 100,000 as the number of words in the English language, others 200,000, and others 400,000. We should find it a troublesome business, he adds, to make a sentence ten words long without using a single native English word, for the English words are the mortar, so to speak, by which the sentence is bound together. Take these words away and the sentence tumbles to pieces.

By far the greater number of words in the dictionary are words which we never use at all,—words which we should never meet with, unless we chanced to see them when we were looking in the dictionary. Suppose we accept the lowest of the three totals mentioned above, and say that there are 100,000 words now current in our language; we might then roughly distribute them thus without any great error in the proportion:

Words of Latin origin, 60,000.
Words of English origin, 30,000.
Words of Greek origin, and other sources, 10,000.

But how many of these words, asks Mr. West, are in ordinary use? To this question it is impossible to give a definite answer. Shakespeare employed twice as many words to express his thoughts as anybody else, and he said all that he had to say with about 15,000 words. Milton needed only half that number.

An educated man of today has a vocabulary of some five or six thousand words. Two thousand suffice for an average mechanic; one thousand for a schoolboy; half that number for an illiterate laborer.

We give these numbers by conjecture, but probably they are not very wide of the mark. At any rate, we may safely say this, that for every word which the best educated man makes use of, there are at least ten, perhaps twenty, in the dictionary, which he never uses at all.

Dictionary Words

QUOTING still from Mr. West, the question may be asked: "What are all the dictionary words for if we never use them?" Vast numbers of them are words of what we call a technical character; they belong to the different arts and crafts and sciences, and are used by the men who follow those arts and crafts and sciences, and by nobody else. Thus the doctor employs hundreds of technical words not used by the rest of us; then there are the words peculiar to botany and chemistry; the words of mining, of building, of seamanship, and so on.

The words which denote the things nearest and dearest to us, the things which we have known from our childhood, are of English origin. Father and mother, house and home, rain, wind, day, night, sun, moon,—these are English words.

The poet, Wordsworth, describing an old man's feeling about his daughter's death, uses English words as best suited to his purpose:

"And yet I loved her more—
For so it seemed,—than till that day
I e'er had loved before."

If, instead of these simple and appealing English words, we use words of Latin origin, the effect is something like this:

"It appeared to me that I entertained an intenser affection for her than I had previously experienced."

The young man will infer from this that well-chosen words of English origin will stand him in good stead in the ordinary affairs of life.

The Common Ground

A WORKER must not know only the words that belong to his work and to related lines. In addition, says J. B. Opdycke, he must have an extensive general vocabulary, so that he can talk on current subjects in casual conversation, as well as make his own special interests understood by the average person. His special vocabularies are for use in his office with his co-workers and with those engaged in the same or related pursuits. His general vocabulary is for use on that common ground where "all meet all in greetings of the day."

"Sorry, sir," said a salesman to a scientist who had come to buy, "but we're just closed out in that stock."

"Do you mean," asked the scientist, "that the species is extinct?"

"Yes," interrupted the scientist's wife, "he means that you cannot get it here any more."

The salesman had used a word group peculiar to retail trading; the scientist had interpreted him in a word group peculiar to science; the wife, making use of general words, had brought the two to an understanding.

The Right Word

"'Twixt the word that is short and the word that is long,
There's a vital decision to make;
'Twixt the word that is weak and the word that is strong,
There's a hazardous venture to take;
'Twixt the word that is right and the word that is wrong,
There's a tragical issue at stake." —Opdycke.

"I do not mean to say that the mere fact that a word is short makes it clear, but it is true that most clear words are short, that most long words we get from other tongues, and the mass of men do not know exactly what they mean, and I am not sure that scholars always get the same ideas from them."
—Seymour.

"The right use of words should be a matter of life long study. No man can ever learn all there is to know about the magnificent instrument of expression called the English language, but any student can in time acquire a pure and beautiful diction."—Schumann.

"And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter."—Ruskin.

"For one word a man is often deemed wise, and for one word he is often deemed foolish."—Confucius.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."
—New Testament.

Changes in Meaning

IT IS sad but, nevertheless, true, writes Webster, that words in the course of time often degenerate. Silly once meant innocent; villain meant serf; wanton, playful. When Gertrude called her son, Hamlet, a wretch, she used the word as a term of endearment. Idiot is derived from a Greek word which originally meant a private person. The Romans, borrowing the word, added the idea of one set apart because of some peculiarity. And, later, it has come to acquire the still further meaning of one whose peculiarity is a weak mind, a total lack of will power.

Dr. Trench has compared words embracing poetry, history, biography, to fossils, because they help us to understand the total experience of the human race from its earliest times to the living present.

"Many a single word," he says, "is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it."

Handbook of Writing

FOR those who are sufficiently interested in improving the quality of their English by the study of a good book, "The Handbook of Writing," published quite recently by The Century Company of New York, will prove very helpful. It is an attractively bound, pocket size manual, packed with valuable suggestions for the man who may have neglected his English, or perhaps had little opportunity for study.

Among the many interesting and helpful subjects listed may be mentioned Business letters, Clearness, Punctuation, Formal invitations, Paragraphs, Overlapping thought, Parts of speech, Prepositions, Pronunciation, Words misused.

The following paragraph from the introduction is an example of the plain and helpful way in which the book is written:

Suppose you write, "He is twenty one years old." You are told to put a hyphen in twenty-one, but you cannot see why a hyphen is necessary, since the meaning is clear without it. But to-morrow you may write, "I will send you twenty five dollar bills." The reader cannot tell whether you mean twenty five-dollar bills, or twenty-five dollar bills. In the first sentence, the use of the hyphen did not make much difference. In the seconds entence, the hyphen makes seventy-five dollars' worth of difference. Thus, the instructor, in asking you to write, "He is twenty-one years old," is helping you to form a habit that will save you from a serious error in other sentences.

Clearness

AS A rule, remark the authors of another work, the Handbook of Business English, words of Anglo-Saxon origin are safer than foreign derivatives. Most readers are not classical scholars, and unless a word is familiar it is likely to be misunderstood by any one who cannot trace its derivation. Thus, headstrong is preferable to contumacious; frankness to ingenuousness; handwriting to chirography; and so on.

Not clear: This soap is composed entirely of natural saponaceous ingredients of the highest emollient and detergent properties.

Clear: This soap is made of pure materials of the highest softening and cleansing properties.

Vocabulary Problems

For those who wish to work a few elementary problems in English, the following are submitted from a recent work:

1. Give as many synonyms (words of similar meaning) as you can for these words: Pleasant, abbreviate, exigency, knowledge, origin.

2. Give shorter words for the following: Conflagration, physician, commenced, concourse, discourse, opportune, relinquish, signification, surrender, tranquility.

3. Write sentences to illustrate the uses of these words: Distinct, literary, adapted, securities, auxiliary, approximately, intangible, dubious, co-operate, amiable.

4. Submit a list of ten authors whose books might be recommended as valuable to one who wishes to increase and improve his vocabulary.

5. Write correctly the following: Accidently, alright, goverment, atheletics, hisself, casuality, voilet, extrordinary, misrable, mischevious.

6. Write the adjectives corresponding to the nouns, and the nouns corresponding to the adjectives in the following: Desperate, original, arithmetic, ridiculous, academy, business, grammatical, theoretical, vision, accidental.

7. Prepare a list of ten words that are often mispronounced.

8. Write antonyms (word of opposite meaning) for these words: Considered, strongest, superior, dim, ancient, continually, quickly, difficulty, tumult, natural.

9. Prepare a list of ten words that are often misspelled.

10. List the following words, and state to what business or field each belongs: Ammeter, depo it, bill of lading, ignition, trial balance girder elegy, shift key, surrogate, cashmere.

Advice to Writers

Some time ago, the New York Sun addressed to writers advice to this effect:

To arouse interest one can spend many profitable hours in studying just how successful generals as Johnson, Burke, Addison, Swift, Pope, Macaulay, Webster, Roosevelt, marshal their verbal battalions.

Each has a strategy of his own; each wins you by something individually his own.

Johnson's words rumble along heavily and sound like the boom of a 42-centimeter gun. Burke's word soldiers are excellent swordsmen. Their blades are so sharp that they can cut down every enemy. Addison's army is polite and peaceful, excellent for dress parade, but not meant for battle. Swift's words are bombs, poisoned gas, liquid fire, and are hurled with accurate aim. Pope's words are daggers, they cut deep and sting hard. Macaulay is a cavalry leader. His word army rushes along on horseback and sweeps everything before it. Webster's words are volcanic, they consume the opposing forces. Roosevelt's words are dynamic, they hit every time and when the bombardment is over, the enemy is no more.

Good English an Asset

Pace and Pace in "Good English as a Business Asset," tell the story of a cashier in a small western bank who had studied banking and also Business English at night. He wrote an article on "Bank Acceptances" which was widely distributed. A copy of it came to the notice of the president of a large eastern bank. This prominent banker, himself a master of clear, succinct English, wrote a letter to the obscure cashier, complimenting him not only upon his subject matter, but also upon his simple, logical and happy manner of expression.

Today, that cashier is one of the vice-presidents of the eastern bank. In whatever field one may work, if he has acquired an uncommon verbal skill, he goes through life a marked man.

THE PICCIOLA

Continued from Page 12

ask that you display this little sign on the front of your building."

Here he produced one of the cards and held it up. It bore the inscription, "THIS INSTITUTION IS OPERATING BY PERMISSION OF THE STRIKE COMMITTEE."

Dr. Jim looked at it and his mouth fell open. His face got red right down to his collar. He turned abruptly away. Quite as an afterthought he looked back long enough to say,

"I'll see you in Hell first."

Then he swung round on his heel. As he did so he came face to face with Ruth. She looked up with a wan sweet smile and murmured something.

"Dominic," said the Doctor with quiet sternness, "It is possible that with care your child will live."

The men's faces whitened and their caps came off as if by magic. They turned, and with Dominic at their head, they tiptoed clumsily out.

Ruth and Dr. Jim looked at each other. Then they smiled.—Smiles that held a word of understanding. Then he reached out and gathered her to him.

"But I'm not the sort of girl you admire," she faltered, "I'll never make a Surgical Nurse."

"No! Thank Heaven for that!" said the young man fervently. "You'll make the finest little wife in the world." And in the lightest of breaths in her ear he added, "And mother!"

The last of the miners came straggling by, the young ones a little sullen and the old ones mostly bent.

"That is why as yet we have no strike in Ajax, but one wonders how long it will last," mused Dr. Cartwright.

"Come Jim, dear," his wife spoke huskily, "We must be moving on, the children will get cold."

Love's Blessings.

Thanks be for Love's bestowals !
Blessings which seemed not great,
But great became, as time revealed them :
Work worth the doing and the doing well ;
Life's conflicts, calling for the true and strong ;
Goals worth the effort and the stress of gaining ;
And victories worth the winning and the fight ;
For grace of God, vouchsafed that I
Might, live, and love, and serve,
Thanks be !

Thanks be for Love's withholdings !
Of things desired, which time's unfolding
Hath proven of the smallest worth :
Wealth, which if gained, would but impoverish ;
Power, with its very might o'erpowering ;
Fame, sought as children seek for baubles,
Which if gained would just as useless prove ;
For things that ignorantly I sought,
Which God in gracious love denied,
Thanks be !

Thanks be for Love's revealings !
For vision clarified to see
The deeper meaning of God's ways and Plans ;
For heart attuned more perfectly to hear
The wondrous sweetness of life's melodies ;
For wisdom to adjudge more nearly right
The value of the things God places first ;
For faith to trust, when clouds obscure the sight,
And will to gladly leave all things to Him,
Thanks be !

FRED SCOTT SHEPARD

Spring Hoedown

Oh Mirandy !
De birds am singin', hear 'em, Mandy ?
Oh Mirandy !
Oh smell de hot co'n pones ;
Oh Mirandy !
De skies am blue an' sunny, honey,
Oh Mirandy !
De clickin' ob dem bones !
Oh Mirandy !
De sweet pertatas dipt in 'lasses !
Oh Mirandy !
De la'geness ob yo' lips ;
Oh Mirandy !
(Der big ez any rudder, brudder).
Oh Mirandy !
(Dat steers ol' massa's ships.)
Oh Mirandy !
De watah-milion by de million !
Oh Mirandy !
Yo' eyes am pow'ful bright,
Oh Mirandy !
De pickaninnies in dere pinnies :
Oh Mirandy !
Ol' Spring done come all right
Oh Mirandy !
Ah lubs yo' mos' lak candy, Mandy
Oh Mirandy !
Yo' sweet ez sugah co'n.
Oh Mirandy !
Yo' haiah am krinkly—landy, Mandy !
Oh Mirandy !
Ah's glad we-all got bo'n !

CLARA HOPPER.

A Word to the Wise

A lawyer of San Francisco tells of a man who had been duly convicted of theft. When the court, before passing sentence, inquired into his "previous convictions," it appeared that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.

"Why didn't you say so ?" angrily demanded the judge of the prisoner.

"Your Honor," said the man, "I was afraid it might prejudice the jury against me."

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MAKE YOUR TRIP BACK EAST BY BOAT.

Going East? Break the long train journey by travelling via the Northern Navigation Water Way from Duluth or Port Arthur to Sarnia. You'll enjoy the luxurious comfort of these magnificent Great Lakes Liners; the freedom—all the ship to wander over; the glorious promenades in the warm sunshine; the dances, concerts, all the daily life on shipboard.

THE WATER WAY TO TORONTO AND POINTS EAST

The fare by lake and rail from Winnipeg to Toronto, is exactly the same as by all-rail. The cost of meals and berth on steamer, is however, particularly low—just $10.00 one way. Lake and rail passengers have option of sailing from Duluth or Port Arthur.

S. S. Hamonic, S. S. Huronic, S. S. Noronic, leave Duluth Fridays, Sundays, and Tuesdays at 4.30 p.m. (C.T.) Leave Port Arthur Saturdays, Mondays and Wednesdays at 1 p.m. (E.T.) for Soo, Sarnia and Detroit. Easy connections at Terminals.

Any Railway ticket agent will sell you a ticket to any point in Eastern Canada or United States, including the Northern Navigation Water Link, or apply to

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WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY

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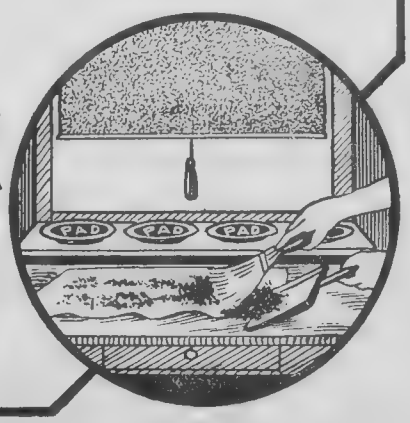
This is it—*Darken the room as much as possible, close the windows, raise one of the blinds where the sun shines in, about eight inches, place as many Wilson's Fly Pads as possible on plates (properly wetted with water but not flooded) on the window ledge where the light is strong, leave the room closed for two or three hours, then sweep up the flies and burn them. See illustration below.*

Put the plates away out of the reach of children until required in another room.

The right way to use Wilson's Fly Pads



The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Popular Girls

GIRLS of all types of disposition in the teen age are enjoying their vacation, and it is interesting to study them in their different ways of relaxation.

Some girls who have a way of sliding through school without effort, continue in the same indefinite, undisciplined, happy-go-lucky manner in their vacation. And there are times when they seem most popular, especially at the dance hall. When a girl's prime accomplishment, however, is dance hall popularity, she need not feel so elated, because that is the prime accomplishment of the most common girl of the street. Training that goes all to the feet and leaves the head empty does not give a girl or woman much of future happiness.

A girl who thinks and speaks of her popularity belongs to the surface type of character. She is at the mercy of other people's moods and whims—one day she is happy, the next day in the dumps. And I urge the girl who may not be so popular at the dance hall to refuse to be discouraged. In a few years she may be the popular girl because she may develop through courageous discipline of mind and body a personality of magnetism and strength that will create lasting popularity. I have seen this work out so many times.

I remember vividly my own girlhood, and this is the reason I feel like encouraging the girl who is not understood. She is just passing out of childhood into girlhood and has big desires and longings, because she is witnessing the birth of an individual soul, and her experiences are so new that they overwhelm her. A question mark is after everything. Let me urge the girl to cultivate a sense of humor and laugh—the girl with the smile is a winner. I do not like to see the misunderstood girl become moody. I do not like to see her obey a weak leader in order to be popular. Two little words will help her over every difficulty—Be Strong.

Be sure in this experience to get a deep sense of reverence for the soul within and form personal tastes that will not shame you later. Develop a fine strong body to contain that spirit within. Physical strength is a good safety valve that will keep one from going to pieces when great tests come—for they come to everyone. If they do not one is weak indeed. Physical strength is the best weapon possible against "the blues." A girl who refuses to study her lessons, who smokes cigarettes and engages in too much social life cannot hope to have physical strength. Then girls imagine so many things. The best cure for loneliness is sympathy for others. Do not imagine that nobody loves you. Every one will love you if you come out of your shell and think of others. That one word "others" is a good word to use while erasing moody reflections from our minds. Every one at times lives an inner life of solitude and wanders in a solitary way—and it is not easy to lift one's self out of this utter loneliness—but the best people in history have come out of these moods stronger and finer.

I really do not believe that the happiest days of a girl's life are the days of her early teens. I think they are the hardest. Perhaps we emphasize this too much when we say to a girl "These are the happiest days of your life." All women have been girls and have had these same experiences of loneliness and misunderstanding, and have forgotten them. This brings me to the point of emphasis I want the young girl to know. Do not think too seriously if you feel you are not popular, or do not bother your mind over slights from girls or boys—five years from now you may be the most popular girl of your crowd. Of one thing I am sure—the girl who talks of her own popularity will soon lose her place. She is not of the type who is strong enough to retain it.

There is a mystery in human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To every one of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
"There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel";
Such is the cry of each of us in turn.
We wonder in a "solitary way,"
No matter what or where our lot may be;
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.

The Girl Chum

A GIRL will be happier if she goes with several girls. Boys go in gangs. So should girls. It makes them broader minded. If a girl confines herself to one chum she becomes narrow and moody. Any woman is narrow who gives her time all to one woman. There is not enough scope for development in such narrow association. Men are more generous-minded and charitable because they do not so narrow their companionship. As boys go in gangs so do men.

The Girl Guides and C.G.I.T. are great factors in bringing girls together in groups. I like the group idea and would urge every girl to join a group. Then I would urge girls to keep their secrets. Girls get too chummy and tell their secrets, and then the other girl betrays them and many bitter regrets follow. This telling of confidences is a common failing among women. Purity, dignity and spirituality is the trinity of a girl's power.

Easy Going People

SOME people pat themselves on their backs and say they are easy going—nothing bothers them. Did it ever occur to them just what this means? They live in an atmosphere of perpetual confusion—of indefinite aims. They shift their responsibilities on to other people and are even cruel in their lack of gratitude. Sometimes they mistake their indifferent disposition for contentment. There is a contrast between indifference and contentment. One who continually chases amusement—one who is not at ease unless she is being entertained is not contented. A contented person is one who has developed in herself the power of resourcefulness so she is happy in any clean environment.

The English bride who comes to Canada and sees in a bare homestead the possibility of a garden of beauty, cultivates a contented disposition when she plans and works out on a prairie homestead a miniature picture of the old country garden. A letter from one of these brides who did this very thing convinced me of the splendid contribution these women are bringing to Canada. What would the easy-going wife, whose girlhood was spent in chasing" a good time," do on a homestead in an unsettled community? This bride spent her spare time winter and summer working out her idea of the old country garden, until that particular homestead is the most attractive place in the community. The girl who does not work and play with definite aim, but continually drifts wherever a "good time" leads, will not be contented in later life for she will not experience the joy of definite accomplishment.

THE CAMERA'S EYE

Continued from page 22

showing above their heads and beside them. They were knee deep amongst other flowers.

JIM did the trick and the picture was taken. As this was the last film in a roll, and he had many more beside, that had not yet been developed, Dawson resolved that after a good plunge in the St. Lawrence he would come back and do some developing and printing.

When the one of the girls in the garden was done, he was surprised at the picture evoked. The flowers and bushes were distinct and beautiful, the light and shade were perfect, but the two boarders looked like lay figures; the face of Miss Lane had a hard, calculating, unbeautiful look, that of Miss Brown a shallow un-meaning stare. But a shaft of tenderest light had struck Nellie Moore, making the face wistful and sweet, the figure appealing. The flowers around her were in a radiance like moonlight, and Nellie looked at one with them, a flower among her flowers.

Jim was mystified, and he dreaded showing the picture to the girls, for they would surely blame him for clumsy photography. As he studied it the face of Nellie in the picture enthralled him, but on seeing her again in the flesh, he certainly could discern nothing of the magic that his camera's eye had seen.

"Nellie came out nicely in the group," said Miss Lane laughing, "but how wooden we look; but it's not your fault, Mr. Dawson, we are wooden, aren't we Gladys?" They looked anything but that, Jim thought, so smiling and animated in their dainty dresses.

The family boat was overhauled and the three boarders took afternoon and evening rides, Nellie rarely going as she had so much work to do.

But they resolved to make a day of it on Sunday when she was free to go, so an ample lunch was packed, and the four started shortly after breakfast in the democrat for the river. Books, magazines and the camera were also included.

At noon Dawson built a fire near the river, and over it they made tea and boiled eggs. Besides this were fresh fruit, pickles, sandwiches cake and pie. Things were cleared away and the long delightful summer's afternoon was before them. Nellie in holiday mood and with pretty summer clothes looked a more natural subject for a pretty picture.

Jim photographed the three girls sitting in the boat out in the river. Then again after they had gathered great bunches of white daisies and were grouped prettily on the grass, the flowers in their hands. Then standingly airily on a great rock by the river, the boat also in the picture.

Other pictures were snapped also around the farm at various times.

On all these being developed the same phenomenon was observed as in the first. Without Nellie they would have been very good photographs of the other girls, but in each, some trick of light or sometimes shade, made of her's something more than a photograph—a picture, an idealized figure.

No one said it in that many words, but each one felt it on looking at the prints, and even Nellie looked closely and incredulously at them, but made nothing but commonplace remarks.

It was the evening of the day before Dawson's holidays were over. He was to leave in the morning. The rest were to remain some time longer. It had poured rain from dawn and was still raining. A fire felt good, so raw and damp was the air, and the young people all sat in the glow of a fire of logs in the fire-place of the "parlor." Nellie had offered to light a lamp but the rest said "No, it was cosier this way."

The three girls gazed into the fire from an old-fashioned settee, and Dawson sat to one side of the fire in the shadow on an ottoman of ancient style.

"Well, this is your last day Mr. Dawson," said Miss Lane, "we'll all miss you."

"Yes, tomorrow I go—I'm sorry and yet I'm glad too. I've been worried you know. There were leakages of money in the bank right along that have never been accounted for—not large, you know—but we all need to keep tab on things. Until it's cleared up every one is more or less under suspicion. I suspect some of the staff and, who knows, probably some of them suspect me! I'm anxious to get back and see it straightened out one way or another. I want to hear how things were in my absence—the suspense is awful."

DAWSON happened to glance at the girls. Startled by what he had said they were all turned in his direction. Miss Lane's countenance had a hard cold suspicious inquiring look, Miss Brown's a curious unmeaning animal stare, but Nellie's expression was a tender, sympathetic reassuring one. In the fire-glow it was angelic. Leaning forward she said "Don't worry, Mr. Dawson, it'll all be cleared up and the guilty one found. We all know that you are not the one at fault, no matter who is."

At last, at last Jim Dawson saw Nellie with the camera's eye. He saw her as the sunlight on the old farm saw her, and as did the flowers in her garden.

Jim gulped out a "Thanks, for your confidence," but he resolved that this should not be the last of his acquaintance with Nellie Moore if he had his way.

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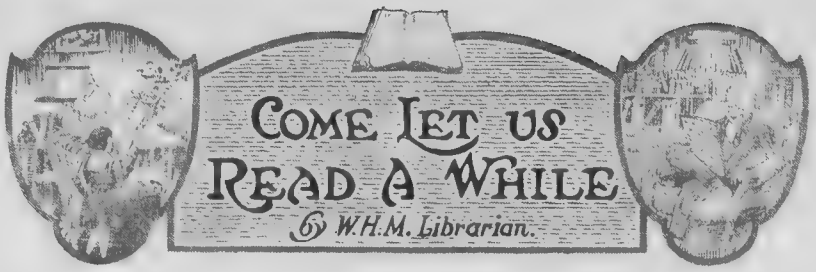

THE past month has been particularly rich in interesting novels. Names of well-known authors appear on the Summer Lists of notable fiction—Margaret Deland, H. G. Wells, and Ellen Glasgow, to mention but three. Let us discuss some of these books in greater detail.

"The Vehement Flame"

"CRABBED Age and Youth cannot live together," said Shakespeare, the king of all poets. And whenever we read the little madrigal in which this line occurs, we are almost sure to picture a lovely young girl mated to a sour old man. I know I have never read that madrigal with the thought in my mind that the Crabbed Age might be a woman, and Youth, a charming lad! It was something of a shock "therefore" to discover that Margaret Deland in a new novel just published in Toronto by Hodder and Stoughton, has created just such an unusual situation. A woman married to a boy twenty years her junior! Not that Eleanor is at all "crabbed." At thirty-nine, she is a very lovely woman to look upon and a joy to listen to when she sings. At the beginning of this remarkable novel, with its suggestive title, "The Vehement Flame," we discover that Eleanor has just married Maurice, a lad of nineteen. He is passionately attached to Eleanor, partly because of her physical attractiveness, partly because of her exquisite singing gift and partly because his youthful chivalry has been aroused by Eleanor's colorless life with a sharp-tongued, unsympathetic old aunt.

Of course all who know the couple prophesy disaster. How could such a marriage, they exclaim, be happy. Their prophesies are not false. Fearful tragedy is born of this marriage and several lives are broken as the wheel of relentless fate goes round.

It is impossible to read this interesting and beautifully written story without wanting to discuss the possibilities of such a marriage as Eleanor's with a youth of the age of Maurice. Would it be humanly possibly for so young a man to remain in love with a woman old enough, easily old enough, to be his mother? It is quite easy to see that while Maurice might remain just a boy at heart for a long while, each year would bring Eleanor perilously near to "crabbed age." And crabbed age and youth cannot live together. Yet, as Mrs. Deland said in a recent interview accorded to Miss Anne Wilson of Toronto, one of the happiest marriages this brilliant author has ever known was one in which there was just such a big discrepancy in the ages of husband and wife. Mrs. Deland "however" admitted that this friend of hers was a very clever, vivacious woman whose mind was as young as her husband's, even though physically she was his senior by twenty years. But the Eleanor of our story is not at all clever. In fact, we must confess that she is stupid, as dull as ditch water! According to her lights, she is devoted to her young husband, Maurice. She loves him with an absorbing passion that makes her ridiculous, and Maurice miserable. Eleanor's idea of loving is to claim an entire monoply of her husband's time, thoughts and action. Her idea of bliss is to be on a desert island with him and not another soul within reach. Rather dull, for a youth of nineteen!

The title of this vigorous novel indicates Mrs. Deland's trend of thought when developing her plot. The vehement flame—"love is as strong as death but jealousy is as irresistible as Sheol." There we have it! The keynote to the story. The vehement flame, the irresistible force that drags human nature down to the Sheol of degradation, jealousy! Margaret Deland's purpose in depicting the married life of Eleanor and Maurice, was to show the evil results of unbridled jealousy. But I am not quite sure that even now, after reading "The Vehement Flame" twice in parts, that I quite agree with Margaret Deland. True, Eleanor was a jealous beast. But was that the very hoot of the trouble? It seems to me that had Eleanor possessed one spark of humour, just a glimmer, she would have appreciated the absurdity of the situation created by her marriage to so young a man. Had her sense of humour allowed her to see the funny side of her marriage, she might have retained her husband's love. But Eleanor was entirely lacking in a sense of humour. She hadn't a glimmer. Therefore she acted like a fool.

"The Secret Places of the Heart"

ANOTHER attractive title! This time chosen by the amazing H. G. Wells for his latest novel. (Published by The Canadian House of Macmillan in Toronto.) This is quite an unusual and fascinating story. Mr. Wells has created in Sir Richmond Hardy, an out-of-the-way character, and given him many admirable qualities of mind and heart. But, like all human, beings Sir Richmond has his weaknesses. He has, beside a wife, many love affairs. Now you musn't run away with the idea that Sir Richmond is an out and out rotter, a deep dyed villain such as struts across the movie film! Mr. Wells does not want us to get this idea of his hero. He wants us to believe that Sir Richmond is a man of boundless energy, fine mentality, high ideals, and actuated in his daily work by motives of the finest calibre. But he seems unable to control his inflammable heart! He is always falling in love—and resenting it! In order to try to cure himself he visits one of these new cranks of whom we have heard much lately. One of those doctors who call themselves psycho-analysts, and profess to cure, not by physic or by surgery, but by a spiritual probing. This doctor endeavors to plumb the secret places of Sir Richmond's heart, thereby showing him why Dan Cupid gets him every time. The implication is that once Sir Richmond can see himself as others see him, he will have no difficulty in curing himself. Just what success the doctor meets with must be left for Wells to disclose to you. I'll tell you this, the ending in some ways is most amusing, in others more poignant than words can indicate. "The Secret Places of the Heart" is a refreshing story because it is so different from anything else I have read City

"One Man In His Time"

AND a third attractive title! "One Man In His Time" is by the noted and popular Ellen Glasgow (Toronto, S. B. Gundy). It is a swift and cleverly told story of a certain Gideon Vetch who leaves the circus ring where he once performed and becomes a prominent figure in the political arena, finally being nominated Governor of the South. There is a faction bitterly opposed to Gideon Vetch, for they, the aristocrats, feel outraged at the thought of being subjected to the political regime of a circus performer. Ellen Glasgow unfolds a rare romance, and in so doing she makes her readers feel that Gideon Vetch was a great character, a man to respect, an idealist, and an intrepid fighter. There is of course a love story, more than one in fact, winding its way throughout this colorful description and interpretation of the chaotic social and political conditions in the reconstructed South. In speaking of this, her latest novel, with its optimistic ending, Miss Glasgow said "Realism is not necessarily synonymous with gloom. Realism may be optimistic, just as optimism may be free from sentimentality, genuine and robust. The novelist who really interprets life never ignores any of the facts of life.

For Your Amusement

IF YOU want a reason for laughing, read "Through the Shadows" by Cyril Alington, who is head master of one of the greatest boys' schools in England, Eton. The shadows are the mists that arise from a fog of cross-purposes. If three people plan to represent other human beings

and they all get together in a house party where everybody knows everybody else, you can imagine there would be difficulty in explaining just who you were. "And things are not what they seem" is a line that aptly describes the situations that are created in this delightful bit of buffoonery. This is a story made up of assumed identities, consequent entanglements, clever talk at cross purposes, misunderstandings and blunders. It all comes as right as rain in the end of course. And then one is through the shadows. (Published by the Macmillan Co. in Toronto.)

I thought I knew all the recipes for disguises in mystery stories. There is the false moustache, the thick eye glasses, the wig, the bushy beard, and the hat pulled down well over the nose. There has even been a man who pretended to be a paralytic. But here is a new one on me. In "Two Dead Men," by Jens Anker, a set of false teeth play a prominent part in the murder mystery that grips one's attention from first to last. I very much doubt that the clever criminal, Preben Miller, would ever have been caught had he not carelessly left his false teeth in the wastepaper basket. There's a new touch in a mystery story for you.

"Souls For Sale"

RUPERT HUGHES, in "Souls for Sale," (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto,) has put up a great fight for the movie actors and actresses. Part of his story deals with the tragedy of Remember Steddon, but most of it is devoted to proving that movie actors are not as bad as they are sometimes painted. Doubtless there is much to be said for both sides of this fiery problem. Personally, it is a discussion I would prefer to find outside the covers of a novel.

NATURE STORY

The Careful Builder

He had travelled a long, long way and was tired with the journey; but now he had come to a beautiful spot where he thought that he would rest. After a time he thought how pleasant it would be to live here, so he went some distance in each direction to make sure that the country round about was as good as he had at first thought. Then he set about choosing a spot to build a home. He found it at last, the very spot he was looking for, where he had a good view in each direction, and, yet, where his home would not be too much exposed to bad storms when they should come.

However, he was a careful builder, so he did not start right away to get the material for his house, but he set to work to take measurements. He went to the spot, and stood facing the North, looking at the place he had chosen, with his head held on one side, thinking deeply. Then he crossed to the other side, and stood facing South, and looked at the spot from there. Again he crossed to the West and viewed the spot from that point, and, last of all, he crossed over and viewed it from the East.

Next, he went and stood in the middle of the spot and looked up overhead, thinking about the height of the house, and also about the protection afforded by the overhanging branches of the trees. Then he measured in each direction, to make sure that the spot would be large enough for the house that he was planning to build. Then, wishing to make sure that there was no better place to be had, he spent some little time looking over the district again, but not finding anything that pleased him so well, he came back to the old spot and went all over his measurements once more to make sure there was no mistake. At last, quite satisfied he set out and returned with some building material, and as he settled the hay and bits of string into place, and shaped them with his body, he said to himself, "Won't Mrs. Robin be pleased when she sees that I have started the nest!"

—Mabel Harbour.

(Note.—I have never seen a description of this phase of the nest building, but recently had the good fortune to watch a robin just at this very important stage of the proceedings. Nothing could exceed the care he took in measuring the site with his body, by sitting down just in the attitude of the hen bird covering her eggs; and this was done, not once, but four times, facing the points of the compass.—M. H.)

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Really—with such a riot of charming colours so prevalent this year—you feel "out of it" if you do not reflect the fashions. Yet, one cannot always get the very new colours in the stores, nor can one well afford to discard one's things before they are worn out. Here is where the wonderful Twink coloured flakes come to your rescue. Into the shining Twink lather simply put your garment or fabric and swish it to and fro a few minutes—then rinse, and presto! you *have* that wonderful new colour you want—clear, clean, beautiful and *fast*.

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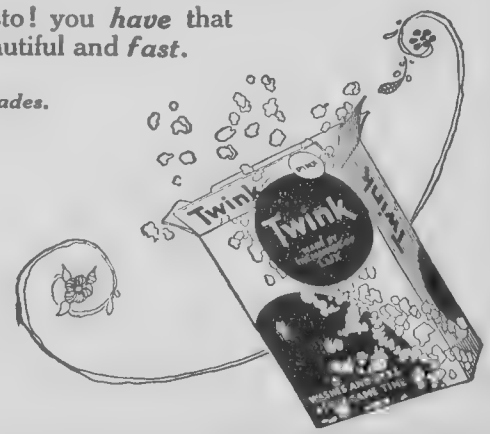

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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Capes have been for a long time popular, but at present they are universally favored. They may be long or short; full or scant; attached to the shoulders of waists or dresses, or, worn separately.

The newest idea in tailored dresses for summer is made up in cire satin, with a plaited skirt, and short jacket cut with open fronts.

Sports costumes are made of jersey fabrics in both silk and wool, and also in loose weave serge and kasha cloth.

Tweeds are seen everywhere.

The one piece dress steps forth under summer skies, with new versions, and is again endorsed by young and old as the best thing in fashions that has been evolved since the birth of the shirt waist.

Both matching cape and sleeveless jacket have helped to popularize the one piece dress.

The separate blouse too, so long supplanted by the one piece dress, is a great favorite. It is found in every conceivable material. Beaded effects are very popular in blouses. Skirts for wearing with these blouses may be plaited in box or side plaits. Some new skirt models show plait fulness at the sides only, with back and front smartly smooth and unplaited.

For outing purposes plain skirts are preferred, in gore effect or circular wrap style.

The skirt length is still short of being settled, but most dress makers leave the matter to the decision of their customers.

It is safe however to allow for ample hems, so that when all the world wears long dresses, she who has hers short may lengthen them readily.

Among recent combinations, one finds black and blue well represented.

The newest waist coats are long and may be buttoned high at the neck, sometimes meeting a neat simple collar and tie, or, they may be cut low, over a dainty vest of frilly muslin.

The very smartest dresses are self trimmed, or trimmed with contrasting material.

A crepe dress may be trimmed with narrow stitched bands of taffeta of a like color, or with narrow self ribbon, edged with a contrasting color.

The pleasing popularity of combining two materials is still in force.

It has been proven that changes in fashion come slowly, and so one need not be disturbed at extremely sleeveless dresses for day wear, or extremely high collars.

The wide flowing sleeve so well liked is a pretty model, and the half long sleeve to the elbow is fine for the pretty arm, and also softens the angles of one not so shapely.

Summer frocks are marked by simple materials and a diversity of style. Color is everywhere, especially yellow, orchid and pink.

Trimmings are principally of tucks, plaits, flounces, ribbon and embroideries.

Sleeves may be from wrist length to nothing at the shoulders, and may be wide or close as one desires.

In summer dresses, skirts are wider than they are in cloth, and for laundering purposes, the simple effects in style and trimming are to be preferred.

Linen embroidered or plain is cool and serviceable and may be finished with a sash of black velvet ribbon. On a linen frock one may have tucks, or hemstitching. Sometimes collar and cuffs of organdy will be all that is required by way of ornamentation.

A frock of deep yellow has collar, cuffs and belt of brown taffeta.

Ratine and linen combine well. The linen may be applied as bands or used for collar and cuffs.

Cotton homespun is another serviceable fabric. It comes in stripes and checks, and is also used with linen.

Cretonne has a firm hold on dress styles of today. It too may be used together with linen.

It rivals chintz which is also a popular material, and which combines well with eponge.

A pretty warm weather dressy dress may be evolved from dotted muslin, combined with organdy, using the organdy for puffs on the sleeves and for the collar, vestee and sash.

Try ruffles of net on a dress of cotton voile.

Crepe de chine, trimmed with Irish crochet lace makes a pretty frock for dance or country wear.

Plain and flowered organdy are attractively combined. The flowered material is used for the waist and a wide cross band over the centre of the skirt. Sash and cuffs as well as the skirt are of the plain organdy. All free edges are finished with self frills.

Flowered crepe de chine is pretty for a separate blouse. It may have a vestee and girdle of plain taffeta, which material may be used also for the shawl collar and facings or cuffs on the sleeves.

A blouse of blue linen is cut in panel effect over the front. The panels are piped with white linen, and decorated with embroidery in white thread.

A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl. 4060. raceful and becoming is this little model. It may be finished with shoulder closing or a closing effected at the center front. English prints, sateen, or figured voile will be attractive for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10 year size requires 3¼ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Summer Frock for Youthful Figures. 4053. The new dimities and prints are very attractive for a dress of this kind. White dimity with a figure in green and trimming of white organdy and green bias bands is here portrayed. The sleeve puffs may be omitted. The sash may be of organdy or ribbon. Net or point desprit would also be pleasing for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5⅜ yards of 32 inch material. If collars and puffs are made of contrasting material ⅞ yard of 40 inch material will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅝ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dainty Frock. 4040-4048. Here we have comfortable, peasant sleeves with raglan shoulders, and just the right curve at the neck edge. The flounced skirt is the very thing to complete the quaint effect of the waist. Dotted Swiss with bands of lace above the hem tucks, and the same trimming on the waist makes this a pretty style for country or evening wear.

The Waist Pattern 4040 is cut in 6 Sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 4048 is cut in 6 Sizes; 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches Waist measure. The width at the lower edge is about 2¼ yards. To make this dress for a medium size will require 9¼ yards of 32 inch material.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A New Version of a Popular Style. 4052. This attractive one piece frock of dotted voile is trimmed with organdy and finished with a "short and long" button hole stitch. Plait sections lend fullness, and simulate length to the lines of this model.

The width at the foot with plaits extended is a little more than two yards.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Dress for Work or Porch Wear. 3848. Neatness and utility are expressed in this model. The closing is at the centre front, the lines are good, and comfortable, and the style has pleasing features. One could have this in checked gingham, with vest, collar, belt and cuffs of white repp or pique. Other wash fabrics are equally desirable. For warmth, flannellette and gabardine are recommended.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style. 4055. Charming in its simplicity is this one piece model. As here developed gingham and linene are combined with bands of a contrasting color. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Popular Apron Style. 4068. Here is a model that with a guimpe will serve as a complete frock. It is nice in percale or dimity, as well as in cretonne, sateen or chintz.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4½ yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c silver or stamps.

A Simple Practical Model. Pattern 3687 is illustrated in the comfortable apron. It is a one piece model cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 1⅝ yard of 27 inch material.

Cretonne, crepe, crash, seersucker, percale, linen, lawn and calico are good for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Apron. 4065. Here is a style that is not only attractive but also very serviceable with its ample pockets and all protecting skirt portions. It may be of gingham with rick rack edging for a finish, or of cretonne, chintz, crepe or drill. As here shown black sateen and cretonne are combined.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes; Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-33; Extra Large,46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 32 inch material. If made as illustrated, 1⅝ yard of plain, and 2½ yards of figured material 32 inches wide will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Unique Style. 4059 The "sleeveless" mode is quite as attractive for "young folks" as for grown ups. The style here shown has a unique closing. The sleeves are joined to an underbody which may be of lining and overlaid where the fronts are open and crossed by the tabs. This style is attractive for summer with short sleeves and very comfortable with long sleeves in cool weather.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 4 yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Becoming School Frock. 4061. This is a good model for wash materials, silk and cloth. As here shown dotted percale and white linene are combined. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3⅝ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires ⅜ yard of contrasting material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good School Dress. 4057. Dotted percale and white linene are here combined. This style is nice for all wash fabrics and also for serge, tricotine, homespun, or taffeta. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material. The dress may be finished in coat style as the closing indicates.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Set of Smart Sleeves. 4044. The sleeve of a gown or blouse is its principle feature this season. The models here portrayed are suitable for cloth, silk and wash fabrics. No. 1 would be attractive in chiffon, lace or silk. No. 2 is an old friend, the leg o' mutton style, nice for serge, linen or crepe. No. 3 lends itself well to combinations of two fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. To make one pair of sleeves like No. 1 will require ⅝ yard of 32 inch material. No. 2 requires 1¼ yard. No. 3 requires 1⅜ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Gown for Slender and Mature Figures. 4038-3761. Figured and plain foulard with frills of self material or organdy would be attractive for this style. It is also nice for blue or brown moire, with pipings, in tan or lighter blue or in black satin with white for trimming.

The Blouse Pattern 4038 is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern 3761 is cut in 7 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt, at the lower edge is 2½ yards. To make this attractive dress for a medium size will require 4⅜ yards of figured, and 2 yards of plain material, 32 inches wide.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart New Dress Model. Pattern 3746 was employed to make this design. It is cut in 7 Sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 4⅜ yards of 44 inch material.

Silk duvetyn, taffeta, crepe de chine, Canton crepe, velveteen, serge and twill are good for this model. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2¼ yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New and Pleasing Dress for Breakfast or Service. Pattern 3469 was used to develop this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. It will require 7¾ yards of 27 inch material for this model in a Medium size.

Chambrey, crepe, linen, lawn, gingham, silk, washable satin and seersucker could be used for this style.

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Corsetry à la Personality

A new dawn breaks for the corseted woman—a blessed dawn because it brings to the sex the joy of being at last appropriately, comfortably and fashionably corseted.

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Custom-Fitted Daily

In the D & A Practical Front Corset a woman is virtually refitted every day—recorseted with all the precision and individuality that the most expert custom-corsetière could afford. The features which thus set apart the D & A Practical Front Corset from all the rest are basic, exclusive and inimitable because protected by patent against imitation.

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Most corsets remain in the original lacing position from the morn of purchase to the eve of service. The lacing thus bears remorselessly on the same points and the shape of the corset is soon ruined. But what a joy to lace the outer flap over the inner vest of the D & A Practical Front Corset.

It is done in a jiffy—shoewise—over flat hooks (no eyelets) especially designed to engage the lacing against slippage. The lacing "takes up" on the elastic vest beneath and draws the corset to the hairline of fit and comfort for the particular figure and occasion. A complete refitting, a recurrent rebirth of the corset's original, precise and correct beauty for every type and every individual figure.

To see a D & A Practical Front Corset is to be at once curious and impressed. To try it on is a marvel. To wear it is to be corset-satisfied to the uttermost.

The prices of the D & A Practical Front Corset are moderately placed at five dollars and upwards to twelve. At most good stores or departments where corsets are sold you may select your appropriate model.

Upon request the makers will mail you a Descriptive Style Book

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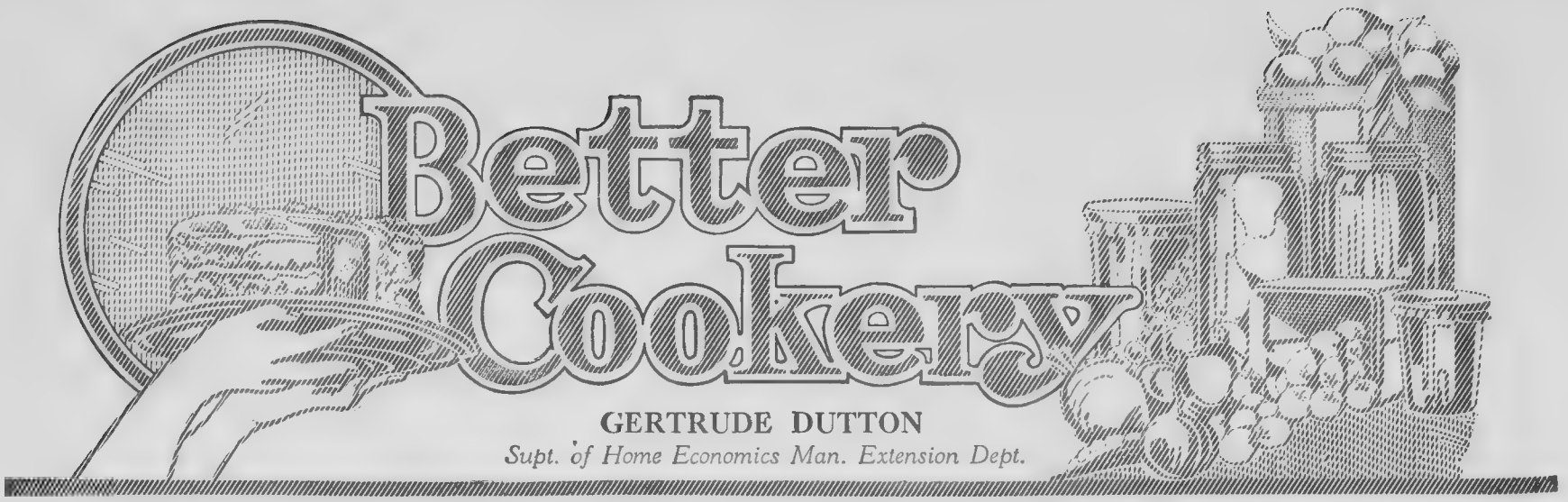

GERTRUDE DUTTON
Supt. of Home Economics Man. Extension Dept.

PICNIC TIME

MEALS taste so much better out of doors, it is a pity we do not have a great many more of them than most of us do. In this country of ours there are unlimited numbers of ideal spots for picnics. If it does not seem advisable to go away from home, a number of picnic meals should be eaten during the summer, on the veranda, or under a shady tree on the lawn, or in the garden. Besides saving dish washing and table service, this custom adds considerable pleasant variety to life and insures a greater amount of time spent in the fresh air.

The stores offer a bewildering array of vacuum bottles and baskets for keeping hot things hot and cold things cold, and fitted cases containing everything to make outdoor meals perfect, but only a very, very few of us can afford them. Anyway, hot foods cooked over the picnic fire taste ever so much better. The fewer things there are to carry home, the happier will everybody be. Paper cups, plates and napkins are light to carry, and may be destroyed after using. "Canned heat" outfits, in which solid alcohol is the fuel used, are convenient to carry, quite safe and inexpensive. But nothing can surpass the fire made of dry sticks. There is a smoky, outdoors tang which nothing else can produce. A great convenience is a wire rack which any ingenious boy—or girl either,—can make. It is very similar to one side of the old-fashioned wire toasters we use over coal or wood fires, and rests on four wire legs which are pushed into the ground. They fold up, making it easy to carry. On the rack we broil bacon or steak, set the coffee pot or any other kettle to be used. If a frying pan is necessary, select a light weight one. A long handled fork and spoon will be found convenient.

After the picnic is over, good citizens gather up all scraps of paper, boxes, etc., to be destroyed and put out the last spark of fire before going home.

Something Hot

The grown-ups will want tea or coffee, while the children prefer some fruity cold thirst quencher. Even on the very hottest days there are some hot foods which make us hungry just to think about.

Corn on the cob takes but a few minutes to cook, and only requires a long handled fork, salt, pepper and butter.

Hot bacon sandwiches are made by putting the hot bacon cooked on the wire rack or on the ends of sharp pointed sticks, between slices of bread, or in buns broken in two.

Wieners or small sausages may be used in the same way. They should first be par-boiled—this may be done at home—to insure their being thoroughly cooked.

Beef steak cannot be surpassed when cooked over the camp fire, but it requires a supply of plates, knives and forks.

Fish caught, and cooked at the picnic, are delicious.

A chowder is excellent but makes it necessary to carry bowls and soup spoons.

Eggs may be cooked in various ways. Hot scrambled egg and bacon sandwiches are generally favorites.

Sandwiches

Sandwiches have an important place in the picnic basket. They should be of a generous size, carefully wrapped, not to dry out. Waxed paper is good. Lettuce leaves help to keep them moist. Most people prefer those having a somewhat hearty filling.

Salmon is popular, if care is taken to not mix the flavor with other foods. The salmon is flaked, and seasoned, chopped sweet or sour cucumber pickle may be mixed with it, or after the salmon has been spread on the slice of buttered bread, very thin slices of the pickle may be laid on it, before the second slice of bread is put on the first.

Cold meats sliced and seasoned put between slices of buttered bread may be made of chicken, veal, pork, ham or beef.

Any chopped meat seasoned and mixed to a paste with salad dressing, make delicious fillings.

Egg salad sandwiches have a lettuce leaf placed on a slice of buttered bread, slices of hard boiled egg, salad dressing, another lettuce leaf and a second slice of buttered bread. Trim off any lettuce extending beyond the edges of the bread. Or the hard boiled egg may be chopped and mixed with the salad dressing, a few chopped olives added before spreading on the lettuce leaf.

Chopped celery, nuts, grated cheese and chopped olives make a good filling.

Cheese may be used in various combinations—with egg—with pimento, with walnuts or peanuts chopped—or alone.

Lettuce and salad dressing between buttered slices of either white or brown bread is refreshing.

Do not forget to take some deviled eggs. Boil the required number of eggs till hard. With a silver knife cut in two lengthwise, remove the yolks—to the yolks add a little vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper, mash to a smooth paste,—a little grated cheese or chopped ham may be added if desired. Fill the white with the seasoned yolks—put together again, and wrap each egg in waxed paper.

Salads

Many salads can be carried in card board cartons, and served on paper plates.

Salmon Salad 1. Remove the bones from canned salmon—mix with four chopped hard boiled eggs, and add cooked dressing. Salmon Salad 2. Mix together equal quantities of canned salmon, finely shredded celery, or cabbage, and moisten with cooked dressing.

Tuna Salad may be made in the same way as Salmon Salad No. 2.

Chicken Salad—Cut in small pieces the meat from a chicken which has been cooked till tender, and cooled. Add two thirds the quantity of finely cut celery, and moisten with salad dressing.

Potato and Celery Salad

Diced Boiled Potatoes, 1 qt, Paprika.
Finely cut celery 1 c.
Finely Chopped Onion, 1
Boiled dressing 1 c. Salt if needed
Chopped parsley 2 tb.

Mix all together, but the parsley. Sprinkle it on top of the salad. Garnish with slices of hard boiled eggs.

Raisin and Apple Salad

Seeded Raisins, 1 c. Diced Apples, 3 c.
Juice of 1 lemon Cooked Dressing ¼ c.

Mix all together squeezing the lemon juice over the apples to prevent discoloration.

Banana and Apple Salad

Apples, 6 Cooked Dressing, ¼ c.
Bananas, 3 Lettuce
Juice of 1 lemon

Cut the apples in cubes, squeezing lemon juice over them and the bananas cut in narrow strips. Mix lightly with the cooked dressing and pile on shredded lettuce.

Something to Drink

The older people will want plenty of tea or coffee—others may want something cold.

Grape Juice Lemonade

Sugar, 2 c. Lemons, 8.
Water, 6 c. Grape Juice, 4 c.
Ice or Cold spring water

Make a syrup of the sugar and half of the water, cool. To it add the remaining water, the juice of the lemons, and the juice. Pour over a lump of ice, or add a little more cold water to taste.

Ginger Ale Punch

Sugar, 2 c. Ginger Ale 2 bottles
Hot Tea, 2 c. Lemon Juice, 1 c.
Orange Juice, 1½ c. Cold water or ice

Pour the hot tea over the sugar—add the lemon and orange juice and the ginger ale. Add a large lump of ice, or very cold water till of the desired strength

Pineapple Cup.

Juice of 6 Oranges Pineapple Juice, 2 c.
Juice of 2 lemons Water, 3 c.
Sugar, 1½ c. Ice Water, 6 c.

Make a syrup of the water and sugar—cool—add the other ingredients.

If it is possible to take an ice cream freezer, everybody enjoys some frozen dainty.

For the Tiny Folks

Because they are at a picnic is no reason why the little people should be given any food not allowable at other times. Something simple and wholesome must be taken for them. Milk may be kept sweet and cold, if one has no thermos containers or ice, by wrapping the jar in a thick pad of wet newspapers, and placing in a shady place where a breeze strikes it, to induce evaporation. There might be some specially dainty bread and butter sandwiches for them and a few with very wholesome, easily digested fillings, such as peanut butter, a litte minced chicken, dates or prunes, steamed and mashed to a paste. Cold milk puddings, such as rice, tapioca, hominy, or baked custard, and very plain cookies or cake may provide the sweet for them.

Rhubarb Custard

1 pint of sweetened, steamed rhubarb
cold water ½ ounce of gelatin
½ pint of cream white of 3 eggs

Dissolve the gelatin in sufficient water to cover it; then strain it over the rhubarb. When the mixture is cold, beat the white of the eggs stiff and stir it in; then whip the cream and add it to the other ingredients. Pour the whole into a fancy mould.

Barley Pudding

Barley, ⅓ c. Sugar, ½ c.
Water, 1 c. Raisins, ½ c.
Milk, 3 c. Eggs, 2. Salt, ¼ t.

Wash the barley. Cook in a double boiler with the water till it is absorbed. Add 2 cups of milk and continue cooking till the barley is soft. Mix together the remaining cup of milk, eggs, well-beaten, sugar, salt, raisins, and barley in a pudding dish. Place in a moderate oven and cook till the custard is set.

Raisin Kisses

Egg whites, 2. Cocoanut, 1 c.
Sugar, (granulated) 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Chopped raisins, ½ c. Corn Flakes, 2 c.

Beat the egg whites till stiff and dry. Add the sugar a little at a time, beating constantly. Add corn flakes, cocoanut, raisins and vanilla. Stir. Drop from a spoon on the bottom of pan and bake in a slow oven.

Use for Manilla Paper

TO do away with the disagreeable odor of dishes in which fish has been baked, roll the fish three times in manilla paper, pinning the folds at the ends to prevent the escape of the juices. When done, remove the paper, which will take the skin of the fish with it and leave the juicy meat.

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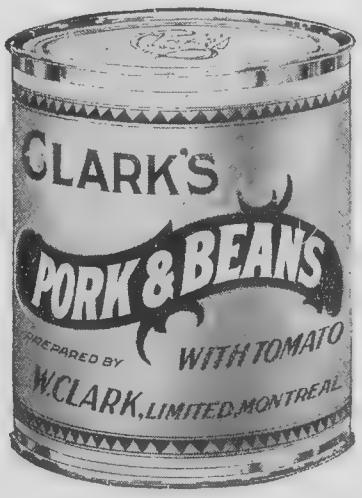

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Continued from page 36

SUGAR AND SPICE

NO MATTER how many jars of canned fruits and vegetables are on the shelves, the housewife feels that she must have a supply of conserves, jams and jellies. The old-fashioned "pound for pound" recipes are not so extravagant as they seem, because we receive as much nourishment from a small amount of some rich "sweet-meat" as from a much larger serving of a product of the "cold-pack" method.

During the winter season, when greens are scarce, a small quantity of pickles or relish provide the freshness and flavor we require.

In making preserves, jams, and conserves, the object is to have the fruit permeated with syrup. This must be done gradually to prevent the shrinkage and toughening which results when fruit is placed at once in very dense syrup. The syrup should not be heavy enough to crystallize later.

Jam must be of a jelly-like consistency. Ripe broken fruit may be used in this way, but half of the quantity used, should be slightly under ripe. Cooking in small quantities helps to retain color and flavor. Allow 1 pound of fruit to ¾ pounds of sugar

Only those fruits which contain acid and pectin will make jelly. In many cases a better product results if a portion of the fruit used is unripe. To berries we add ¼ pint water to each pound fruit, and for such fruits as apples, 1½ times as much water as fruit. The sugar is added when the strained juice begins to boil, then the cooking finished rapidly. To determine when the jellying point is reached, a spoon is dipped in the liquid, and the jelly allowed to drop from it. When done it will drop from the spoon in flakes or sheets, not drops. Remove at once from the fire, skim, and pour into hot sterilized glasses, and cool before covering with paraffin

Peach Marmalade

Peaches cut small 2¼ pound
Sugar, 1 pound
Allspice, whole
Peach pit, cracked, 1
Ginger root 1 inch
Peach juice, ½ cup:
Whole cloves, ½ teaspoon
Cinnamon Bark, 1 inch
Sprig mace, 1 teaspoon.

Tie the spices in a cheese cloth bag. Cook all the ingredients together till clear and thick.

Ginger Pears

Pears, 8 pounds.
Sugar 8 pounds
Water, 1 cup
Lemons, 4.
Ginger root, 4 ounces.

Use pears a little under ripe, pare, core, and cut in thin slices. Cut the lemons in thin slices and again in quarters. Cut the ginger root in small pieces. Simmer till thick as marmalade

Grape and Lemon Jelly

Grapes, 5 pounds
Lemons, 3
Sugar

Wash and stem the grapes. Cut the lemons in thin slices. Cook slowly till the grape skins are almost entirely separated from the pulp. Drain through a jelly bag. Boil the extracted juice for five minutes, then measure. To each cup of juice, add ¾ cup of sugar. Boil till it gives the jelly test

Plum Conserve

Plums, 6 pounds (after pitting)
Oranges, 3
Seeded raisins, 2 pounds
Sugar, 6 pounds
Lemon, 1
Nut meats, ½ pound or more.

Raisin Jam

3 cups rhubarb
3 cups sugar
6 oranges
1 cup seeded raisins
¾ cup chopped walnuts.

Cut the rhubarb in small pieces. Cook with the sugar till tender. Add orange pulp and raisins cut in pieces, and cook until thick (about 20 minutes.) Add the nuts and cook 5 minutes. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin.

Plum and Raisin Jam

6 cups pitted plums
3 cups water
2 cups raisins
4 cups sugar

Cook the plums in the water till they begin to soften. Add the raisins and sugar, cook slowly, stirring occasionally until thick, about 40 minutes.

Raisin-Grape Conserve

3 cups grapes
1 cup water
Grated rind of orange
Juice of 2 oranges
2 cups sugar
3 cups chopped Sunmaid raisins
1 cup chopped walnut meats

Mash the grapes. Add water and cook till the seeds separate. Rub through a strainer, discarding seeds and skins. Add orange rind and juice, sugar and raisins, and cook till thick. Add walnuts and cook 5 minutes.

Grape Conserve

Grapes, 6 pounds
Sugar, 4 pounds.
Seeded raisins, 1 pound.
Nut meats, ½ pound
Oranges, 1

Wash the grapes, separate the skins from the pulp. Scald the pulp, then strain it. Add the hot juice to the skins, sugar and orange which has been cut in very thin slices. Boil slowly for 20 minutes, then add the raisins and continue cooking till of the right consistency. Add the nut meats, broken in small pieces, and seal in jelly glasses

Pit the plums. Chop the oranges and lemon, break the nut meats in small pieces and cook all the ingredients together slowly till thick.

PICKLES

Maryland Relish

Green tomatoes, 1 quart
Cabbage, 2 quarts
Onions, 6 small
Red peppers, 4
Vinegar, 1 quart
Sugar, 1 cup
Celery seed, 2-3 tablespoons
Allspice, ½ tablespoon
Salt, 2 tablespoons

Slice the tomatoes and let them stand overnight in salted water. In the morning drain and add with the chopped red peppers. thinly sliced cabbage and onion to the hot vinegar, sugar and spices in the kettle. Scald thoroughly and seal.

Pickled Onions

Use small white onions. Peel, cover with cold water and let stand 2 days, changing the water on the second day—wash well and put in brine for 4 days, changing the brine at the end of the second day. Take out of the brine, and put in boiling water. Let stand ten minutes, then put in cold water for 2 hours. Drain and pack into jars, putting in a few red peppers, and garnishing with sprigs of mace, cloves and peppercorns. Fill the jars with scalding vinegar to which has been added sugar in the proportion of 1 cup to 1 gallon of vinegar.

CONVERSATION

By Leonard J. Humphrey

"SAY, if I had lots of money, that's just the kind I'd have."

"Same here. Gee, isn't it swell?"

"Turn over. Here's another after that style. Look at the beamed ceiling. Say, I always liked a beamed ceiling."

"I don't—not much. Now this one is 'way better—panelled—white enamel—oh boy!"

"Listen. D'you know Bob Smithers?—he used to be in that tin-pot store down the Tenth Avenue a long time ago. He's got a home like that over in Berkeley."

"Is that right, eh? By Hector, it's surprising the number of fellows who make good when they get out of this town. There's nothing, absolutely nothing in this dive—puh!"

"Nothing is correct. The place is dead. No chance of advancement here. The whole town's run rotten. Take those old moss-backs in the council—"

"Give you a pain. But once a fellow steps out of the place—Listen. Who d'you think I saw yesterday, driving a big car, 1920 model,—gee! it was nifty—the swellest—"

"Who's that?"

"Lanky Phyllis. Yes sir, Lanky Phyllis."

"Gosh, that fellow never was any good. He used to slop around half drunk. Never was anything but a lazy good-for-nothing."

"That's right too."

"Now he goes over to some real place, falls in lucky, and everything comes his way."

"Yeh—wonder how it's done."

"Luck—it's all luck."

"Yeh, I guess so too. It must be. Some fellows are sure lucky."

"Nothing but that would get him where he is, anyway."

"That's not what Stover says."

"Stover—oh, he makes me tired. Say, if there ever was a grouch he's one."

"He sure is!"

"Why, he won't even go into a pool room. Says its wasting time."

"Huh. Anyone'd think his time was precious."

"He don't know how many balls are used in a game of snooker—"

"What!"

"And say, he don't even know what those checks are you get down at Grigg's store."

"Those one cent checks?"

"Yes, those."

"Well, well. No!"

"I tell you, he's ignorant. No getting away from it. Wasting time! He don't know what he's missing."

"That's right. A good game of snooker wants a lot of beating."

"He does nothing but stay indoors every night. Anyway, I've only seen him at the show about twice in a month. I bet he's a tightwad. Do? He says he's studying accounting."

"Is that what he's up to, eh? I can't see the use of all that study stuff. Look what a fellow misses—no dances, no parties, no good times—nothing but stay in and mope. And it won't get him anywhere. You're right, luck's the thing. You get someone to just slip you into a good soft job, and all the rest is easy. And he hardly talks to a fellow."

"No, he doesn't. D'you know what I heard he said? That it was a waste of time talking to us."

'The hell! Well, he must be a fish. I never did think much of him, but now—"

"Yes, he made it all right."

"What percent?"

"Ninety-eight. He was showing Sheridan the diploma."

"He sure does hug in tight to Sheridan."

"Always around him. First he's butting into the manager's work, then into someone else's place. Butting in, that's all there is to it, and I told him so too. Yes sir, I'll tell a man."

"What did he say?"

"Tried to say that he was wanting to learn all about the other departments. Didn't want to stay in one rut all his life—and all that dope. Why, he never will be anything. Say, he don't even read the papers. I suppose he reckons that's a waste of time! And look at him. Did you ever see such a sour-faced guy in all your—"

"What do you know about that!"

"If that isn't the rawest deal. I should have had that job."

"Sure—you're his senior aren't you?"

"I'll say I am! I've been here three years longer than he has. I've half a mind to quit, and get out of this darn town."

"But fancy sending him to 'Frisco. Gee, I bet those fellows 'll be sore having to bow to him, eh?"

"It's a big department at 'Frisco too. He'll be getting some salary. Darn the luck!"

"OH BOY, it's a peach! Imagine travelling all down the coast in a yacht like that!"

"Gosh, I was always attracted by a pretty yacht. But—Stover must have made some money all right—"

"Look at that trim little cabin—and the flags all bright. On a nice day like this, just think—nothing to do but laze—"

"Are you sure it's his own? How many years has he been away anyway?"

"Sure it's his own. Sheridan says it is, and he ought to know."

"He must be getting some salary to own that—eh?"

"Four thousand bones boy, four thousand bones."

"Well, some fellows are sure lucky. Say, if I had lots of money that's just the kind—"

Great Addresses

LORD Barrie's address to the students of St. Andrew's University is being classed with Carlyle's classic address to the Edinburgh University students fifty-six years ago.

Carlyle said, "The mind in the golden period of youth is fluid. It hardens gradually to the consistency of iron in old age. The very word diligence connotes honesty in both the acquisition and the use of knowledge—the morality of scholarship. When one finds a work he is fitted for he is bound to extend every particle of strength that God gives him, and to stand up and do his very best. A completely healthy intellect is a clear mirror, a plane sensitive to all impression, not twisted into convex or concave."

Barrie said, "Go through life without ever ascribing to your opponent motives meaner than your own. Nothing so lowers the moral currency. Give it up and be great. Diligence and ambition are touched to fine issues."

Barrie reminded the students of the humble Scottish homes as the brooding place of scholarship, the fifth university.

A SUCCESSFUL DAY

LET me give you some tests for a successful day. It is a sort of standard by which you may judge yourself.

An honest day's work. This is not to be confused with one of those rare days of unusual success when you may be tempted to wish that all days were like it. It may even be a day of failure, but still one of honest effort.

Enjoyment of something beautiful. It does not make much difference whether it be a flower, a poem, a piece of music, a building, a picture, a human face. The main thing is that it shall be beautiful, and that you shall take time to enjoy it.

A kind word or deed. This must be spontaneous and unselfish; certainly not for the sake of doing good by rule. There are lots of people who resent being objects of well-doing of this sort. But let it be a natural expression of good will, and it will be received in the same spirit.

Avoid thoughts or efforts that count only or chiefly for yourself. Do not be carried away by that foolish proverb, "Look out first for number one."

Be sure to learn much from your failures. No failure should ever be permitted to escape without yielding a good lesson. Its penalty may teach you not to be guilty of that failure again, or it may point out a better way.

Be true to the best you know. You can not go beyond this, but you can keep right up with it.

Let your purpose rise a little higher today than it was before; then with calmness seek sleep to fit you for the talks of a new day.

Billy had a serious misunderstanding with his elder cousin Conrad, that he scrupulously concealed from his mother. When he came home from school she said, "Billy, what would you like to give Cousin Conrad for his birthday tomorrow?"

"I know what I'd like to give him," said Billy vengefully, "But I'm not big enough."—Youth's Companion.

In 498 B.C.

Confucius, the great Chinese Sage said, "Tea harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness; refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculties." Enjoy these blessings. Drink delicious

366

"SALADA"

The Best Tea

is the Cheapest in the end.

CHASE & SANBORN'S

SEAL BRAND TEA

is the drink of Economy—gives more cups to the pound. 26

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.

PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

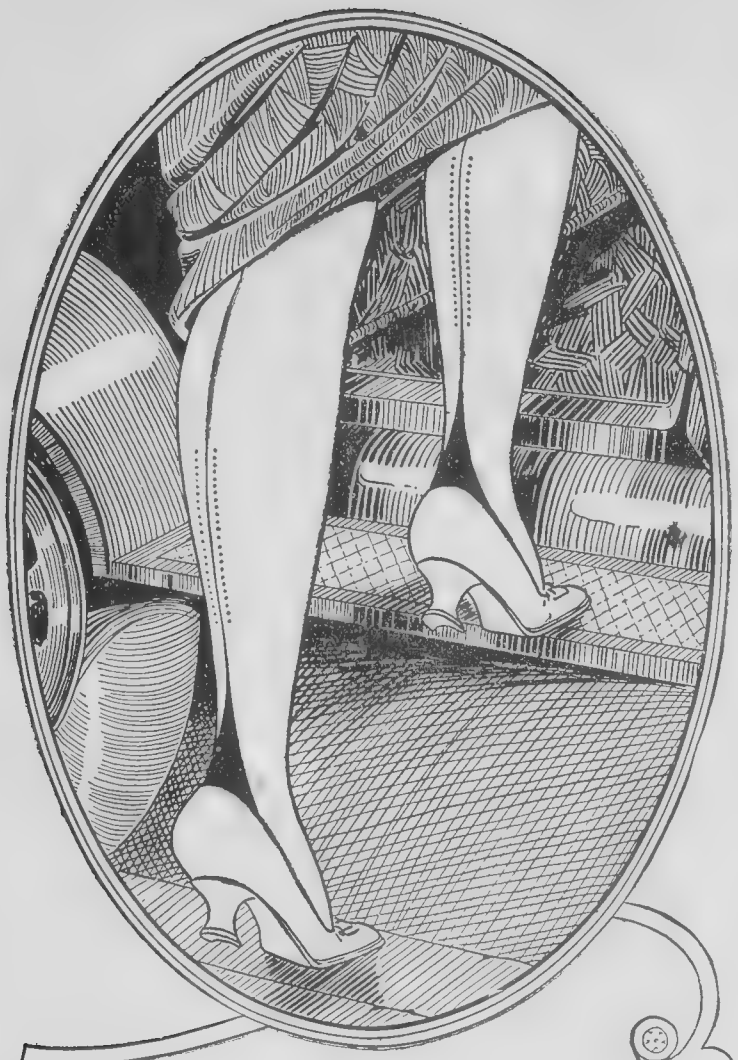
Baking Essentials:

Common Sense,
A Good Oven
and
Purity Flour

Use It in All Your Baking

44

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.



HARVEY POINTEEL

There is satisfaction in knowing that the hose you buy are practical as well as beautiful.

Harvey Pointeel Hose are high-grade silk hose, fashioned from the best texture in the latest styles, and in the most fashionable colors.

The point at the heel is a re-inforcement that makes the hose form-fitting, and then, too, it is the Pointeel trade-mark which guarantees you the best hosiery value your money will buy.

At the stores catering to the best trade everywhere.

Made only by
HOSIERS, Limited
Woodstock - - - - - Ontario.

HARVEY POINTEEL HOSE
REGISTERED

For economy & value, buy Gold Standard Tea.

The Codville Company, Limited.

35

FOR TEA-COSY OR SIDEBOARD RUNNER

THIS inset will serve a double purpose. It can be used on a linen tea-cosy, let into the centre, or it could actually form the cover itself if worked in a little coarser cotton to enlarge it.

It is also just the trimming for the end of a sideboard runner either as an inset or to form the end of the runner, setting it into the linen as far as the straight side of the cosy and cutting the linen away at the back.

Crochet cotton No. 30 and a No. 5½ hook make this inset 12 inches wide across the base, when working at a tension of eight spaces to the inch.

Commence with 249 ch.

1st Row.—Tr. into fifth chain from needle. Now make 242 tr. more (in all this is 244 tr.), turn with 3 ch. (always when not otherwise stated, and this counts as 1 tr.).

2nd Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) seven times, 1 sp (1 lacet, 1 bar), seven times, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

3rd Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 6 tr., 1 bar, 6 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 6 tr., 1 bar, 6 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times (1 bar, 6 tr.) twice, 1 bar, 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

4th Row.—3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar), 9 tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar), 12 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 12 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 1 bar, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr.

5th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 15 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 15 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

6th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet (over sp. and 3 tr.), 3 sp., 9 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet (over sp. and 3 tr.), 9 tr., 3 sp., 1 lacet (over 3 tr. and 1 sp.), 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

7th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 9 tr., 3 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 9 tr., 4 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

8th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar), 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 1 bar, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp., 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

9th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 4 bars, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 4 bars, 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

10th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet (over sp. and 3 tr.), 6 tr., 1 lacet (over 3 tr. and 1 sp.), 6 tr., 1 lacet, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 3 tr., 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 1 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 6 tr., 1 lacet (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet (over sp. and 3 tr.), 6 tr., 1 lacet, 6 tr., 1 lacet, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

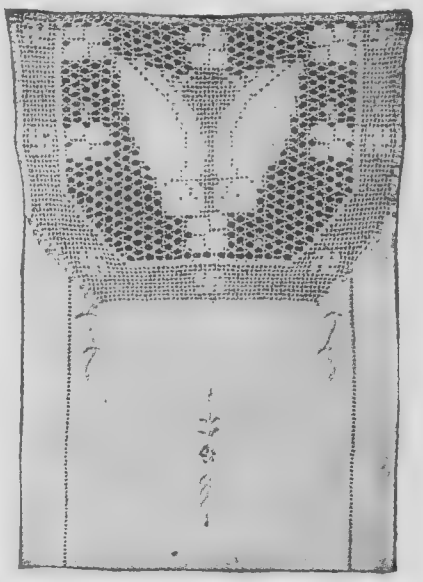
11th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 1 bar, 1 sp., 6 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp., 6 tr., 3 bars, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 7 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 3 bars, 6 tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar), 6 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar (1 lacet, 1 bar) twice, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

12th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 bar, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 3 tr., 7 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 6 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr. (last is over middle of bar), 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr

13th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 9 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 6 tr., 9 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr. (1 lacet 1 bar) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

14th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 7 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

15th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 15 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 13 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.



16th Row—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 18 tr., 1sp., 12 tr., 13 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 18 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

17th Row—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 21 tr., 2 sp., 6 tr., 13 sp., 6 tr., 2 sp., 21 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

18th Row—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 1 sp., 21 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 13 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 21 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

19th Row—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 1 sp., 24 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr ., 11 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 24 tr., 1 sp. (1 lacet 1 bar) three times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

20th Row—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 3 tr. 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 sp., 24 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 9 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 24 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 3 tr. (over half a bar), 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

21st Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 7 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

22nd Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 24 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 7 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 24r tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) twice, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

23rd Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 2 bars, 3 tr., 1 sp., 2 bars, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 27 tr., 1 sp., 9 trs., 5 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 2 bars, 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 bars, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

24th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 6 tr.) twice, 2 bars, 1 lacet, 27 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 5 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 lacet. 2 bars (6 tr., 1 bar) twice, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

25th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar) tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar), 12 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 30 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 30 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

26th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 30 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 30 tr., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

27th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 15 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 lacet (over sp. and 3 tr.), 3 sp., 9 tr., 2 lacets, 1 bar, 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 2 lacets, 9 tr., 3 sp., 1 lacet, 3 tr., 2 sp., 15 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

28th Row.—3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 9 tr., 2 sp., 2 bars, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 27 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 2 bars, 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 4 sp., 3 tr.

29th Row.—3 tr., 2 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (over half a bar), 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 lacet, 24 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 24 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 2 sp., 3 tr.

30th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 24 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 24 tr., 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

31st Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar, 6 tr., 1 bar, 6 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) twice, 24 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 24 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) twice, 6 tr., 1 bar, 6 tr., 1 bar, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

32nd Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 sp., 21 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 21 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

33rd Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 15 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr., 3 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

34th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet' 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 15 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 5 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

35th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 1 sp., 6 tr., 17 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

36th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 5 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

37th Row.—3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 1 sp., 18 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 3 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 18 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 tr., 9 sp., 3 tr.

38th Row.—3 tr., 10 sp., 3 tr. (over half a bar), 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 15 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 3 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 15 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 10 sp., 3 tr.

39th Row.—3 tr., 11 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 9 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr. (1 lace, 1 bar) four times, 1 bar, 3 tr., 3 tr., 11 sp., 3 tr.

40th Row.—3 tr., 12 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 24 tr., 3 sp.,e 24 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 sp., 3 tr., 12 sp., 3 tr.

41st Row.—3 tr., 12 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 24 tr., 3 sp., 24 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 sp., 3 tr., 12 sp., 3 tr.

42nd Row.—3 tr., 13 sp., 3 tr., 2 bars (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 1 sp., 18 tr., 5 sp., 18 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times times, 2 bars, 3 tr., 13 sp., 3 tr.

43rd Row.—S.s. along top of 3 tr., 3 ch. (this is in place of first tr.), 3 tr, (over first sp.), 13 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 lacet. 1 bar) five times, 4 sp., 6 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) five times, 1 sp., 3 tr., 13 sp., 3 tr.

44th Row.—3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) five times, 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr. (last is over middle fo bar), 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr.

45th Row.—S.s. along top of 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 sp., 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr.

46th Row.—3 tr., 15 sp., 3 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 4 sp., 9 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) four times, 1 lacet, 3 tr., 15 sp., 3 tr.

47th Row.—S.S. along top of 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 1 bar, 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr.

48th Row.—6 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) four times, 12 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 1 bar, 1 sp., 3 tr., 14 sp., 6 tr.

49th Row.—S.S. along top of 6 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr., 1 bar (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 1 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 12 tr. (1 bar, 1 lacet) three times, 3 bars, 3 tr., 14 sp., 3 tr.

50th Row.—6 tr., 6 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 1 lacet, 1 sp., 6 tr., 1 lacet (over 3 tr. and 1 sp.), 6 tr. (1 lacet, 1 bar) three times, 1 lacet, 1 sp. (over half a bar), 3 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 6 sp., 6 tr.

51st Row.—S.s. along top of 6 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr. (over sp.), 5 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 6 sp., 3 tr., 9 bars, sp. (over 3 tr.), 8 bars, 3 tr., 6 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 5 sp., 3 tr.

52nd Row.—6 tr., 4 sp., 15 tr., 5 sp., 105 tr., 5 sp., 15 tr., 4 sp., 6 tr.

53rd Row.—S.s. along top of 6 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 5 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 45 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 5 sp., 3 tr.

54th Row.—3 tr., 3 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 45 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 3 sp., 3 tr.,

55th Row.—S.s. along top of 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 27 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 9 tr., 27 sp., 3 tr.

56th Row.—6 tr., 28 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 26 sp., 6 tr.

57th Row.—S.s. along top of 6 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 25 sp., 15 tr., 2lsp., 3 tr.

58th Row.—3 tr., 25 sp., 3 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 27 sp., 3 tr.

59th Row.—S.s. along top of 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 24 sp., 9 tr., 1 sp., 3 tr., 24 sp., 3 tr.

60th Row.—6 tr., 51 sp., 6 tr.

61st Row.—S.s. along top of 6 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., 49 stp., 3 tr.

62nd Row.—153 tr. Fasten off cotton.

The Old Family Dishcloth

PROBABLY no article of kitchen equipment is so much abused as the dish cloth. One often sees otherwise model housekeepers produce strange things in the name of dish cloth; and yet when one considers its important function it surely should be the very best and treated with the greatest respect.

The average life history of a dish cloth is two or three weeks, and it is of the simplest origin—a search among clean rags put away for the purpose, a snip with the scissors, a great rending of fabric and lo! a dishcloth.

The first day or two it is white and occupies a more or less dignified position but as time goes on its color gradually darkens and its field of usefulness widens. Besides washing the dishes it is frequently used on pots and pans, for wiping up the table, or in a moment of haste, for it is always at hand, may even be pressed into service as a pot holder.

It now takes on a very dark shade, is greasy and sometimes sour and would no doubt prove a very fruitful study for the bacteriologist.

But some fine day there is company, and the company insists on washing the dishes, so Mrs. G. not wishing to appear slothful in the eyes of Mrs. T. tears off a new one, and that is the end of the faithful dishcloth.

This may be exaggerated in most cases, but it is certainly true in some, and it will not hurt any of us to consider the matter and make sure that "all is well" with the dish cloth in our kitchen.

The essential facts could be stated in a few words:—Have several hemmed cloths kept exclusively for dishes. Rinse and hang up to dry (outside if possible) after every meal. Put in laundry as soon as soiled or greasy.

Loosely woven dishcloths that can be bought for ten or fifteen cents are very satisfactory as they dry quickly. It is necessary to have other cloths of different material (so they can be distinguished) for the rougher work of wiping up the kitchen table etc.

Let Taste and Health Take the Benefit

THERE'S a double delight in Instant Postum—that famous cereal beverage.

Taste finds the full satisfaction of a hot, comforting mealtime drink, and health finds a real friend—for Postum is free from any of the drug elements contained in tea and coffee.

Thousands of people all over the world use Instant Postum regularly as the *better* table drink.

Suppose you order Instant Postum from your grocer today. Note its refreshing taste and benefits to health. You, too, will be a regular Postum user, thereafter. Instant Postum is made instantly in the cup, at the table, merely by adding hot water.

Instant Postum
FOR HEALTH
"There's a Reason"

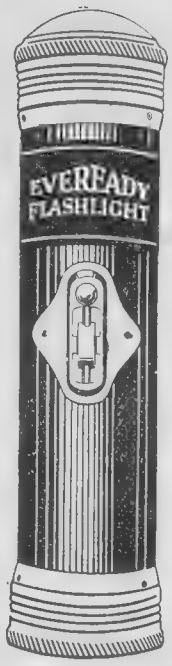
Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario

Now as always *At all druggists*

The Aristocrat of fine Toilet Soaps

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE
RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
FOUNDED 1870
MATRICULATION COURSE, MUSIC, ART, HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE
GAMES, GYMNASTICS AND RIDING.
For particulars apply to the Principal
MISS I. J. GALLAHER, Ottawa Ladies' College,
New Fireproof Building
Re-opens September 13th
OTTAWA.

For Safety's Sake



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STRIKE a match? Light a candle or dangerous oil lamps? Open flame lights are unsatisfactory and dangerous. There is an Eveready Flashlight that will fit your particular needs and provide a safe, portable, and convenient light, always ready to give a flood of light on dark paths outdoors and in dark corners indoors.

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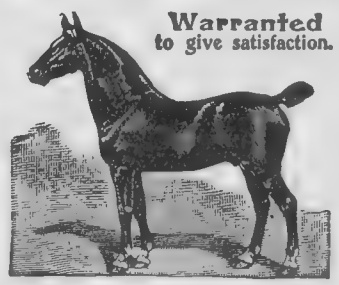

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About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Hardy Plums

RESIDENTS of farms in the Prairie Provinces may at times let their minds turn longingly to the east or west of the Dominion when feeling the need for good, fresh fruit, while overlooking the possibilities of their own farms as localities for the raising of most of their needs in this line. It is surprising that the native plum is not cultivated on a much larger scale than it is at present; it is the old story of distant fields and the human desire for things beyond reach.

In this Western country, where the growing season is comparatively short, a good deal of horticultural possibilities are put aside for lack of time, and in the general putting aside there are many things shelved that, once tried, would win their way on the farm as a permanent part of the farm programme.

An orchard of native plums requires very little attention, and the returns for the small amount of labor involved make it well worth while. Eaten raw, the plums have a very attractive flavor, and there is certainly a keen demand for this fruit for preserving. A sealer of plums brought up from the cellar on a midwinter day acts the same as a bushel of juicy ensilage given to a cow when the snow is deep and the temperature is below zero; it brings a sense of summer to the palate.

It is very necessary when deciding to start a plum orchard or any other orchard, in fact, to do a little planning in advance; not get the young trees and just put them in, in a hurry, and then expect to get the best results. It is much better to be prepared than to try to make amends for poor planting by cultivating after the trees are in.

Trees should start to make good growth soon after they are planted so as to attain a good size before they begin to bear heavily. It is better to postpone the planting for one year if the location which has been chosen for the trees is not in good preparation for them. Land that has been in root crops and well manured, ploughed spring and autumn and levelled, should be in about the right condition for the plum orchard. Clover ploughed under in the spring is also considered a good preparation.

Like a good many other horticultural items, plum trees require a plentiful supply of sunlight in order to properly ripen the fruit, hence it is a mistake to crowd them in the orchard. Then, again, if a liberal distance is allowed between each tree the cultivation of the soil may be accomplished by means of a horse-drawn cultivator, which is easier and speedier than the hand hoe. The trees may be planted 10 feet apart in the row with the rows 15 feet apart.

The planting of windbreaks for protection of orchards is important; it should not be the aim to stop the wind to the extent of preventing any circulation through the orchard, but rather to prevent the trees from being blown and threshed by the full force of the wind and also to prevent the wind from hastening the drying up of the soil.

In selecting trees for the plum orchard it is found that those of one or two years of age will give the best satisfaction. The young trees in the orchard should be guarded from careless cultivation, so that they will not get tramped down or otherwise knocked about.

In regard to the time of planting, the best time is the spring and it should be done as early as the condition of the soil will permit. One plan that is recommended in order to secure the trees for early spring planting, is to obtain them in the fall and heel them in well drained soil until spring.

When the time to plant comes, the young trees should be handled with great care to prevent the roots from drying out. They should be closely wrapped around the roots with wet sacking as soon as they are taken out of the heeled in position and carried to the new location, where the holes should be in readiness. These holes should be large enough to accommodate the roots when spread to their full extent. It is a bad mistake when planting a tree to expect the tender roots to pierce the hard well-like sides of a narrow hole, especially when they are thrust into a very cramped position at the start of the operation. A very good system to be observed when planting any kind of trees is to throw the surface soil on one side and throw the lower coarser soil on the other side; then, as it stands to reason that the young roots will be more at home in soil of finer texture, the surface soil should be used to sprinkle in among the roots as the tree is held in an upright position. The young tree should be slightly worked up and down to make sure that the soil is getting in among the roots, as air pockets in the bed of the tree are very apt to be disastrous. When the hole is about half full it should be well tramped with the feet, after which the hole should be filled level with the surface of the soil, tramping being done while it is being filled. The surface of the soil should be left loose as this will help to prevent evaporation. After the trees have been properly planted a little judicious pruning back will be advantageous.

Some of the best varieties for the Prairie Provinces are as follows: Cheney, Aitkin, Odegard, Assiniboine and the best seedlings of the Manitoba plum. Some of the hybrid plums also do very well, such as the Hanska, Opata, Sapa. Compass Cherries which are like little plums are also recommended. The Cheney, Aitkin and Manitoba native plums should be picked a little on the green side if they are to be sent a journey that will take a day or so as they become juicy so quickly.

Protecting the Hog

THE average farm pig appears to be a hardy animal, as he roams about in the open in all weathers; but, like the other items of profit on the farm, he needs a certain amount of care and attentions to produce the best results. To turn him loose to find food and shelter as best he may is perhaps not an expensive way to keep him, but if he is expected to develop into a thrifty pig, then it will be necessary to do a little more than turn him out into the heat or cold, as the case may be, and then house him at night in a stuffy and dark piggery.

It has been found that cheap, portable hog cabins with no floors, built A-shaped, have given splendid results both summer and winter. Breeding stock will thrive in this semi-outdoor manner, whereas lack of shelter in the intense heat of June, July and August is said to be more injurious to a young pig than the cold of mid-winter. When pigs are housed in piggeries which are so-called comfortable, the result in the progeny is frequently small weak litters. The out-door pig is rarely troubled with rheumatism or crippling.

Another point in favor of the portable hog cabins is that of ventilation. The average piggery is hard to ventilate, and, consequently, it becomes damp and the air impure, and a few days of this kind of confinement makes the outside air even on moderately cold winter days, somewhat of a hardship.

One great feature about these hog cabins is their portability. As they are comparatively light they may have skids put under them and be drawn to any new location by a team. With such cabins, pigs may be pastured in any fenced off corner of the farm, and enjoy the shade during the heat of midday, or are able to take shelter at any time from any unpleasant elements. With these cabins to take shelter and sleep in, the pigs may take all the exercise they need, and this is of utmost importance in the case of brood sows, because lack of exercise is almost fatal to their unborn litters.

For winter use the cabins make an ideal shelter when drawn up in line thus—AAAA and the wedge-shaped spaces filled in with straw, and straw also thrown upon each end of the line, that is, on the outer walls of the first and last cabin. Wire mesh stretched across the spaces will prevent the pigs scattering the straw.

Some very economical hog raising may be done with the above portable buildings, with hogs on pasture, with self feeders and drinking fountains, as the labor involved is reduced to a minimum. All that is required is to haul down feed and water at intervals.

BY-WAY TO FORTUNE

Continued from page 8

The Jew straightened his back for a moment as he replied, contemptuously, "You—what can you do without me, friend? Get caught over the first stones; get a shilling where I can give you a pound. Where would you have been just now if not for me?" he spat as if disgusted and resumed his work. The convict continued to mumble and wink at the candle till he spoke aloud once more; "I don't go back on taking you in; it's only—only."

"Only what friend?"

"Only if you should try to cheat me over them, my lad" his voice going very low "nothing could save you or hide you from me or keep me off you. I have waited fifteen years for these, I'd wait fifty for you. I'd have your blood if I followed you to—."

"Come, friend, what's the good of going into all this?" interrupted the Jew, "it's not business I say," he spoke soothingly, but the gleam of his black eyes flashed to where I stood.

Presently, when they had dug down about two feet, I caught the ring of iron on the flags.

"Let me come down to it now, do you hear?" shouted the elder man, so eagerly as almost to threaten.

"Just as you please, friend," was the cool reply. "You could have done it all if you'd liked. Have we hit the right flag-stone."

Ned Foster nodded—he seemed too full for speech—and began to use the bar as a lever, for which purpose it had evidently been brought. The stone was soon prized up, and going down on his knees he burrowed in the earth underneath with his hands. First he drew out a rust-eaten gun-barrel; then a bundle of game-wires, the rotting pegs still dangling from them, after that the gun-stock, and a steel trap or two. On each of these coming to light they laughed excitedly; but a long, anxious silence followed as he searched for something lying still deeper. It was a strange scene; the two men in this desolate house, through which the candle shed a quivering light, throwing up vividly the dark, alert features of the Jew who held it, whilst it imparted an odd, fantastic appearance to the other's figure, half hidden in the earth; the whole framed by the outside darkness, and the stillness of night, for the rain had long ceased.

Suddenly Ned Foster sprang up with a cry, grasping a battered tin shot-flask. I could hear the rattle of hard objects inside. His senses seemed to leave him, and he ran to a corner by himself, clutching the cannister to his body as if afraid the air might rob him of his treasure. The Jew's face had flushed too in the first moments, but he sneered now at his companion's frenzy, and without a word started to push the earth and flagstone into the hole. Meanwhile the convict, recovering somewhat from his over-powering emotion, knelt down where the earth was smooth, and pulling a dirty rag from his pocket, spread it out before him; then he twisted the top from the shot-flask, and poured the diamonds gloatingly one by one on the rag. Every now and again I caught a sparkle as the candle flame trembled in the air. This sight overcame the apparent indifference of the Jew, for he drew near and watched the little heap grow slowly larger with a fascinated gaze.

"How many more have you got there friend?" he asked almost in a whisper, as the other paused and looked up in his face.

"More—twice as many—three times as many," he shook the flask and laughed.

I don't think that the past fifteen years and the ruin they have brought with them weighed on the convict's mind at that moment. The man standing knelt down beside him, and taking a few stones in his hand, examined them with the air of an expert, the other eyeing him suspiciously.

A long, a very long pause ensued. At length the Jew regained his feet. As he turned, I was almost startled into an exclamation that would have betrayed me, his features had such a ghastly expression. He took two or three hasty turns up and down, and pulling a bottle from his coat, gulped down the contents like a man with a fever thirst on him. Ned Foster's eyes never shifted, but still no word was uttered.

"Friend" said the Jew at length, "do you know what share of those stones I want," there was no reply.

"I don't want one, not one; you can keep 'em all." he snarled showing his teeth.

Still no answer, but the convict ran his hand through the stones; it seemed as if he failed to understand the words spoken to him. "I am counted a good judge by my friends in the trade," continued the Jew, "and I think if you sell them well—very well, mind—they will about pay your fare to London. I shall try and find the way back myself. Don't ever come near me again. I might—I might do you harm, my friend." He stepped out in the darkness with the most venomous contortion in his face human creature ever bore. As for Ned Foster, he took not the slightest notice, but continued to play with the spurious gems, uttering at intervals a low, gleeful laugh.

I comprehended then how Squire Venne had managed to pay his debts, and enable his wife still to wear diamonds if only of paste.

Thus ended the final scene of this tragedy; what remains is of the simplest. In one of Squire Venne's Almshouses lived for a few years a broken old man, oblivious of all—name, birthplace, career,—whose sole remaining impulse was to guard and surreptitiously play with a handful of paste diamonds. To the day of his death none recognised in him Ned Foster, the ex-convict.

IRONS OF JUSTICE

Continued from page 15

to his work next day, leaving the remains of his meal on the table, leaving the cat in possession of his chair. When at sundown he returned, Furich—as he named her—was hungry, yet the food on the table, sacred to his possession, she had not touched!

So there opened up a new—and now the last—era of Furich's life. Quickly she responded to the touch of gentleness and love, and when next she sallied forth, prompted by her old savage ambitions, she learnt that that kind of life was no longer possible for her. She had lost her right ear, and as she crept through the undergrowth the dew from the twigs and blades sought the cavity thus exposed and all but drove her mad. She returned to the cottage, frenziedly shaking her head, and so by degrees she acquired a hatred for the damp and shadowy nooks from which she had for so long wrung her living.

And to this day the old one-eyed stonebreaker, with his one-eared cat, which accompanies him to and from his work and sleeps like a dog on his jacket while he toils, are a familiar pair to those who come and go by that quiet byway of life—an emblematic picture of slow but honest toil and of peaceful, idle devotion, and few there are who might remotely guess how that strange union between man and beast came into being.

A Dreamer of Dreams.

On a silver isle in a sapphire sea,
I am building a palace for you and me,
With jewel spangled arches and rose mist beams,
Because I'm a dreamer of beautiful dreams.

In the palace garden all day long
Rainbow birds sing a golden song,
And a diamond fountain sparkles and gleams
While I sit and weave at my beautiful dreams.

And there is a hill so wond'rous high
That I often climb up into the sky
To gather the mystic moonlight beams
That I use in the making of most of my dreams.

And so while I'm dreaming, the sunlit day
Slips out on the ocean and far away,
But we notice it not on this Isle it seems
For 'tis only an island of Beautiful Dreams.

MABEL LOCKHART.

"Were you very sick with the 'flu', Rastus?"

"Sick! sick! Man, Ah was so sick mos' ebery night Ah look in dat er casualty list for mah name."—Whiz-Bang.

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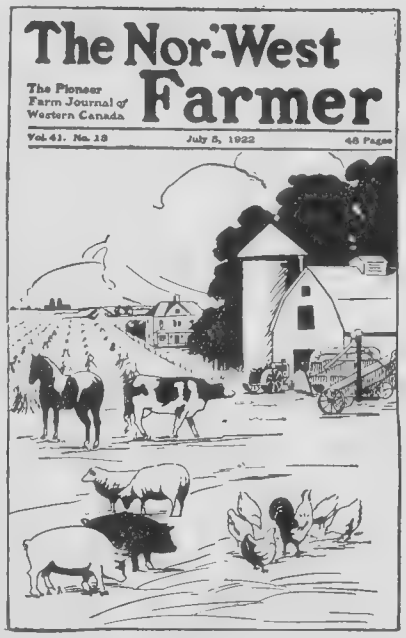

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CORRESPONDENCE

Married Ladies, Attention!

Dear Editor and Readers,—

I have been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for more than a year, and think it is a splendid magazine. I am greatly interested in the Correspondence Page, and always turn to that first. I don't see many letters from the married folks, so I thought I would write, and I hope somebody will follow suit. We must not let the young folks have it all to themselves.

I live in the country, about five minutes from the seashore on the Quebec coast. It is lovely on a hot summer's day, but in the early Spring and late Fall, when the sea breeze strikes in, you would think it came straight from "Greenland's icy mountain." Nevertheless, this is a very pretty place, and is a great summer resort for sportsmen and tourists.

I would like to correspond with some married ladies between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, if they will please write first. I will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

The best of good luck to the Editor and The W.H.M.

Annie Laurie.

The Two Sides

Dear Editor and Readers,—

Having once before succeeded in overcoming that dreaded enemy the W.P.B., I have resolved to once more try my luck. I sincerely hope that it will be kind to me again, and allow me to pass unharmed.

I have read with interest the numerous discussions, but have never ventured to give my opinions, but will endeavor to do so now. No! it is not on the same topics. It is an entirely new one, namely, "Are there two sides to a person's nature?" Would like to know what others think on the subject. Personally, I am inclined to think there are. If anyone was to come across me unawares, on a nice windy day they would find a very serious eyed individual. That is if I was sitting down thinking, and far removed from anyone. I am very happy then for the most beautiful thoughts spring to my mind. Thoughts which only poets can describe. My pen is not gifted, but who is not happy when surrounded by nature, drinking in its beauty, God's own gift to us. But then again there is another side to consider, when one is surrounded with boys and girls their own age, laughter and fun is prevalent. Then deep thinking is impossible. I also enjoy fun and can join in sports and laugh at a good joke easily.

Since Sir Ima Bache overcame the dragon he thinks he will live happy ever after. Perhaps he, too, has been looking for a "Ladye faire" but unlike Steve has found her. Sincere good wishes, Sir Knight.

I was very glad to see "Little Warrior" take up the cause for the girls. She has my admiration. I am convinced that anyone (especially the boys or men, for no girl would dishonor her own sex) must have a very narrow and unsympathetic mind, when he will unconditionally run down a girl. They never stop to think of their own drawbacks, or to consider whether they are a menace to society or not. Oh, no! They are perfect individuals, and as such they have full right to point out a person's failure. He takes a one-sided view, he never faces the question squarely, and if ever he thinks that girls are the root of all evil, nothing could convince him otherwise. I do not wish to condemn either boys or girls, both have their own faults of course. Only think how happy we would be if only the girls were perfect. How happy we would be.

Seeing I have occupied too much of the editor's valuable time, I think I had better bid adieu to your happy circle. If anyone cares to write I will answer all letters.

Sunshine Girlie (18).

An Interesting Career

Dear Editor and Readers,—

My principal recreations are reading and walking, and I subscribe to various magazines, including The Western Home Monthly, which undoubtedly publishes a well-balanced proportion of interesting articles, and clever stories, suitable to the taste of the most exacting critic of reading matter.

Introducing myself, I am 24 years old, settled down this last year to the regular grind of railroad routine, office work, and telegraph operating, but the seven years previous have been a regular rolling stone, with small portion of moss, plus a good practical experience. Enlisted 1914, at sweet sixteen, wounded 1917, and discharged with pension. Impossible to settle down at first, so I roamed over Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, living in nearly all the large cities, and taking relief jobs, operating, etc., in quite a few of the small bush and prairie stations. Also visited the States but my travelling was not so extensive over the border.

In your Correspondence section, I frequently notice criticism in regard to the difference, from a health point of view, between country and city life. Having lived in both places, my humble opinion is that it is impossible to draw any distinction in a broad all-embracing argument, as recent statistics prove that city children are healthier and more mentally alert than their cousins in the country. Life in the fresh air is beneficial to the human system, but it is not necessary to visit the country to procure same. Good drainage and other modern conveniences have a tendency towards improving the health of the fortunate participants. Personally I have a slight leaning towards the quiet of country life, but do not believe in the mental and physical health benefits said to accrue from same.

There is not any earthly reason why a girl should not discreetly use a little powder and paint to enhance her appearance and at the same time giving her a valuable asset in life. It is ridiculous to insinuate that because a young lady powders slightly she omits to perform the usual daily ablution, as in nine cases out of ten she washes and massages twice per day. Personal appearance goes a long way in life, and it is always best to cultivate it, male or female, city or country inhabitant.

From foregoing, you will probably draw the conclusion that I belong to the sterner sex, and still in a state of single bliss. Any communications from either sex will be greatly appreciated. Will close, thanking you in anticipation for space in your valuable column, and hoping I am not intruding.

Rover.

The Beauties of Stanley Park

Dear Editor and Members,—

Am I back again too soon? If all the readers enjoyed writing to the Correspondence Page as much as I do, I'm afraid that the Editor would not be able to have his picture taken, he would be so completely engulfed in letters.

So let us lighten his heart by doing that which I am sure he has wished for many a time, only he was too polite or busy to say so. I am certain that there is not a member who does not live near some beautiful lake, river or mountain, and he, or she, is keeping it all to himself, or herself. Now today, I am going to take you all for a trip to Stanley Park.

We have all, even the Editor, met at the entrance to the Park, with our lunch baskets, etc. It is quite early in the morning, so our hearts are light (if our baskets are not), as we climb the path into the park. A rare sight meets our eyes. The peacock has unfolded his tail, and is proudly strutting around, displaying his gorgeous feathers, tinted with all colors of the rainbow. But what does one of our mem-

bers see? Oh, a little squirrel, as tame as can be. We will meet a number of these little animals as we go on. Now we see the eagle, which several of the members like, but the rest do not. Oh, the bears. Did we forget to buy some peanuts? That is too bad, because these big furries are very fond of peanuts. See that one washing his face, and the other one drinking water. Did I hear the Editor say he was thirsty too? Well, we'll have some ice cream, since we're near the pavilion, then we will have to hurry if we are going to see monkeys, kangaroos, and ducks before lunch.

Lunch time. Yes, we saw the monkeys, vain things, admiring themselves in a mirror, and the ducks and swans lazily swimming in the little lakes.

As Sir Ima Bache, I "must consider others," so as it is too hot to go further, and as the Editor has to go back to his letters, we will finish the trip some other day. Did I say finish? Oh, no, we would never finish, but we would see some more, for we have only seen the animals, or part of them.

Now I must stop or I will be
Another Nobody's Darling.

An Appeal in Verse

Dear Editor and Readers,—
Having been an interested but silent reader of your page for a good many years, I should be delighted to see this letter printed on the Correspondence Page.

To good old "Monthly" page so dear,
I beg to make my bow,
To all its friends both far and near,
Address myself just now.

For umpteen years I've read your page
And scanned each letter o'er,
But though for years I've been of age,
I never wrote before.

I live in glorious old B.C.,
And on a farm I dwell,
Where fruit of all kinds you may see,
(E'en grapes sometimes do well.)

In short, it is the happiest lot
For mortals to here abide,
For oft you'll see in sheltered spot,
A rose at Christmas tide.

Now if this chance to meet the eye
Of some home-loving maid,
Who never heaves a dismal sigh
For pleasures that soon fade,

Yet loves to visit, sing, or play,
Or friends to entertain,
Or dance the merry hours away
In pleasure without pain,

Who loves the word of God to read,
And his kind laws obey,
Nor merely lives for present need
Nor for this passing day.

So then ye ladies of B.C.,
And neighboring Alta. too,
Take up your pen and write to me,
And I will answer you.

Cedar Creek (28).

N.B.—We publish the above not because of its rhythm, but for its breezy wholesome expression and as an encouragement to others to express themselves in verse.

Interpreting the Omens

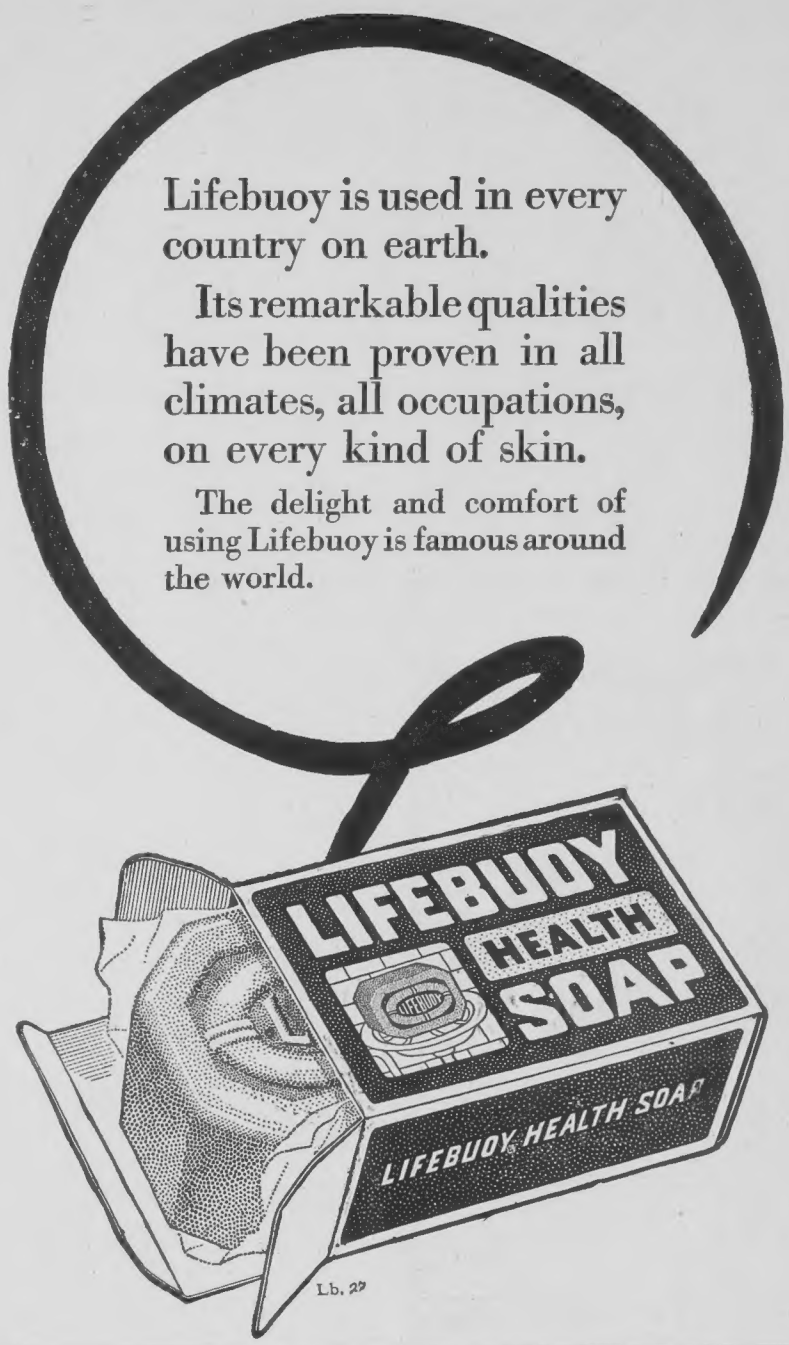
In his youth Mark Twain edited a weekly journal in a small Western town. A subscriber wrote to him one day to remark that he had discovered a spider concealed in the folds of a recently delivered paper. The writer wanted to know whether such an occurence was a sign of good or bad luck.

The young editor replied in the next issue as follows:

"Constant Reader.—The appearance of a spider in a copy of last week's paper was a sign of neither good nor bad luck; that intelligent insect was merely studying our columns in order to ascertain whether any store in the neighbourhood had failed to advertise in our paper, in order that he might make for the establishment and there weave a web across the doorway, where he might dwell in undisturbed peace."

Even when quoted by a hypocrite or a fool, a sound principle remains sound.

The reign of Self will end when Men shall heed
Less what they Gain than what they Lose through Greed.



"THE DOIN'S OF PUG"

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg

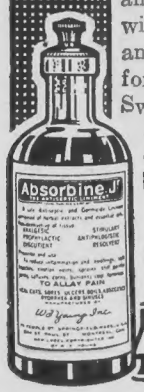
Just a dash improves the hash

A teaspoonful of Bovril greatly enchances the excellence of a dish. Not only hashes, but soups, stews, beans, gravies, meat pies, are wonderfully improved in flavour and enriched in nourishment.

To add Bovril to your cooking is to add the goodness of beef.

BOVRIL

aches and pains



Pain is Nature's signal that something is wrong, and unless it is quickly righted it may easily become serious.

If the aches are in the joints and muscles Absorbine, Jr. will allay the pain quickly and restore the tissue to its former healthy condition. Swellings which so commonly accompany pain are quickly reduced by a brisk Absorbine, Jr. rub.

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SOMETHING TO LEARN

The Cat-Bird

He sits on a branch of yon blossoming bush,
This madcap cousin of robin and thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morning long,
Now wild, now tender the wayward song
That flows from his soft, gray, fluttering throat;
But often he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
Drawls out; "Mi-eu, mi-ow!"

Dear merry mocker, your mimic art,
Makes drowsy Grimalkin wake with a start,
And peer all around with a puzzled air—
For who would suppose that one would dare
To mimic the voice of a mortal foe!
You're safe on the bough as well you know;
And if ever a bird could laugh 'tis you,
Drawling, "Mi-ow, mi-eu".

Edith M. Thoma

The sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me.

Bryant

SOMETHING TO SMILE AT

When Uncle George Spilled the Milk

A FEW weeks ago Uncle George Herron visited the photographer. Though Uncle George is sixty odd years old, he has never had a photograph taken since the masterpiece that shows him with a kilt skirt and a head of moist curls, and that still hangs in an oval frame on the wall of the front parlor where his mother placed it so long ago.

The photographer is an old crony of Uncle George's, and they deal with each other frankly. When Uncle George saw the proofs he was disappointed. "I wish I'd never had ye take 'em, Joe," he said despondently.

"Why not? What's the matter with 'em, George?" asked the photographer.

"Why, confound it, I look like a monkey," said Uncle George.

"Well," replied Joe, with some asperity "you ought to have thought of that before ye set."

It Rained Cats and Dogs-- and Other Things

FREQUENTLY after a hard rainstorm some one will remark, "It rained cats and dogs last night," Recently a tourist in Oregon—a man, by the way, who was in the habit of using the phrase—met with an experience that for the moment at least may have caused him to wonder whether the phrase did not sometimes express the literal truth.

He and his nephew were riding in an automobile when a severe electric storm overtook them. Since there was nothing in sight to shelter them from the downpour, they stopped at the side of the road and waited for the storm to expend itself. The rain was so heavy that they could hardly see through the glass of the wind shield; but with each flash of lightning they were able to observe that large dark objects were falling with the water. While they were wondering, something struck the top of the automobile with a thud. When the rain slackened they discovered that it was a duck and that dead ducks lay scattered all round them.

Apparently a current of electricity had struck the wild fowl while they were in the air. Those that the tourist examined bore no visible injuries.

The Tailor Bird

DID you know that there was a little bird so clever that he could sew, could make a bag?

Yes, it is true. He is a native of India, and he bores tiny holes with his bill in the edges of a leaf and then sews it up with shreds of fibre, which he strips from the trees or leaves.

If you were to sew up a leaf, you would find that you had made a "sweety poke", shaped just like the pretty ones you see on the Christmas -tree filled with candy.

Well, the clever tailor bird makes a bag out of a leaf, or sometimes two if they are small ones, then fills it with soft scraps to make it warm, and that is his nest.

The little tailors like it very much, and must look very cunning peering out of such a funny home.—Jean McIntyre.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

The Possibilities of Olive Bottles

NEARLY all olive bottles are made in well proportioned shapes, and are very suitable for flower vases after they have been slightly decorated. Take a ten inch bottle and plan it as a vase suitable for holding Black-Eyed Susans or Golden Rod or summer Chrysanthemums. Its decoration is a simple matter. Measure 6½ to 7 inches on the bottle from the bottom, and paint with brilliant orange enamel paint. Then paint to the neck of the bottle with a bright yellow and the neck a fine greeny-yellow. Now put a black band where the colors join about a ½ to 1 inch wide. When this is all dry cover the whole bottle with white varnish and you will have a lovely vase—Another vase, from same size bottle would be suitable for holding Gladioli, or Salvia. Paint the lower part of the bottle a fine green, the neck white, and the "lip" scarlet. When these colors are dry add stripes of white enamel about a ¼ of an inch wide all round the bottle, with a number 3 water-color brush. Another scheme paints the whole bottle black and after that is dry add a design in squares or Greek key or anything you fancy in white. There is no end to the color effects that can be secured by painting your vases to match your flowers. If you are successful in your experiments why not make these simple things for gifts and for bazaars and such affairs. This may give you an idea for candy boxes, etc., as well.

THE STORY OF THE SEAL

As Told by Nathan Johnson, an Old Sea Skipper, to F. A. Sovereign

ABOUT twelve years ago, an old mate and myself, in company with eighteen other men, leased an old ship and sailed for the far North on a seal hunting expedition.

As you probably know, the Pribilof Islands, a small group lying about two hundred miles off the coast of Alaska, are known as the home of the seals. We arrived on these islands very early in the spring, when scarcely any seals were there.

Why the seals leave these islands each fall, returning in the spring, is a mystery to scientists, unless it is that they return to their homes for mating. It is claimed that the mother seals inhabit the very same homes each spring. During the month of May the seals begin to appear, the males, or bulls as they are called, come first, and these, like the females, or cows, have favored places which they seize each year, fighting to the death of any intruder.

A seal bull is a large, ugly creature, weighing as much as four hundred pounds. He is master of his household. Several weeks after the bulls have arrived the females, or cows, come. These are graceful, gentle creatures, weighing as a rule not more than one hundred pounds.

Each bull gathers about him as many females as he can, sometimes as many as a hundred, and over these he exercises the strictest authority. Other bulls, a great many times, will try to steal some of the cows, and then a great fight takes place. Hundreds of females are torn to pieces every year by these contending males, and the rocks echo with their roaring.

A seal on land is very awkward, but in the water it is graceful and beautiful It has a tapering body, with thick, woolly fur, and long shining hair, and is so oily it glides easily through the water, its fin-like feet serving as a paddle and a rudder. The seals are especially fond of small fish, which are their principal diet. It is very amusing to watch their quick, darting movements in the water, diving after their meals.

The seal has a tail, but it is so very short as to be practically useless. The limbs also are short, the greater part of their

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length being hidden beneath the skin. The head is small, but they have a very large mouth and, like a cat, are provided with feelers.

Soon after the females have arrived, and are comfortably situated in their homes again, the little seals or puppies are born. These are sleek, squirmy little animals, weighing from six to eight pounds, and are as playful as kittens.

We spent much time sitting along the shore, watching the puppies play on the rocks. A few days after the baby seals have arrived, the mother leaves them and goes out in the sea in search of food. The little seals are left in a group, perhaps a hundred of them together, with nothing to distinguish one from another, but the mother on her return after several days' absence, picks out her own baby with no difficulty. Whether or not the mother seal has any affection for her young is yet unsolved.

It is very amusing to watch a group of young seals learning to swim. The baby seals take their first swimminglessons when about six weeks of age, and it seems as though it is not natural for them to swim as it is with a young duck, for their heads are so very heavy and their bodies so light that they have a hard time keeping on top of the water.

The seals are so innocent looking and harmless it seems cruel indeed to see seal hunters slip up the rocks with large clubs in hand ready to kill the animals for their furs.

The young males are the ones that go to make up the fine sealskin coats which you see in the stores. As there are as many males born as there are females, and as one male has jurisdiction over perhaps a hundred females, it is not necessary that so many males be retained. The seals are always killed with clubs, as there is danger of ruining their fur by shooting.

At the time I was on the islands the Alaska Commercial Company had the Islands leased from the United States and were responsible for the fur industry. They were limited to a certain number each year and these only from male animals, but the demand is far greater than this and seal stealing became very common. The robbers did not dare to land on the islands, but sought the seals in the water and killed them, mostly with spears. The worst part of this was that in every instance the seals killed in the water were mother seals, as in the summer months the males do not go out in the water far from shore. Every time the robbers killed a mother seal, a baby seal on the rocks starved to death. It has been estimated that in a few years there were at least a million mother seals killed in the waters, and, in consequence, a million baby seals starved to death.

The seal is fast becoming exterminated. More strict regulations were imposed from year to year, until, in 1910, a law was passed prohibiting the killing of any seals for a period of five years. But that has not stopped the killing of the seals out in the water, and the slaughter is now much greater.

It is strange that, until very recently, not one of the seal furs ever came to this country for a market, as they were all mostly sent to London, and there sold to the highest bidder. just as our corn and wheat sells on the market in the large cities. Within the last few years, however, a fur market has been established at St. Louis, Mo., and I presume a great many furs from this region are handled annually at this place. A sealskin untanned is worth from fifteen to twenty dollars, if properly skinned. That does not compare very favorably with the price of a sealskin coat, but the fur changes through a number of hands before it is finally made into a lady's sealskin coat.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR THE SUMMER

Watch the birds—What kinds come to your neighborhood? Where do they build? What are their nests like? What do they eat? Keep a bird diary and send it in to reach the corner before Sept. 10th, and the name of the prize winner will appear in the November number. There will be a fountain pen for the best essay.

Watch the insects—What kinds have you seen? What are they like? How do they live? What use are they? What harm do they do? Keep an insect diary and there will be a prize of a Brownie No.2 Camera for the best essay on insects you have observed. Keep your eyes open. **Watch and write.**

A Wish.

A LOVING heart to understand,
A soul from thraldom free,
My life from every meanness banned
With happy mirth and glee,
Joy in the fields, or in the wood,
Delight in Nature's lore,
And all men's happiness my good
With love as guerdon sure,
Thus would I live my little hour,
Then pass into the night,
As buds and blows a wayside flower
In its brief space of light.

SAMUEL J. LOOKER

A busy day in the red currant bushes

Corns?

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—just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

Free: Write Bauer & Black, Toronto, Dept. 33 for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."

For the young man. Slicks the hair and nourishes the scalp.

Keeps the hair soft and smooth. A pure petroleum product. The natural remedy for falling hair, dry scalp, and dandruff.

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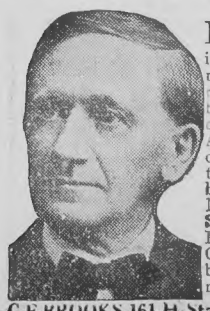

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C.E. BROOKS 161 H State Street Marshall, Mich.

Could Not Eat

Constipation is caused by a torpid condition of the liver. Dosing with salts, castor oil, etc., to move the bowels, cannot afford more than temporary relief.

If you are to rid yourself of this ailment and the scores of annoying symptoms and diseases which come in its wake, it is necessary to get the liver right by such treatment as is suggested in this letter:

Mrs. Alvin Richards, R. R. No. 1, Seeley's Bay, Ont., writes:

"For two years I was afflicted with indigestion, and in the morning when I got up my breath was bad. I had a poor appetite, and just felt like eating certain foods. I used many different medicines as a laxative without benefit, and the doctor's medicine did not help me at all. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them better than anything I had ever tried. I can highly recommend them to anyone troubled with constipation or kidney troubles."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Hurt!

The quick relief for all Sprains and Bruises

A good thing—Rub it in

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

21

Rose of the Sunset Trail

Continued from page 9

"Agreed!" replied the girl. When they reached the road she called: "One, two, three—go!" The spirited ponies responded, dashing off at a lively speed; then the man who was in advance, drew rein and whirled about.

"I am going to say good-bye, now," he said quietly. "Tomorrow, my pony and I will be far away. I shall leave before day-light; and I will never see you again, unless you chance to come back to these mountains."

She looked at him leisurely. "Will you never leave the mountains?" she asked.

"Never so far but that I shall soon return." He paused a moment, and a far-away look came into his eyes, as he continued:

"Perhaps you do not know that I, too, was once a man of the world—one of the society people that mostly compose your life. For a while the life held and interested me. Then I tired of it—it was as a child with cloying sweets. The reaction finally set in. I was tired and dissatisfied. I came out here to 'God's Country,' as I call it. The elusive mystery of it all got in my blood. I cannot explain it to you—perhaps you, too, may some time know what I mean. But one thing I do know, I shall always live near the Sunset Trail."

"But will it not be a very narrow life?" she asked.

He whirled, and looked at her searchingly. "Narrow?" he cried. "Why, to me, this is like Paradise. No spot on earth has the inspiration for me equal to these mountains. Nowhere else could I so fully live up to my ideals!"

She looked in his earnest face and read the very depths of his soul.

"You are right," she breathed, softly. "But to me, life is calling. Life out in the big city, with laughter and music, and lights and gay friends."

"But there will come a time in your life when just these will not satisfy you, little girl. Then your thoughts will turn to old Poteau Mountain, and —and our Sunset Trail."

An uneasy feeling stirred her. She could not analyze it—yet, in some vague way she knew the man was right.

Came the time when she was back in her city home. A gay round of suppers, dances, and other pleasures made up her life. The land of the Sunset Trail seemed some remote thing, far removed from her. Yet, at times the smell of a flower, or the shine of a star would bring a poignant sense of pain—a bitter-sweet remembrance.

Among her suitors, Arthur Grant was the most persistent and the most favored. They had been practically engaged when Rose Martin had taken her mountain trip, where she had visited her only aunt; and where, also, she had met the handsome young mountaineer. Upon her return, the young man had renewed his suit with fresh vigor. But now, her answer was always "wait," and he was plainly puzzled. His small stock of patience was becoming exhausted.

They were now sitting in the Fern Room of a mansion where they were enjoying an exclusive party. For the third time he had proposed, but she still shook her head.

"Is there a reason, Rose!" he asked, impatiently. He had felt so sure of her when she had left. Now, she seemed miles away from him. His question brought her to the present with an uncomfortable jerk.

"A reason?" she queried. "Yes, I believe there is one—yet I can hardly define it. Some way, my whole life seems changed in the last few weeks. The things I used to care for, are dull and uninteresting, now. There is always a reaching out for something intangible," she broke off with a little laugh. "Don't mind me, Arthur—it is just one of my moods, I suppose."

But try as she would, in the weeks that followed, she could find no lasting peace. The life that once had been all sufficient seemed incomplete to her, now. In the gleam of hundreds of lights, surrounded by gay friends; or in the dark silence of night, alone with her thoughts, there would come the remembrance of a deep, musical voice, and the glance of earnest eyes. The setting was always the same—that of the Sunset Trail. She became indignant with herself. After having thrown over many a matrimonial prize, she acknowledged to herself, that this man of the mountains had actually caught and held her fancy!

"It shall not be!" she declared to herself, as she haughtily tossed her dark head, and plunged deeper into the social whirl, resolved that she would think no more of the clear-eyed mountaineer.

Then came a packet containing some pressed mountain flowers. No word came with them; but the girl sharply caught her breath, as the faint fragrance came to her. She could see it all over again—all the sweetness of the flowers and beauty of the mountains. The call of the wild came to her—of languorous blue and gold days, and silent, star-lit nights.

But she would not capitulate. It was ridiculous to think of such a thing —she, who had been wooed by the most eligible of men—to even give the man of the mountains a single thought! True, he possessed a rare intellect, and the manners of a perfect gentleman, but had he not declared that "his world was composed of the mountains?"

Then, after a few weeks, another surprise came to her. It was a beautiful painting of the Sunset Trail. When she unwrapped it, she gave a glad cry. It was all so natural and so dear. The sun setting on old Sugar Loaf Mountain, and throwing its red and gold shafts over Poteau. Every curve of the Sunset Trail stood out in bold relief—even the mossy rock from whence they had watched so many sun-sets.

The girl looking at the picture came face to face with her real self. Never again would electric lights and hot-house flowers satisfy her soul. They seemed so close and small. Only the great outdoors, with acres of wild flowers, and the lights of a thousand stars twinkling overhead, could fill her life to completeness. At that moment she also realized that between the two men who loved her, the same difference existed. One belonged to a world of artificial show—of insincere compliments; with an unstable disposition, and leading a shallow life. The other was a man of sterling worth—one whom a woman could trust with her life, or on whom a little child could lean with implicit faith.

On the impulse of the moment she touched a bell, and a maid answered.

"Pack my trunk, Marie. I shall leave in the morning. Put in only serviceable things, such as one wears on an outing."

The maid looked up in surprise; but was too well trained to question.

It was rather late when the train bearing Rose Martin to her destination arrived. She took a short cut up the well remembered path of the mountain. If she hurried, she would be able to see the sun set from the old trail. Breathlessly, she drew near the familiar spot. But someone was there before her. Silently she stood and gazed. There was only one man of all her world who possessed just such a figure. But now, the usually lithe, straight form was bent, his arms resting on the old rock, while his head was bowed in silent grief.

A twig crackled beneath her feet, and he sprang alert and wide-eyed. "Rose!" he gasped. Then the old sweet smile lighted up his strong face.

"Tell me all about it, dear," he whispered.

She did; and finished with: "And after all my restlessness the picture came; and that was what finally did the work. I knew my heart would always be here, anyway."

The setting sun illumined them with its flood of gold, as the man opened his arms to receive her.

"Let us go and tell your aunt," he whispered, "for she, too, loves you, Rose—my Rose of the Sunset Trail."

Parables of Canadian Life

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appeared at the gate. The attack was merely the jar that crumbled an already decayed structure into ruins. The Reformation ushered in a new era, yet the Reformation was not wholly a new beginning, it was the outcome of what had gone before. Back of the Reformation was the Renaissance and the growth of the German consciousness.

The winning of the Magna Charta marked the dawn of a new liberty for British people. Yet, back of the crisis precipitated by the barons, out of which the Magna Charta was born, were forces of discontent that had been long active, and which found, during the reign of John, the conditions that stimulated their activity, and hastened the crisis between John and the barons.

Back of Cromwell and the Commonwealth was the continued injustice and the intolerance of the Stuarts. The French Revolution has been described as "at once the most dramatic in its incidents and the most momentous in its results" of any of the revolutions that have given a new direction to the political development of nations. Yet no crisis of history shows more clearly that the revolutions of today are in the injustices of yesterday.

Back of the revolution out of which the United States became a separate nation was the criminal stupidity of George III and his Parliament. The Great Revolution that threw Russia into the hands of Bolshevistic dictators was possible only because of the years of bureaucratic despotism, of persecutions unspeakable and martyrdoms without number that had preceded.

THE great crises of history, however cataclysmic they have appeared, have been contained in the events and conditions which preceded them. History is more than a succession of events. The crisis of today lies in the heart of yesterday, and has within itself the character of tomorrow. If the world is to have another baptism of blood it will be because it is preparing for it today. If any nation is cast in the throes of industrial revolution it will be because the stage is already being set. And, if the nations of the world are to live in peace, it will be only as goodwill is being builded into the nations' life. Nothing comes without preparation. Today lies in the womb of yesterday and gives its spirit to tomorrow.

The same is true of the

Great Moral Tragedies

of the world. I have seen it frequently. A few months ago one of the leading business men of a Western city deserted his wife a d family without warning and left them to be cared for by others. Those who knew him found it difficult to believe the press announcements of the fact. He had seemed a model of integrity. The visitor in his home received the impression that it was almost ideal in its character. Nothing of which his friends knew in his past pointed in this direction. It seemed that a mania must have suddenly mastered him and destroyed his moral perceptions. In his moral collapse he appeared to have turned abruptly from a path of righteousness in which he had before walked unswervingly.

Nevertheless, when the facts became known, it was found that his integrity had been only apparent. For many years he had led a double life. His wife had thought him pure of heart, but the secret chambers of his heart had been polluted and his imaginations had been evil. His first lapse had been a lapse of desire. The thing he desired had been contemplated until that which was evil seemed to him good. Finally the desire dominated him and the will, ever the slave of the dominant desire, consented. Even at that he was not without shame, and concealed his sin with great care. Finally, even shame died and the wrong he had done in secret was proclaimed in the headlines. The old school men showed much insight when they analyzed every evil act into three elements—suggestion, delectation and consent. The great moral tragedies of history have not been sudden. One of the most striking illustrations of this fact is furnished by Tito in George Eliot's "Romola." Hillis calls it "A Study of the Peril of Tampering with Conscience and the Gradual Deterioration of Character." We need not recall the whole story. "At the beginning of his career the beautiful boy Tito was crowned with innocence and purity, but at the last he stood forth crowned with infamy and shame as with crimes of pollution." "He enters the scene with all the promise of a hero and passes from our sight a full blown villain." "So kind was he that at first the mere thought of cruelty made him ill, but, because he tried to slip out of everything unpleasant, and afterwards chose the selfish path, he came to do deeds black and infamous." The full grown evil was in the first wrong. It is always thus. Gibbon has called his great work "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The suggestion is as true of individuals as of empires. Back of every fall there is a decline. Let me quote from Helen Hunt again, in part repeating what I quoted before.

"Men say today of one who sinned
'What may
This mean? What sudden madness overtook
His brain, that in a moment he foresook
The rectitude which until yesterday
Had made his life a beacon by the way
To common men?' I answered, 'We but look
On surfaces. Temptation never shook
One soul whose secret hidden forces lay
Firm-centred in the right. The glacier abides
For ages, white and still, and seems a part
Of the Eternal Alps, but, at its heart
Some atom, noiseless, jars and slides
Until the avalanche doth fall with thundering weight:
God only knoweth the beginning date."

True Greatness

FURTHER, true greatness is never the work of a moment. This is true whether the greatness be of scholarship, of art, of leadership or of moral courage. Professor James tells us that, if a man will give himself faithfully to gaining a little knowledge in some department every day, he will awake one day to the fact that he is recognized as an authority in his department. How many illustrations of this are to be found in the history of the Scottish Church! The Scotch minister has chosen the small and obscure parish where he has studied in quietness. When the result of the work is given to the world, it is recognized that the obscure parish has given the world a scholar of renown.

When in some great crisis a man, previously unknown, or little known, becomes the man of the hour, it is not the crisis that has made him great. The crisis may have made him famous, but it has only revealed a greatness that has been long in the making. And when some man is recognized by his fellows to be the embodiment of moral courage it should be remembered that he has not attained to these heights in a moment. The courage that compels the admiration of men, even while it provokes their hostility, is the result of many minor battles in which his timidities have been put beneath his feet. Greatness and goodness are builded of little things.

The avalanche has taught me much. Only a small portion of it can I tell here. I must not forget, however, that the avalanche, in itself the end of a process, is also the beginning of a new process. Of that more anon.

The Aurora Borealis

Shimmering o'er the starlight
In a gleaming silken fringe;
Streaking azure heavens
With a palest golden tinge.

Dancing flames of color
In a line across the blue;
Faintest rose and em'rald,
And a touch of violet hue.

Sweeping all the night sky
With a circling band of light;
Weaving lovely patterns
With its ribbons clear and bright.

Bursting in the centre
In a shower of gauzy thread;
Floating towards the moonlight
In a streamer shot with red.

Fading from the darkness
Like a paling, waning light,
Aurora Borealis
Dies to shine no more that night.

—Maude E. Pielou.